AR. 30,
1940

Liberty

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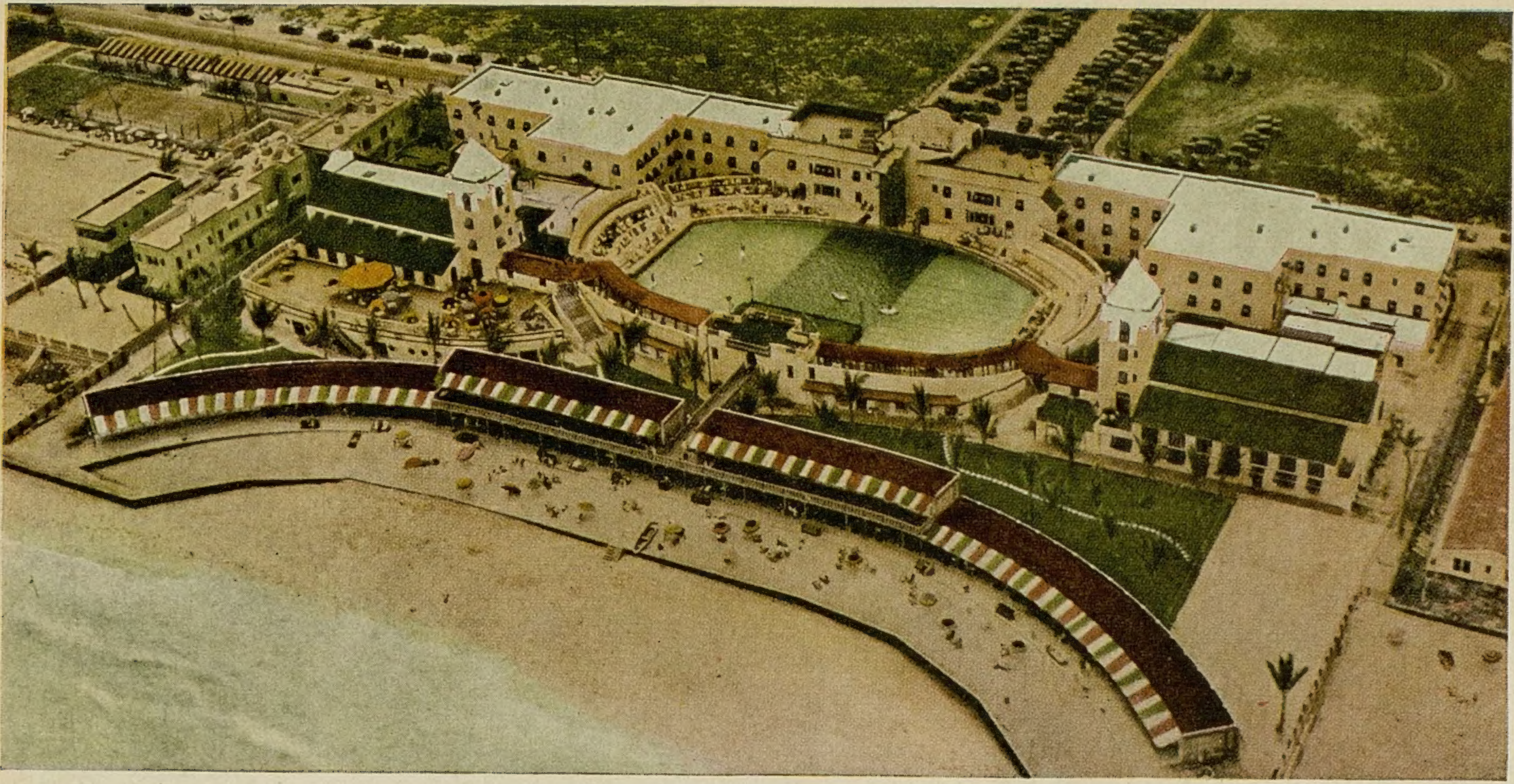
DOG TRAINING
TOMA
H.R. McBride

MORE IMMIGRANTS by REPRESENTATIVE MARTIN DIES

ILD WOMEN WHO HAVE MET ME by TOMMY MANVILLE, Jr.



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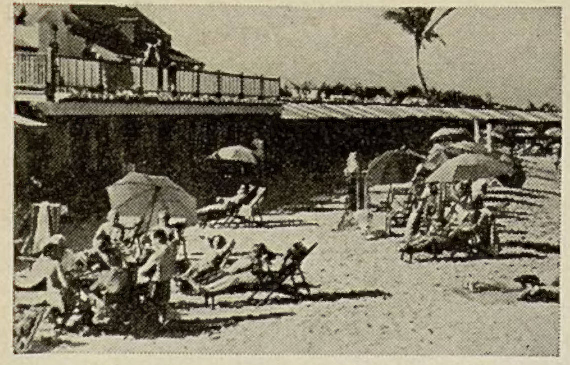

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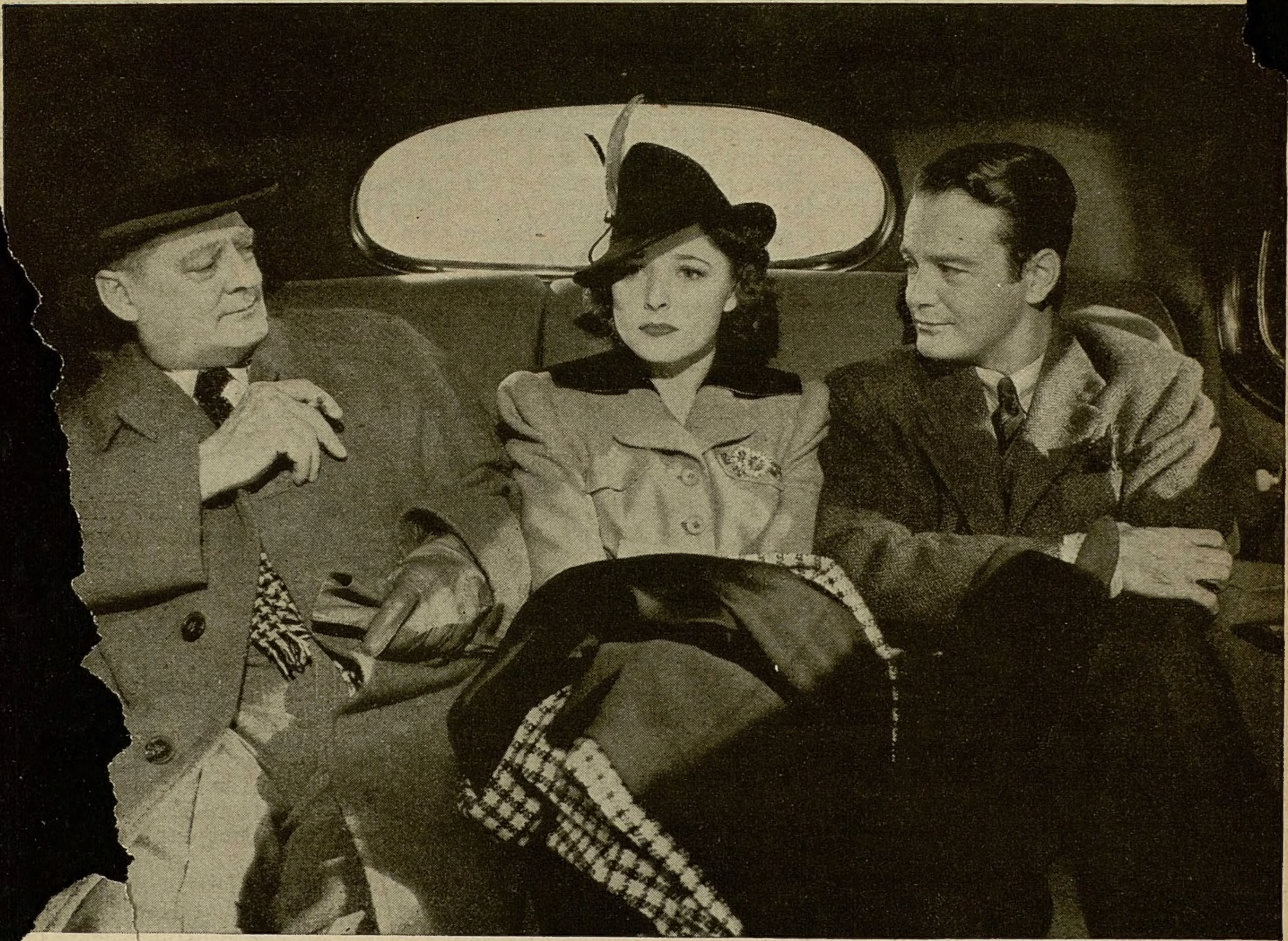
DR. KILDARE'S GIRL

By Max Brand



From Dr. Kildare's Girl, filmed by MGM.

PHOTOPLAY'S APRIL MOVIE BOOK

The vastly popular "Dr. Kildare" pictures filmed by MGM have won a warm spot for themselves in the hearts of millions of Americans. And now another is in production, soon to be released.

And in the meantime, on behalf of its readers, Photoplay, by special arrangement, has published the complete story (slightly condensed) in its April issue.

Here they are, the characters you have learned to love: truculent, lovable old Dr. Gillespie; young Dr. Kildare, quiet, efficient, magnetic; Mary Lamont, adorable nurse with a heart as big as the world—all involved in a new, bewildering Max Brand mystery that will hold your interest in vise-like grip.

Surely you will want to read this new novel, which probably is the greatest Dr. Kildare adventure yet to come from the pen of its popular author. You will find it complete in Photoplay for April, on sale March 7.

Also in the April Issue

Hawaiian Honeymoon, gay new serial by Hagar Wilde ● Hollywood's Newest Romance (Jimmy Stewart and Olivia de Havilland) ● Don, Alice and Ty (touching three-cornered friendship) ● Hollywood Fashions ● The Round Up (of familiar faces), together with dozens of art pictures, special Hollywood features, intimate departments and a riot of color that will quickly demonstrate why Photoplay is considered by millions the aristocrat of motion picture magazines.

PHOTOPLAY

Now On Sale

MARCH 30, 1940 **Liberty** VOL. 17, NO. 13

BERNARR MACFADDEN
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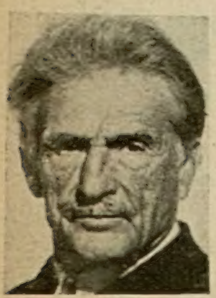
SHALL WE DEFEND FREE SPEECH?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Members of the National Labor Relations Board, which Congress has been investigating, have their own interpretation of our laws.

In the case against Henry Ford, they tell us that "freedom of speech is a qualified and not an absolute right."

The Board is apparently not interested in constitutional restrictions. As prosecutor, judge, and jury, they have made many decisions that have been harshly criticized.

Article I of the First Amendment of our Constitution tells us, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press."

The officials of this administration are doubtless of the opinion that they can substitute their own laws for those that have guided us from the beginning of our national life.

We in this country have valued free speech more than any other privilege. It has been stated again and again that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and selfish, narrow-minded officials who want to perpetuate or add to their powers require careful watching.

Henry Ford has been a consistent opponent of unionism throughout his entire business career. The Labor Board made some very severe charges against his organization. But, whatever causes may have arisen for the indictment against his company, there can be no possible excuse for the Labor Board to attack free speech.

The order that this Board issued materially interferes with the right of free speech . . . the expression by an employer of his opinions. That is Fascism pure and simple . . . the very essence of a dictatorship. Fascism exists principally upon its power to control expressions of opinions.

The constitutional provision for free speech was intended to apply to all people . . . rich and poor, high and low, employers and employees.

There is no possible reason why an employer should not be free to speak, write, or publish his sentiments in regard to trade-unions or upon any other subject.

Browder, the Communist, has been free to go about the country preaching his doctrines. Fritz Kuhn was allowed the right of free speech even when he was known as Hitler's tool. Father Coughlin and Pelley of the Silver Shirts have broadly spread their anti-Semitic doctrines. Lewis is permitted to express his opinions freely. But the Labor-Board tells us that one of our great Ameri can citizens, Henry Ford, who has labored tireless to better working conditions and raise wages his plant, must cease and desist from giving opinions about union organization in his own dustry.

If the Wagner Labor Act had stated tha employer could not express his views against u ism, the law unquestionably would have been unconstitutional.

To be sure, Mr. Ford has been unusually in some of his criticism of unionism. Und head of Fordisms, he says: "A monopoly in this country is just as bad as a monop bread. Our men ought to consider whethe necessary for them to pay some outside month for the privilege of working at Ford' was the result of these strikes? . . . Mere numbers of men put their necks into an ir I am only trying to show who owns Figure it out for yourself. If you go in they have got you, but what have you got? always made a better bargain for our me outsider could. We have never had to against our men, and we do not expect now."

These are indeed stinging criticisms of unio but it is everywhere admitted that Henry For unique as an employer. He made five dollars a da a standard wage for common workmen when others were paying one and a half or two dollars. He has probably done more to raise the standard of workers than any other one man.

Unionism has but little value in the Ford organization, but that does not by any means indicate that such a combination of workers is not useful against other organizations where the workers confront slave driving, starvation wages, and tyrannical regimentation.

Bernarr Macfadden

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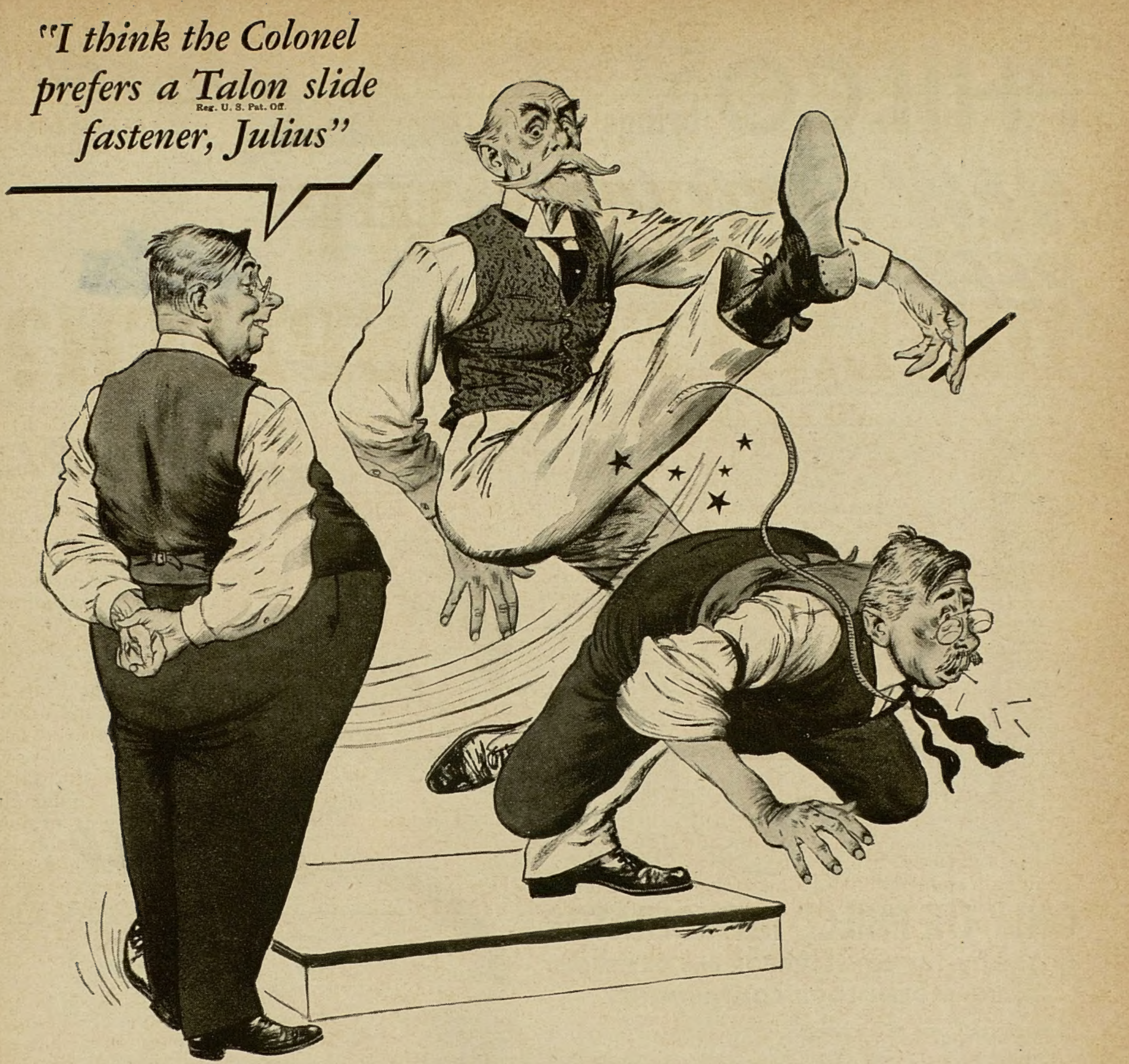

"I think the Colonel prefers a Talon slide fastener, Julius"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WHOOPS...looks like the Colonel once got a pair of pants with a slide fastener that was not a TALON slide fastener.

Actually, there are thousands of other men who have had the same woeful experience...and who now take steps to protect themselves.

Forty-three of America's leading stores discovered this fact when each store questioned thousands of men.

More than 80% said there are bad as well as good slide fasteners.*

To protect themselves, the vast majority want only the Talon slide fastener.

In fact, "Talon" is preferred over any other brand of slide fastener by more than 70 to 1.

Moral: Be guided by the experience of the majority.

When you buy trousers, always "take a second look" for the word "TALON" on the fastener. Then you're sure to avoid unreliable slide fasteners—sure to get the trouble-free, reliable Talon slide fastener.

**All statistics are based on the number of replies to each question.*

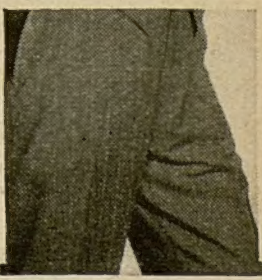
Because it's the dependable slide fastener, men prefer

"TALON" 70 to 1

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PROTECT yourself... Always look for "TALON" on the slide fastener when you buy trousers.

BEFORE Talon trouser fasteners, remember the offensive gaps often caused by the five old-fashioned fastenings?



NOW you're always well-groomed—always have the ease, security and permanency of the Talon slide fastener.

TALON SLIDE FASTENER • MADE BY TALON, INC. • MEADVILLE, PA.
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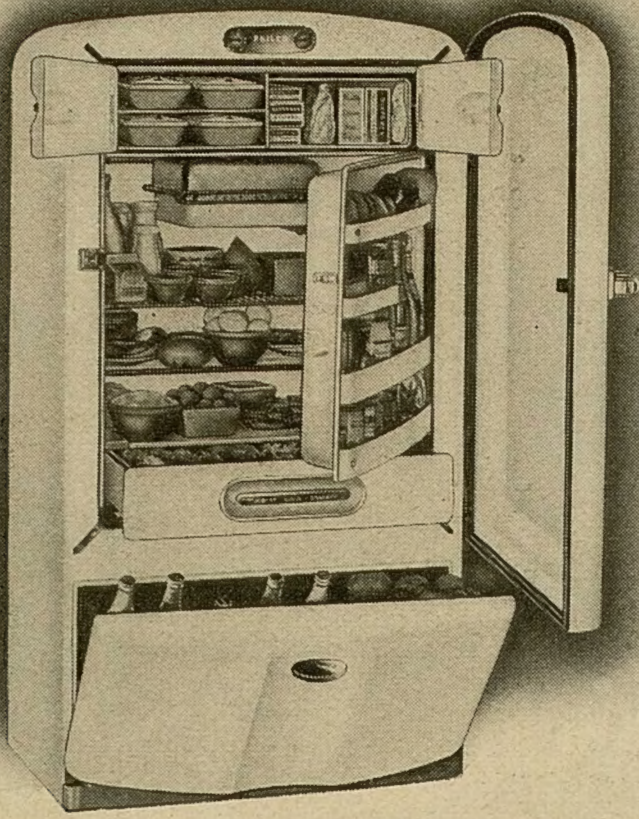
PHILCO brings you a NEW KIND OF REFRIGERATOR!



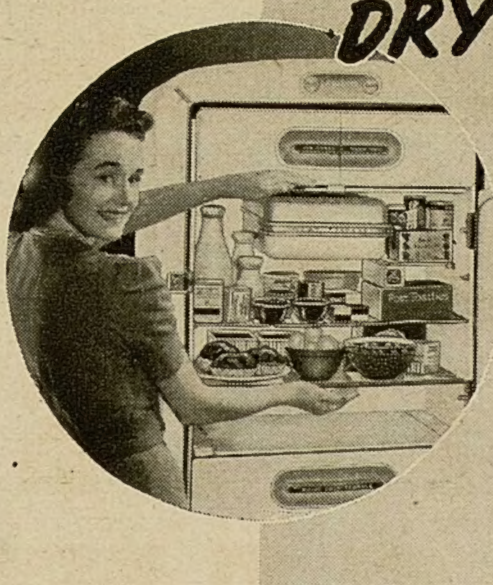
FREEZING COLD!

The old-fashioned freezing unit that takes up space in the center of the refrigerator is gone! Philco gives you a giant-siz [illegible] parate Frozen [illegible] partment, [illegible] igned for [illegible] zen foods, frozen desserts, ice cream and extra ice cubes. Not a tiny, miniature space added on to an ordinary ice-freezing unit, but a separate giant-size space.

MOIST COLD!

Now you don't have to cover foods to keep them from drying out! The Philco Moist Cold Compartment preserves the taste and flavor of left-over meats and vegetables without the bother of covers and special dishes. Cooled by a marvelous Philco invention, the refrigerated Freshener Shelf, foods cool quicker, by direct contact. Only Philco has it!

DRY COLD!



Some foods, like milk, butter and other dairy products that have fast bacterial growth, must have "dry" cold to preserve their purity. That's why no modern refrigerator is completely safe and healthful unless it offers dry cold storage for those foods that need it. The Philco Refrigerator gives you this complete, sealed Dry Cold Compartment.

CONSERVADOR!

The shelf-lined Inner Door that gives you 26% more quickly usable space. It's patented—only Philco has it! Holds two-fifths of your food right at your finger-tips, without opening main compartment. No crowding in front, no empty, wasted areas in back. That's why the Philco Refrigerator holds more food! Keeps cold air in, warm air out of main compartment . . . saves on electric bills.

ONLY THE PHILCO REFRIGERATOR

GIVES YOU THE CONSERVADOR *plus* DRY, MOIST AND FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENTS

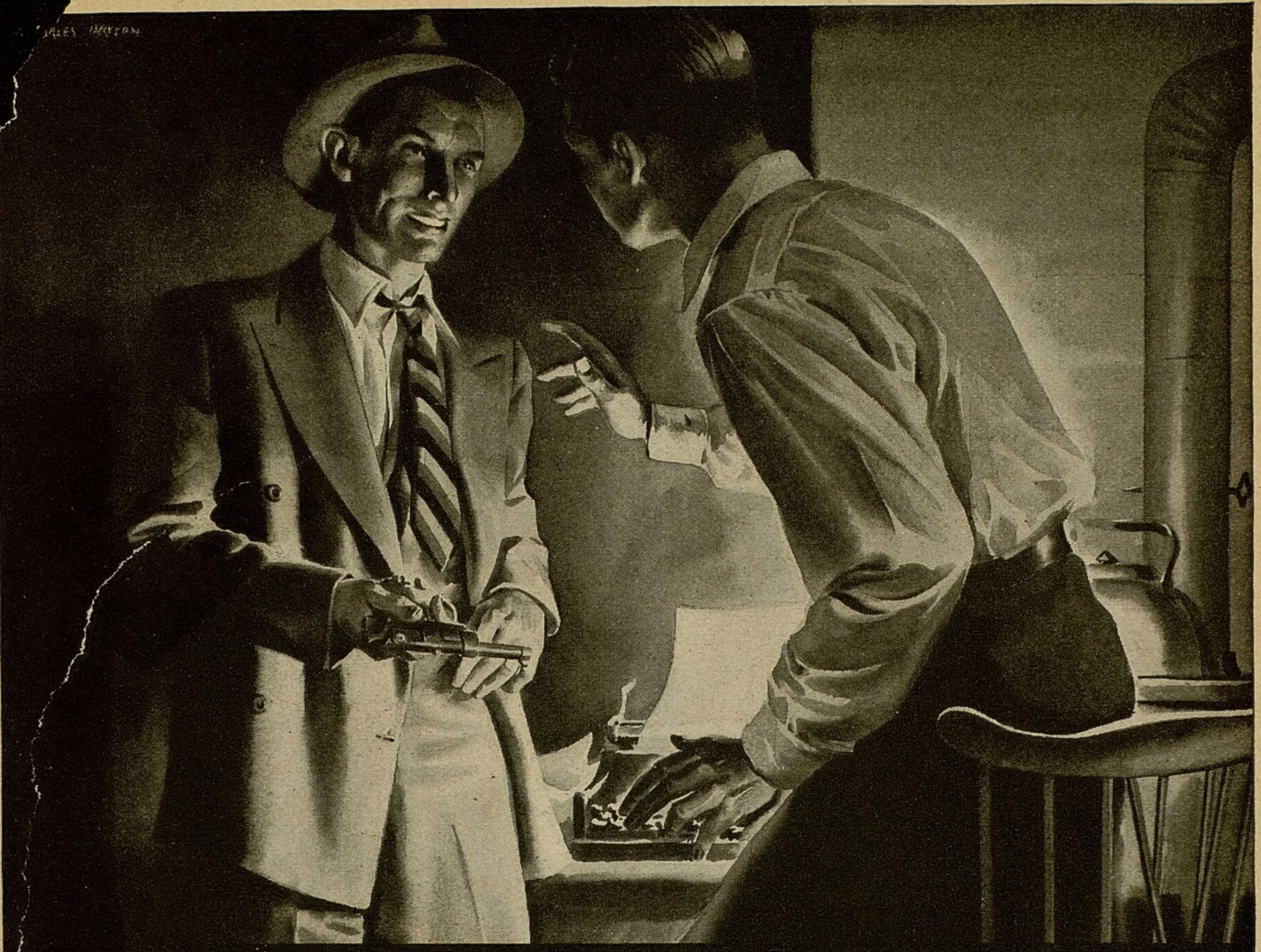
A sensational new refrigerator is here . . . created by Philco, the quality name in over 14 million homes! At amazing low prices, it gives you new conveniences, new economy and new safety for the storage of your foods. Brand-new, *advanced* design gives you services you can enjoy in no other refrigerator, at any price.

A giant-size, *separate* Frozen Food Compartment *in addition* to the regular ice-cube chamber meets, for the first time, the modern need for Frozen Food storage. *Conservador,* the exclusive, shelf-lined Inner Door gives you 26% more quickly usable space. A complete *Moist Cold* Compartment, cooled by the refrigerated Freshener Shelf (an amazing Philco invention) eliminates covers and special dishes. A *Dry Cold* Compartment preserves foods that *must have* "dry" cold.

New uses, thrilling conveniences, greater economy . . . all are yours in the sensational Philco Refrigerator *at no increase in cost* over refrigerators of ordinary design. There's a model to fit your needs and purse—

FROM \$119.95 to \$257.50 F. O. B. FACTORIES Including 5-Year Protection Plan

INVESTIGATE! See your Philco dealer today. In your choice of 12 gleaming models, you get the most your dollar can buy in modern refrigeration service! Yours on easiest montly payment terms.



"There," he proclaimed boastfully, "is the gun that killed Rathenau."

I was a HITLER AGENT IN THE U.S.A.

BY JOACHIM F. PAFFRATH

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

EADING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

ART ONE—THE HIDDEN GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA

TWICE I have received the warning.

Each time it has come to me through the mails. An innocuous little package bearing no return address, no clue to its sender. Inside that package has been the symbol of the Gestapo—a leaden bullet.

The third and final warning has not yet reached me. Tomorrow, a month from tomorrow, a year from tomorrow, it may come in the mail.

Or a stranger may press close against me in New York's crowded streets. His eyes won't be deceived by the hat pulled down low on my forehead, the large dark glasses over my eyes.

His hand will meet mine. Wordlessly, into my fingers he will press the tiny symbol—my last warning.

This time a silver bullet!—which I shall be expected to fire into my own brain.

If I refuse to do so, an "accident" will almost certainly overtake me. I shall "fall" in front of a subway train. Or—as happened one midnight in Brooklyn—be pushed from the platform of the elevated railway high over the streets.

Preposterous? Theatrical?

I ask you to recall the Nazi Party's so-called "blood purge" of the summer of 1934 and the fate of queer sensual-faced Ernst Roehm, Chief of Staff of the Nazi Storm Troopers.

On the night that Adolf Hitler

Nazidom's world menace from the inside! Liberty presents an appalling revelation

burst into Roehm's Munich bedroom, the Führer took with him proof of Roehm's political perfidy and debased private life, proof furnished by Hitler's own Gestapo, then under the leadership of Goering. And Roehm was a doomed man.

Twice, according to official communiqués, Adolf Hitler sent to his former comrade bullets with which Roehm was expected to end his own life.

According to the account the whole world accepts today, Roehm twice refused to end his own life; was taken out and shot in the back by a firing squad. The story that I later obtained, from Nazi Party sources in Germany, however, says that Roehm received a third bullet from the Führer—and with it shot himself.

It matters little which account is true. Roehm was a traitor. He received the warnings. And he died.

They think that I, too, am a traitor!

But Roehm's death, you will protest, happened in Nazi Germany. Such a thing could not happen in America.

DON'T be too sure. There exists in the United States today a small and hidden but ruthlessly efficient government-within-a-government—the hidden government of Nazidom, answerable only to Berlin.

I do not refer to the German-American Bund. That is largely the false face behind which the hidden government works. The Bund serves as a convenient front, diverts suspicion from the hidden group of Gestapo agents so that they are free to plan a system of sabotage which, if the United States ever enters the war against Germany, will plunge this country into a reign of terror.

There are between 500 and 600 members of the Gestapo actively at work in America today. Their mission is destruction. They act under sealed orders from Germany. They will, upon command, unhesitatingly assassinate any traitor to the Nazi Party in America.

That is why this story is written from hiding. That is why I, twice warned, live in daily dread. For I have been a traitor to the Nazi Party after twenty years in its service, sixteen of them spent as an active Nazi agent in the United States.

I was one of the first seven members of the Nazi Party to arrive in the United States, long before Adolf Hitler rose to power. I was one of the first seven hundred to join the Nazi movement in Germany.

Although I became a naturalized citizen of the United States, so fervent was my belief in the aims of Hitler that I accepted unquestioningly assignments from Germany to do work calculated to harm the country of my adoption. I spread propaganda in America, organized Nazi units here, obtained names of prospective saboteurs, even posed as a traitor to the Nazi Party in order to worm my way into the very heart of anti-Nazi organizations.

Yet I committed the one unforgivable sin of a Hitler agent in this country: I went directly to a United States governmental agency. There I laid bare the story of my sixteen years as a Nazi agent in this country. I told who my superiors were. I told from whom in Germany they received their orders. I wrote out a list of 122 fellow Nazi agents in America and explained what they did.

Needless to say, those revelations have never been put in print before. Now Liberty, a magazine devoted to Americanism, is privileged to make public all the facts. Only a few names are, necessarily, held in confidence.

BORN on August 6, 1903, in Marburg, Germany, I, Joachim Ferdinand Paffrath, was able to trace my ancestry back to 1402, when the Paffrath clan was numbered among the nobility. I lived, with two younger brothers and my parents, on a large estate. I was, as the eldest child, pointed toward a military and eventually a diplomatic career.

I was eleven years old when the world plunged into war. My father, whom I worshiped, died in the summer of 1916, while on patrol duty. A piece of shrapnel severed his jugular. I treasure to this day a picture of him, erect and handsome, in the uniform in which he died.

The winter of 1917 was bitterly cold. We had money, but there was no coal to be had, and very little wood. We began to wear wooden shoes in the winter, go barefooted in summer. Rations were cut to the bone. Our chickens died from starvation. Of twenty-one in our family, nine had been killed in action.

By 1918 starvation was general all over Germany. We prayed that somehow the war would end. It did—to be followed by the inglorious peace of the Versailles Treaty.

An epidemic of influenza immediately after the war wiped out another million persons. Germany was in a state of semi-Communism and the government was topheavy with ing officials. Then came infla My family's fortune was wiped overnight. My mother went to wo as a governmental clerk.

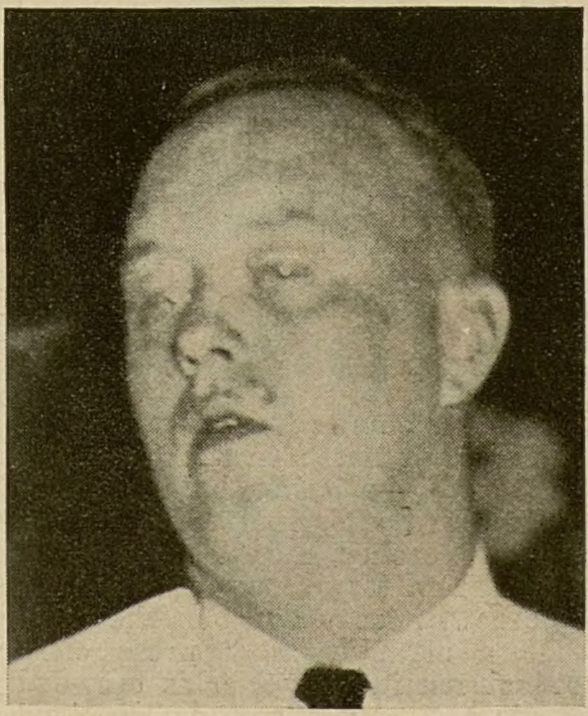
In this unfathomable chaos I, an impressionable youngster, endeavored to find myself. Hoping to become an accountant, I became an apprentice first at the Krupp Works in Essen, later at a branch in Mettmann. I had much spare time. It was natural that I should become interested in political philosophies. I read everything—from Karl Marx to the most reactionary prattle. I became, like many of my generation, only more confused. But out of that confusion rose one conviction: Communism, Socialism, and their affiliates would be the ruination not only of Germany but of the whole world.

Others of my perplexed generation had arrived at the same conclusion. I joined an organization—violently nationalistic and bitterly anti-Semitic—called the Jung Deutscher Orden (the Jungdo), whose chief objectives were to overthrow the grafting government in power and to establish a regime modeled on American democracy, guarded by typical Prussian supervision.

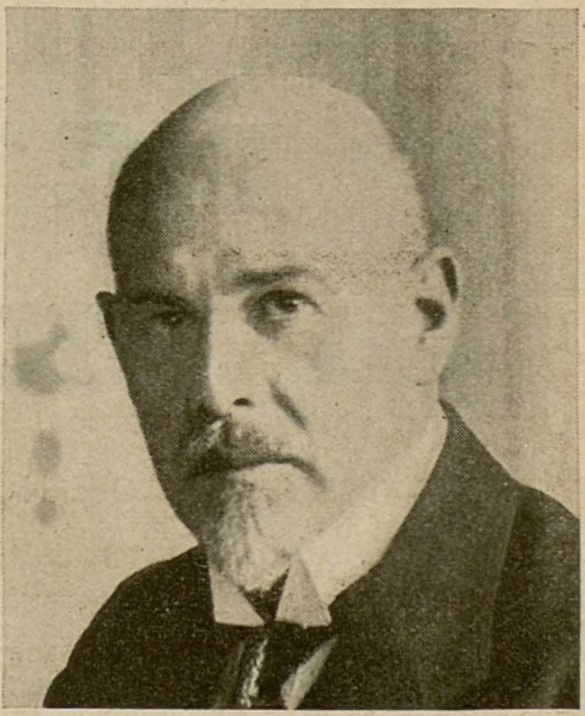
While working at Krupp, I became leader of the Mettmann branch of the Jungdo, which comprised twelve locals. Head of the entire organization was Captain M——, an ex-army officer.

My furnished room at Mettmann became the headquarters of our district. Beneath it was a typical old German cellar, which in a dry cistern concealed an arsenal piled high with smuggled hand grenades, machine guns, rifles, and ammunition.

One day Captain M—— sent word to me that we were to hold a drawing. I summoned the leaders of the locals. Eleven white marbles and one black were placed in a basin. I drew a white marble. The leader of the Düsseldorf district drew the black marble.



Walter Kappe, Paffrath's best friend among the Nazi pioneers in America.



Walther Rathenau, of whose assassination Paffrath tells the inside story.

I took him to Captain M——'s office in Kassel the following day for the final drawing. Captain M—— was a huge broad-shouldered chap, a ruthless nationalist, and the heaviest drinker I have ever known.

The district leaders from Emden and Kassel, who had drawn black marbles in the preliminary drawings, stood with me and my Düsseldorf leader in the glare of spotlights that Captain M—— had focused upon us.

The captain swore us to secrecy. Then he told us the purpose of the final drawing—assassination!

Two men were to be murdered: Walther Rathenau, Germany's Jewish Foreign Minister, and Matthias Erzberger, a liberal who had won our animosity by advocating heavy taxation of the nobles and Junkers.

"Erzberger," the captain said, "will be eliminated first; then Rathenau. The man who draws the black marble will formulate the plans. He may have three assistants. The two who actually do the killings need not know the identities of the victims. Ten days will be allowed. This will cover expenses."

He threw a roll of bills on the desk. The drawing began. My Düsseldorf leader drew a white marble; so did the district leader from Emden.

Young Baron X of the Kassel district drew the black marble. He was only twenty-two, but he had lived the disciplined life of a soldier for ten years. He remained behind, after the drawing, to plan details of escape following the assassinations. He chose, I learned later, three men to help him. One is today an official high in the Nazi Party's Gestapo. The others, the actual murderers, were young students.

Erzberger escaped (though he later was murdered), but Rathenau was shot down in cold blood on the promenade of a health resort where he was vacationing. Police all over Germany were set on the trail of his assassins.

Two days after Rathenau's murder some one knocked at the door of my house in Mettmann. A thick voice gave our password. I opened the door, and Baron X staggered in. He was drunk and dangerously talkative. He tossed a Lueger pistol upon the sofa in my room. "There," he proclaimed boastfully, "is the gun that killed Rathenau. Keep it for me. It is my most priceless possession."

I sent for two of my men and ordered them to transport him to a castle hideaway in Austria. There, a few days later, he committed suicide. That he did so under instructions I have no doubt.

The police traced his visit to my home and came there. They made a perfunctory search and I thought my fate, too, was sealed. But they went away without finding the huge store of guns and ammunition to be used that same month by our revolutionary group in throwing down the Separatist movement in Cologne.

We disbanded the Jungdo to form the Deutsch Voelkische Partei. Armed to the teeth, we ruthlessly broke strikes. We ran contraband. We went into Finland and Poland to throw our weight against the forces of Communism there. We were good soldiers.

Walter Kappe, a charming, brilliant fellow with an anti-Semitic obsession, became my closest friend. At eighteen he became the publisher of the first anti-Jewish newspaper in Germany.

Eventually twenty-seven of us became a lost unit. Back in Germany, we were not wanted by our own army. We were too nationalistic. Likewise, employment in private industry was closed to us. We became virtual hoboes.

A meeting of all nationalist groups was scheduled one day in Gotha, Thuringia. Some of our group attended. When the ceremonies were almost over, an uninvited and unscheduled speaker leaped to the podium. In one hand he held the German war banner; in the other the red-white-and-black nationalist flag.

He began to speak. The man was a spellbinder. He loosed a tirade against the German government. Nor did he absolve the nationalists, whom he called "sterile fools."

The members of our little party were tremendously impressed. We learned his identity later from the newspapers. He was Adolf Hitler, a former private in the Bavarian army.

We pooled our resources and traveled to Munich. No one there seemed to know of Hitler or where his group met until we ran across Joseph Schuster, a young Nazi who gave us the address of the Bürgerbrau Keller. We marched there in a body on the night of the next meeting. The little room, now a Nazi shrine, had space at tables for not more than a hundred persons.

YET here, at a table, sat the men who were later to take absolute control of all Germany:

Joseph Goebbels, Rudolf Hess, Heinrich Himmler, Ernst Roehm, Gottfried Feder, Julius Streicher, Hermann Goering, and—at the head of the table—Adolf Hitler.

I marched directly up to Hitler. I spread my credentials before him: newspaper clippings, discharge papers from the Polish and Finnish armies, my Jungdo card. I told him that we had come to join his party.

He arose, looked at me sharply, clicked his heels, and sat down again. He did not look at me again and there was mingled impatience and nervousness in his manner. "This is a closed meeting," he said. "If you want anything, come around tomorrow. Speak to Rudolf Hess."

I saw some of our little group show disgust and anger. I jumped up to a speaking platform.

"We have come here," I shouted, "at great financial sacrifice! We have traveled more than one hundred miles to offer our services. We heard you speak at Gotha. We were warmed by your absolute nationalism. And now you tell us to come back later! We are youthful and fearless. We have arms and know how to use them. If we wished, at this very moment we could take over you and your whole organization."

Hitler was smiling at my audacity. When I finished, he came over to shake my hand.

"You will leave the hall for fifteen minutes," he ordered. "Then come back. I am convinced you are not Red spies." He smiled. "I am also convinced that while you think you could handle us, that is not so."

When we returned, we were inducted into the Nazi Party. Each of us put our hands on a stick on which had been carved ancient Teutonic symbols, and swore fealty. We were given membership cards signed by Hitler. My card was No. 699.

We joined the army, the Reichswehr, so that we might spread nationalist propaganda and, by creating false riots, obtained supplies of arms and ammunition.

Heinz Spanknoebel. "He had ability — but also incredible recklessness."

I saw much of Hitler in those days. He drank cup after cup of black barley coffee but touched neither liquors nor tobacco. He was a vegetarian. He had no interest in women, though he did not, as has been charged, have abnormal sexual propensities. He was simply too immersed in the Nazi movement for outside interests.

He appeared to me to be the mouthpiece, not the brains, of the Nazi movement. Gottfried Feder, perhaps, could lay greater claim than Adolf Hitler to origination of the philosophy expressed in Mein Kampf.

The first time I heard Hitler speak of race theories was during a conversation in which he had joined about six of us. Extolling, with excited gestures, pure race strains, he turned to me. " Are you Aryan? "

I told him my lineage went back to nobility.

" Nobility! " he scoffed. " Leeches, living on the German people! "

Joseph Schuster came to my defense. " If Paffrath's a leech, so are you," he told Hitler. " You're over here, living on the German people. You're an Austrian."

HITLER'S first bid for power came in the futile Munich Beer Putsch of 1923. I was in the Nazi beer garden when Goering rushed in to shout, " Everybody ready! All arrangements have been made! We start in four hours! "

I remember that I could not believe my ears. I grabbed his sleeve. " Do you mean," I asked, " that we go now? That we take over Bavaria, then spread out from here? "

" Of course! " he shouted. " Man, we need funds! The Bavarian Reichswehr is marching with us! "

That was comforting news. But I still doubted our readiness. However, there was nothing to do but assemble. I had 124 men under me. Our objective was the government and communication buildings around the Odeonsplatz. We took our posts, hid in doorways, and distributed the hand grenades we had with us. We were the only unit with a machine gun.

We stood at march order when I heard the sound of machine-gun fire. Hitler's group had been ambushed. The Reichswehr, instead of marching with us, had trapped us.

For my group to have gone to the aid of the others would have been suicide. Further, our orders had been that if anything went wrong we were to flee and hide. To save our lives—and our organization.

The Putsch, as the world knows, was a dismal failure. Goering was wounded, temporarily fled the country. Hitler was imprisoned, wrote Mein Kampf. And I, with my young Nazi comrades, became a fugitive.

I had been unable to obtain an education. Now I was unable to obtain a job. My kind were blackballed by business and the government, both under control of Leftist labor unions. What was worse, the authorities knew of my participation in the Munich Putsch and were seeking me. And I feared they would endeavor to tie me up with the murder of Rathenau. I found a hiding place in my home town. But eventually, I knew, I would be uncovered.

I determined to flee to America. On July 29, 1924, I obtained my American visa, and on August 3, my army discharge. Sometime later I went to Hamburg to board the Westphalia, which was to sail at midnight.

In Hamburg that night I met an old friend who was a seaman on the ship. We went to the Hippodrome bar and talked and drank. I told him I was sailing to America. At eleven o'clock he left me.

I should have known better than to confide in him. Hamburg was a dangerous place for my kind. Virtually all the sailors in that port were rabid Communists.

I got to the pier just two minutes before sailing time. I broke into a run. I heard other men running behind me. As I reached the gangplank, a sailor blocked my path. He tripped me. Hands seized me roughly. A blow cracked against my face. Then something thudded on my skull.

When I regained consciousness, a doctor was with me. We were already out to sea. Later I learned that I had been assaulted by four men. They had been arrested but, in the absence of witnesses, released.

I brought to America with me the pistol that had been used in the assassination of Rathenau. Eventually I gave it to an Austrian carpenter living in New York's East Fifties. So far as I know, he still has it.

I was happy, at first, in the refuge that was America. I became a dyestuff mixer. I enrolled in night school. I brought my mother and two brothers over here. I took out my first citizenship papers.

BUT the virus of adventure, I suppose, was in my blood. I became an auditor for United Fruit Company in Managua, Nicaragua, where I acquired malaria and the drink habit and lost my job. I returned to America, married, had a son, was divorced. I held a succession of jobs in various parts of the country.

I corresponded regularly with some of my comrades in the Nazi Party in Germany. I asked them to find out, from headquarters, if there were any other Nazis besides myself now living in the United States.

There were, in 1932, only seven of us in America. One was Walter Kappe. He was with a German newspaper in Cincinnati. I wrote to him, and we promised to get together at the first opportunity.

Other members of the Nazi Party then in the United States included a Yale professor, a reporter with a Chicago newspaper, a Brooklyn dancer, a butcher's helper, a clerk in a travel bureau in New York's Yorkville.

All of us kept in close touch by correspondence. We exchanged such Nazi papers as we could lay our hands on. They were difficult to obtain from Germany, for the Red sailors would find them and throw them overboard.

I was now in business for myself at the time in Montclair, New Jersey. Somehow the suggestion arose that we—the nucleus of the Nazi Party in America—should get together in Chicago on German Day. We did. We obtained permission to march in the parade to Soldier Field.

We wore our brown Storm Troop uniforms. It was the first time the uniform had ever been seen in the United States. We wore swastika armbands and carried a black flag with a white swastika. It drew a lot of applause, and we were amused to see that some of the applause came from innocent Jewish bystanders. Our Yale professor carried a sign reading: " We will always be Germans. To hell with the Versailles Treaty! " We termed ourselves the Voelkischer Verein of Chicago. All seven of us spoke at Soldier Field.

A few months later, on January 30, 1933, Adolf Hitler marched to power with the Nazi Party in Germany.

OUR first thought was to return there immediately. On reflection, we delegated Walter Kappe to cable for instructions. His cable, sent directly to Hitler, stated that we placed ourselves unreservedly at the disposal of the Nazi Party.

Our reply came, a few weeks later, as identical telegrams to each of us, sent from New York. They bore the signature of the North German Lloyd Lines and instructed us to go to the offices in New York and identify ourselves to one Captain S——.

Suspecting a trap, Kappe cabled Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, leader of the Auslandsdeutscher organization which has charge of Germans living abroad. When his reply confirmed the telegrams, we reported to the New York steamship offices.

Captain S—— proved to be a huge gray-haired man with a bashed-in nose and a hard jutting jaw. With him was a man of about forty, handsome, well dressed. This was Heinz Spanknoebel, who had, upon the accession of Hitler, been appointed, by Drs. Frey and Goebbels of the Nazi Foreign Propaganda Bureau in Hamburg, head of all Nazis in the United States. A former minister, he had given up his church to become an organizer for National Socialism.

Captain S—— demanded to see our identification. When we refused, to our surprise he produced his own identification card as a member of the Nazi Party's foreign division. We knew the signatures upon it to be genuine. So we produced our cards.

Spanknoebel recorded our names and numbers. " I shall verify your identification with the home office in Germany," he promised. " And then you may expect to hear from me."

Three weeks later he telephoned us where and when we were to meet him in New York City.

The quarters he had taken consisted of almost the entire twenty-first and twenty-second floors of one of the leading hotels. He received us graciously and referred to the cable we had sent to Hitler, offering our services. "Your field," he said, "is here in the United States. We have enough competent men to carry on in Germany."

He explained to us that the Nazi Party looked upon Great Britain, with its centered capitalism, as the archfoe not only of Germany but of the whole world. Communism, he said, could be won over by propaganda, but England was civilization's mortal enemy. Her allies would be France, dependent upon her whims, and—the United States!

"During every administration here since the days of Theodore Roosevelt," Spanknoebel said, "the United States has been the economic vassal of England. That must not happen again. And that is where our work begins."

Hitler and his queer ex-comrade Roehm, whose "purging" he superintended.

Our "work," we learned from him, was to be a most colossal job of disseminating propaganda. If that was not enough, sabotage, violence, and destruction would be in order.

Enthusiastically, under Spanknoebel's skillful guidance, we began slowly to construct a stupendous propaganda machine. We organized a seemingly innocuous society, Friends of the New Germany. Within six months our speakers were talking to packed lecture halls filled with German-born Americans. We began to plant the seeds of National Socialism in the United States.

We grew so fast that we had to divide the organization into various units. The DAWA, ostensibly formed to counteract the Jewish boycott of German merchandise in the United States, was one. Later it became the German-American Business League, Inc. For some years I headed it.

We "solicited" funds from wealthy Germans in America. Most of them had near relatives in Germany. It was simple to hint that those relatives might land in a concentration camp if the funds were not forthcoming.

The need for a Nazi newspaper in America was obvious. Spanknoebel assigned Walter Kappe and Dr. Ignatz T. Griebl (later involved in the spy ring broken up by the F. B. I.) to direct that venture. Funds poured in. The paper—the Deutsche Zeitung—soon outsold all German-language papers in the United States.

Nazi agents, by this time, were pouring into the country. Spanknoebel told us what he had in mind. "Soon," he said, "there will be a thousand Nazi agents in this country. Each of them will obtain membership in some old, established German society that is not yet pro-Nazi. Once we have control of the societies, we will vote out their officers and we will dictate concerning both policies and finances."

His plan worked with a number of German societies that had been organized for no more harmful purpose than to furnish members beer, card parties, and sick benefits. Jewish members were promptly ousted.

The gospel of National Socialism was being spread among native-born Germans in the United States. Later, should we need saboteurs or spies, they would come from these ranks; not from among our alien agents, who could be deported.

Spanknoebel had daring and imagination and rare ability to organize. But he also had an incredible recklessness. He knew nothing and cared less about the laws of America. He would not listen to advice.

The Ridder brothers are perhaps America's most important publishers of German-language newspapers. They published, among others, the Staats-Zeitung und Herold in New York. And they were, when Heinz Spanknoebel appeared on the scene, definitely not pro-Nazi. At headquarters one sultry afternoon he announced his intention to "take over" the Ridder papers.

How would he go about it?

He waved the details aside with a flourish. He would simply go in to the Ridder brothers and tell them, "We're taking over. You get out."

A few of us tried to tell him that this was America, not Germany. That the Ridders were fourth-generation Americans. That they were influential and respected. He waved these mere details aside, too.

A violent anti-Semite, he broached another idea that afternoon. In Germany there exists an organization known as the Bunaste. Its members are the official organizers of pogroms. They are stiletto experts, assassins.

Heinz Spanknoebel intended to bring the Bunaste to America! He fully intended to launch a bloody murderous reign of terror among the Jews of New York City.

AND, fantastic as his plan was, it had a grimly diabolical measure of ingenuity. Remember that Nazi agents were pouring into the city from every German boat that docked.

"It is foolproof," he boasted to us. "A German liner sails for America. Aboard her, disguised as crew members or even passengers, are half a dozen members of the Bunaste. They leave the ship when it docks. Late at night, walking deserted streets in New York, they come upon their quarry. A Jew. *Zip!* When they return to their ship, each has killed a Jew. Unless clumsy enough to be caught in the very act, none has been caught. And within a few hours they sail back to Germany, never to return to America. But somewhere in mid-Atlantic their ship passes another ship en route to America with six or nine or a dozen equally efficient assassins.

"We shall have the Bunaste here in America. You shall see. And, mark you, it will not fail."

I looked at Spanknoebel awaiting the approval he felt his due. I found my voice, raised it in protest.

"It's too fantastic. It would never work. We would all be caught. All of our work would be ruined."

Another voice joined mine; a third. We were three against; four for it. Spanknoebel let us wrangle among ourselves. At last he silenced us.

"It is not necessary to argue, gentlemen," he said quietly. "I say my plan will work. That is enough."

I remember thinking, as we left his hotel suite:

Good God, we've got to get rid of this madman before he takes us all to hell with him!

"This madman" was soon to be a fugitive from justice! Who had taken the lead in getting rid of him? Who was to replace him as head Nazi in this country? Above all, how many years ago did Hitler's domination of Soviet Russia actually and definitely begin? To say that the Paffrath disclosures in Liberty next week will amaze you is to put it very mildly!

NO MORE *Immigrants!*

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

SINCE my articles began, I have received thousands of letters from readers of Liberty residing in every state of the Union. In fact, more people have communicated with me as a result of these articles than did so during the hearings of the Committee. It is physically impossible to answer these letters, but I do want to acknowledge them and express my appreciation of their encouraging contents and of the patriotic interest manifested by so many people.

The question which is most commonly asked by Liberty readers in their letters to me is: "What can patriotic Americans do to combat subversive movements and propaganda?" Since this is my concluding article, I have decided to attempt an answer to this important question.

The people must demand that the laws of this country dealing with immigration, deportation, espionage, income-tax evasions, etc., be fearlessly, vigorously, and honestly enforced. The appropriate departments of the government have completely failed to enforce these laws with respect to un-American organizations, groups, and individuals. No one who is familiar with the facts will deny there has been an inexcusable laxity in the enforcement of our deportation laws. The official reports of the Labor Department will show a steady decline in the number of aliens deported since 1932. This is the result of the so-called "humane" policies put into effect by Secretary Perkins after she became Secretary of Labor. While it is true that justice should be tempered with mercy, and while there are cases of hardship that a humane government should sympathetically consider, the fact remains that this so-called "humane" policy has been used to protect undesirable aliens for political purposes.

Our government has never had any adequate system for ascertaining the number and identity of aliens illegally in our midst. The only figures that we have are those based upon the census, and, naturally, aliens illegally in the country and some who are legally here refuse to make known their residence and names to the census enumerators. Other countries have a complete record of every alien in their midst, and of his movements from one city to another. Under the La Follette Act, alien seamen have the legal right to land on our shores and remain in this country for ninety days. It is a known fact, which the Labor Department will not dispute, that thousands of alien seamen are taking advantage of this act to remain in the United States illegally. Some aliens who come illegally disguise themselves as seamen for the purpose of entering.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, there is no other country which has a similar law. The United States has thousands of miles of border and relatively few immigration agents to patrol these borders. For years, aliens have crossed them illegally. There is, of course, no record of how many have entered the United States as seamen, or how many have been smuggled in.

There is still another way by which aliens come to America. Under our quota law approximately 153,000 aliens can enter the United States annually for permanent residence. This quota law does not apply to aliens living in countries of the Western Hemisphere, who can come without any numerical restriction. In addition to this, there is none as to the number of aliens who can enter our country under temporary visas. While it is true that these temporary visas are supposed to be issued for a limited period, the record will show that numerous extensions are granted and that many aliens whose time has long since expired have remained in this country because the Department of Labor claims that the countries from which they came will not receive them or that it will work a manifest hardship upon them to return them.

Our Committee has conclusively shown that most of the subversive movements and organizations in this country are directed by foreign governments, and that many of the leaders of these movements are aliens, or people of foreign stock. There are, of course, many citizens of this country who are implicated in these treasonable activities; and it should be made clear also that the majority of people of foreign stock of this country are loyal, patriotic Americans. Nevertheless, the fact remains that these movements are directed from abroad and that alien representatives of foreign governments play an important part in their activities.

A large percentage of the members of the German-American Bund emigrated to this country from Germany in the period following the World War. It is also true that a majority of those engaged in Fascist activities and propaganda came to the United States from Italy within the past twenty-five years. The majority of the members of the Communist Party are immigrants or children of immigrants from Russia, Poland, and certain other countries. If we could obtain the membership lists of these subversive organizations, I am confident that an investigation would prove the close connection between the laxity of our immigration and deportation laws and their enforcement and the growth and activities of subversive groups.

It would be unfortunate if any one should infer from this statement that I am attacking all the people of foreign descent in the United States. All of us, except the Indians, are descendants from immigrants. But it cannot be denied that in recent years we have admitted too many undesirable aliens who are wholly incapable of self-government and American citizenship. Yet it would be cruel and unfair not to record the fact that some of the finest citizens we have are people of foreign stock.

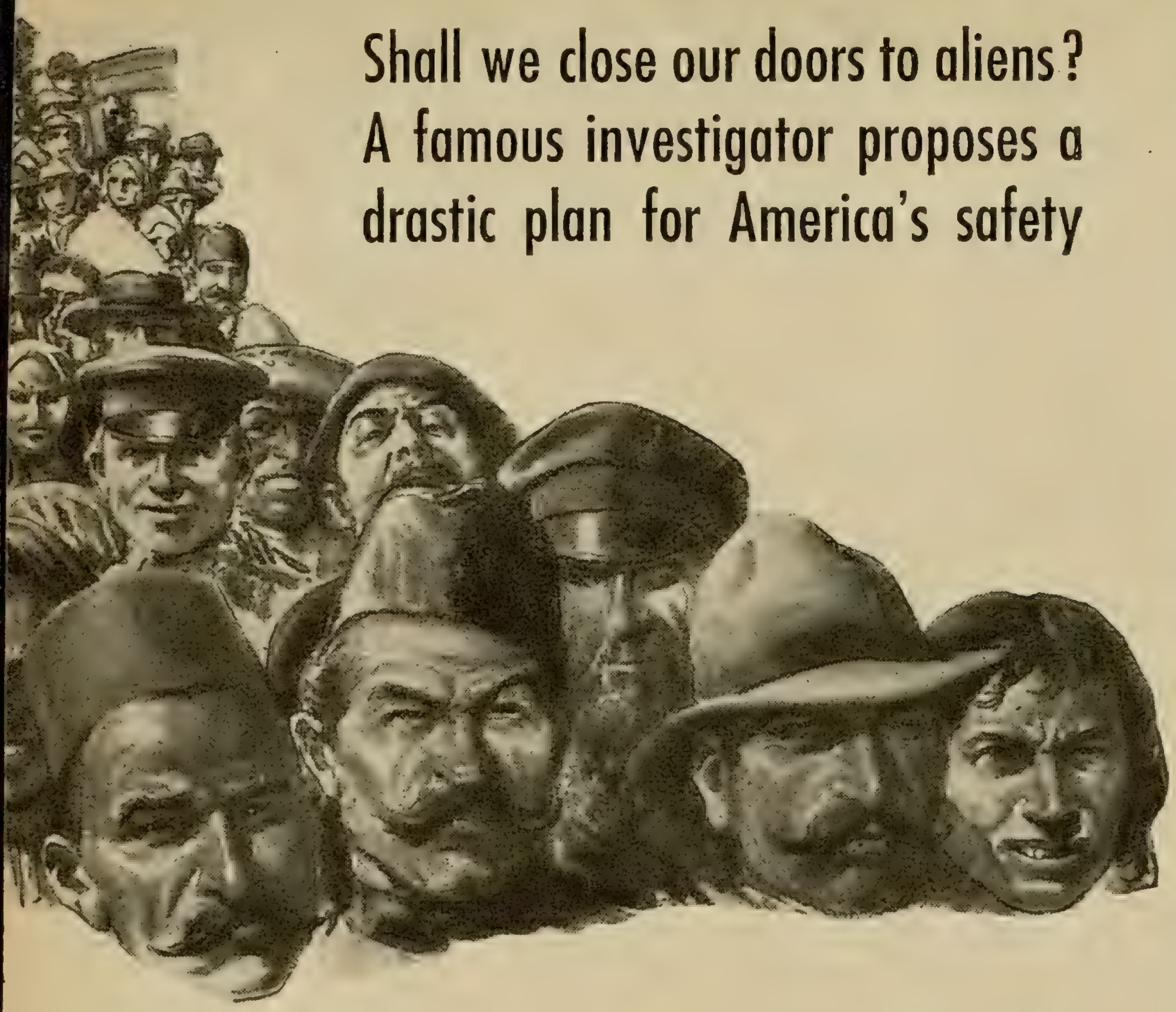
I am, therefore, convinced that the first step which the patriotic people of this country must take in solving this serious problem is to compel our government to enforce sincerely and strictly our existing laws dealing with the admittance and deportation of aliens. The hardship cases can be handled humanely, provided that those in charge of granting the exemptions in cases of hardship can be trusted to do the right thing. The immigration service can be increased to provide an adequate personnel to patrol our borders. The La Follette Act should be repealed or amended to prevent aliens from entering the country in the guise of seamen. The Labor Department can get rid of thousands of alien agitators if it determines to do so. Foreign countries that refuse to accept these aliens can be confronted with the choice of respecting their treaties with us or ceasing to have diplomatic relations with the United States. In other words, much of this problem can be solved when there is a sincere and bona fide intention to enforce the law.

I have maintained for years that there is no excuse for the admittance of immigrants who do not have near relatives in the United States. America has already received more immigrants than any other country on earth. In recent years the total number of aliens admitted to the United States exceeds the number of our unemployed. One third of our population is of foreign stock, and these people are largely concentrated in eight Eastern cities. All of us deeply sympathize with the plight of for-

BY REPRESENTATIVE MARTIN DIES

Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities

Shall we close our doors to aliens? A famous investigator proposes a drastic plan for America's safety



eign refugees. We can understand the natural desire of aliens to enter the United States. But the time has come when we must think of our own children. America has more aliens in its midst than any other country on earth. We have wholly failed to assimilate a sizable proportion of these aliens. Perhaps some of this failure can be placed at our own doorstep. Instead of extending to them the hand of fellowship and helping them to adjust themselves to life in America so that they may understand the responsibility of American citizenship, we have abandoned them to the racketeers and the subversive organizations. It must also be remembered that selfish interests played an important part in inducing some of them to come to the United States.

Notwithstanding these facts, it must be acknowledged that we have our hands full with the task of finding jobs for the people who are now in the United States without aggravating the situation by the admittance of aliens. Practically no other country will permit Americans to work within its factories, although some of the foreign countries do not have the serious problem of unemployment that we have.

In view of these facts, is it not time for the American people permanently to close the doors to immigrants from other countries? When this is done, we can make provisions to exempt hardship cases from deportation and to unite families by the admittance of aliens who have near relatives in the United States. We can also expedite the citizenship of aliens, so that in a few years our alien problem will cease to exist.

We should require full publicity in connection with the activities of Communist, Nazi, and Fascist organizations. I doubt the wisdom of outlawing them, as was done in France. We must be careful not to violate the Bill of Rights. However, these organizations should be required to make public the names of their officers, directors, and members, as well as their financial receipts and disbursements. This would seriously cripple if not destroy them, because they thrive on secrecy. The effectiveness of our Committee's investigation has been due to the fact that we focused the spotlight on organizations, movements, and individuals that have been thriving on darkness.

The people, through their government, have a perfect right to require that all employees of the government be loyal and patriotic Americans. There are other measures that the people, through their government, can enact. But more can be accomplished by individual and organization work than by laws. There is no excuse for an intelligent American who joins any organization, or aids it financially or otherwise, until he really knows what kind of organization it is. Thousands of people joined the American League for Peace and Democracy because they were naturally attracted by its name. Many would not have joined if they had taken the pains to inquire who established the organization and who controlled it. Inquiry would have revealed that two well known Communists held important offices in it. One was Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party of the United States, who was vice-president of the League. Investigation would have also disclosed that it was controlled by agents of a foreign Power.

Subversive organizations have had many clever schemes to raise money from unthinking and uninformed Americans. In the large cities, mushroom organizations spring up for the ostensible purpose of raising money to aid relief victims in various parts of the world. Many of these are set up by Communists or racketeers. The people, individually and through their bona fide organizations, can put a stop to this disgraceful situation. There are many responsible organizations in this country through which we can aid unfortunates in our own and in other countries.

The people can also do much by extending a sympathetic hand to the foreign born who are legally in our midst, through patriotic, fraternal, religious, and civic organizations. We can teach these people the meaning of Americanism and speed up the process of assimilation. Much is being done in this direction, but much more remains to be done.

All of us must cultivate a tolerant attitude toward racial and religious minorities. On the other hand, racial and religious minorities, and especially their leaders, have a corresponding duty to exercise tolerance toward the majority. Some minorities in this country have contributed to the rising tide of religious and racial hatred. Too many foreign-language newspapers, by their policies, keep alive race consciousness and the ties which bind certain racial groups to their native lands. People of foreign stock should not forget that their first duty is to the United States. They should not transfer the feuds and quarrels of the Old World to our shores. And yet we see examples of this very thing almost every day in our larger cities; witness the numerous parades, mass meetings, and demonstrations that bear no relation to any domestic issue.

I am convinced that many politicians want to keep intact racial minorities for political purposes. It is as bad to coddle racial groups as it is to persecute them.

The extent to which racketeering organizations thrive on racial and religious minorities is another great obstacle in the task of building up a strong and united country. In recent years the Jews have contributed millions of dollars to organizations and individuals who pretend to combat anti-Semitism and Fascism in this country. Some of these organizations and individuals are cheap racketeers who do more harm than good. It is natural and commendable that the Jews in the United States should be vigilant in opposing Nazism, but they should be careful not to contribute to racketeers. This word of advice applies to all other racial or religious minorities in America.

There are many bona fide patriotic organizations which all of us, regardless of race or religion, can join to combat foreign ideologies. Organizations that will be listed at the conclusion of this article, and many others that I shall not have the space to mention, are sincerely patriotic and are searching for ways and means to promote Americanism. Many of them are desperately in need of funds. In view of this fact, it is ironic to find thousands of people aiding organizations and movements that are either directed by racketeers or by foreign agents.

OUR people must cease to be duped by popular phrases and slogans. For instance, it has been popular in recent years to style oneself a liberal. I have been closely associated with congressmen who take great pride in calling themselves liberals and branding every one else as reactionaries. I never could get any of them to define what they meant by "liberalism," but from their votes, speeches, and the bills they introduced I have come to understand what they think liberalism means. Without wanting to acknowledge it, many of these so-called liberals are simply Socialists. They will support any measure which expands the functions of the federal government at the expense of local sovereignty or private business. They will vote for every bill which involves the expenditure of borrowed money.

I once took occasion to read some of the speeches and bills of some of the noisiest so-called liberals in the House. These bills involved the principle of giving everybody everything for nothing. One, for instance, proposed to install a radio, free of cost, in every home in America. If these so-called liberals would take the pains to read the writings of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin, they would find, much to their surprise, that they have borrowed their philosophy of government from these leading exponents of Marxism.

The word liberal was derived from the word liberty. The liberal movement began a long time ago in England, where the liberals in England were the recognized opponents of a strong centralized government, while the Tories and reactionaries were the proponents of it. In the United States the liberal movement was headed by such men as Thomas Jefferson, who said, "That government governs best which governs least." For many years, therefore, in the United States the liberals championed state rights and opposed the centralization of authority in Washington. The Hamiltonians or Federalists, on the other hand, favored a strong central government in Washington. Many of the so-called liberals in this country are today advocating the very same thing that Hamilton preached in his day.

It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that patriotic people in America insist that the so-called liberals define in plain language what they mean by liberalism.

Another great need is to teach the youth of the land in the schools and universities what Americanism means. The original purpose of public schools was to train the youth of America in the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. Unfortunately, many graduates come out of the public schools and colleges today with little or no idea of American citizenship. As for earlier days, I have often heard my father tell of the school debates attended by the students and parents where questions of government were discussed intelligently and enthusiastically. Many students memorized the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. They learned a great deal about Americanism. When they came to vote, they were capable of exercising their franchise with wisdom, intelligence, self-restraint, and patriotism. Today many schools emphasize everything but citizenship; hence much of the success of Socialistic and crackpot schemes and programs.

If I were asked what is the crying need of the hour, I would say, courage and honesty in public service. By honesty I do not mean the refusal to take bribes. Our congressmen are singularly free from this species of dishonesty. But there is another which is equally bad. I refer to the practice of lying to the people and making false promises and offering cheap flattery in order to get votes.

BUT for public servants to be courageous they must have constituents who place a premium upon courage. It is perhaps too much to expect many men in public office to risk their political hides in the interest of truth. After all, many abandon their private business and lose all connections when they enter public life. After a few years they develop a fear of returning to private life. Many of our congressmen are lawyers by profession. When they come to Congress, they sacrifice their law practice, which promptly goes to some other lawyer. It is not an easy thing to return to the legal profession when one has lost his clients and been out of contact with the practice for many years. It is, therefore, natural that representatives and senators should cling to their offices. This tends to develop a cowardice. But if the people put a premium upon courage they will find that there will be more courage in their representatives and senators.

Altogether, in the final analysis, the real solution is in the hands of the electorate. People who permit their greed and shortsightedness to influence them when they go to the polling booth ought not to complain when they get inefficient and extravagant government and dishonest officeholders. And the people should prize as a rare possession any public servant who will tell them the truth whether they want to hear it or not.

In conclusion, I want to express my deep gratitude to Liberty for this opportunity to tell you the inside story of our investigation, and again to express my gratitude to the readers of Liberty for the thousands of encouraging letters that you have written me. By now you have some picture of the great handicaps under which we labor to expose the enemies within our gates. You have seen the extent to which these subversive groups and organizations are willing to go in an effort to discredit me and to destroy this investigation. This should convince you as to the absolute necessity of cleaning house.

OTHER republics made the fatal mistake of ignoring subversive movements until it was too late. The Nazi Party in Germany was a minority whose movement could have been destroyed by fearless exposure and democratic methods in its early stages. The Communist movement in Russia never claimed more than one half of one per cent of the total population at the time when the Communists seized power. The subversive organizations which were permitted to flourish in Poland and Czechoslovakia facilitated the conquest of those countries by Hitler and Stalin. The Popular Front in France became so powerful that as an act of self-preservation France dissolved, by decree, the Communist-controlled organizations that composed it. Every republic has been confronted with this problem. Every one knows how Catiline and his desperate followers sought to overthrow the Roman Republic by force and violence.

In America we have had the wisdom to deal with such subversive groups in the early stages of their existence. The success of our investigation must be attributed to the millions of loyal and patriotic Americans who have supported us and refused to credit the lies and propaganda that have been directed at the Committee by the termites. To the patriotic, civic, and religious organizations that have supported our Committee in its difficult work, I want to express my profound and heartfelt gratitude. And I want to record the fact that the splendid aid we have received from such organizations as the American Legion, the American Federation of Labor, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Veterans of the Spanish-American War, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Sons of the American Revolution, the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, the Knights of Columbus, the Benevolent Order of Elks, the International Order of Odd Fellows, the Eagles, the Knights of Pythias, the Red Men, the Moose, the Rotary, the Kiwanis, the Exchange Clubs, the Masons, and the Lions has made it possible for us to carry on under the constant fire of subversive forces in America.

THE END

WILD WOMEN *who have met me*

BY TOMMY MANVILLE, JR.

A playboy tells all—and ends his frolicsome tale with a toast and a moral

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

SCREWBALL Sage of Bon Repos always say: American business man is lousy lover. American man makes business his love. Latin makes love his business.

Touché! Vive le Manville!

Came the dawn of a chilly October morn in 1933. Two years had slipped by since the fair Avonne vanished out of my life.

I awoke at 6 A. M. at Bon Repos to face another day of futile dissipation. Like the old Caliph Harun-al-Rashid in The Arabian Nights, I was tired of my singing girls. I was weary of giving them precious ornaments. I hated predatory damsels.

I had had an exceedingly restless night. I rose and walked about my palace. I had become prodigiously enamored of a certain dame the night before.

Her name was Marcelle Edwards. A blonde. I worshiped her. I could not forget the stinging madness of that first intimate kiss.

Marcelle had won a Broadway beauty contest. She was proclaimed the prettiest girl along the Rialto, and the shapeliest too.

Gran'pappy is a connoisseur of beauty. Henry Ford collects Americana; J. P. Morgan goes after art masterpieces; Tommy Manville collects pretty faces.

To me, Marcelle meant what a Titian signifies for Morgan. She was the prize of my collection, the soul of my souls.

So on the afternoon of October 8, 1933, I bundled her into one of my Rollses with some chaperons, and we eloped to Greenwich, Connecticut.

Marcelle promptly turned in her notice to Earl Carroll, the Broadway show producer. She was one of the pretty ornaments in his Vanities. She said, rejoicing, she was glad to Get Away from It All.

She didn't for a moment realize what she was getting into as Mrs. Manville Number Four.

For life never palls at Bon Repos. I can't help it. A husband just can't hang around the house all day without running into some mischief.

For two years we loafed and loved and laughed. We were very happy. Our love seemed eternal. Gran'pappy was busy with his investments and debentures. For two years no changes were made in his living art gallery.

I was beginning to get just a little bit restless. It seemed there were so many beautiful faces in the world I was missing.

Then, one morning in December, 1935, I canned my secretary for being five minutes late on the job. I called an employment agency and told them to send another one over pronto. Make it a blonde, I added.

She turned out to be Dolly Goering, a flaxen-haired Kentucky-bred doll. Whoops!

As time went by she proved to be very efficient. I couldn't see Dolly wasting her charm in a barren Park Avenue office, so I moved my office right into the basement of Bon Repos.

At first Marcelle didn't mind the intrusion. Dolly was strictly a daytime secretary. At night she went home. Marcelle had me.

As time went by, Dolly started primping up a bit and began to take on the Manville finish. She was so gosh-darned good at her work that I gave her a bonus from time to time, so that she gradually blossomed out in a mink coat, ermine wrap, fancy gowns, and magnificent jewels.

Marcelle began to suspect that Dolly was too gosh-darned good.

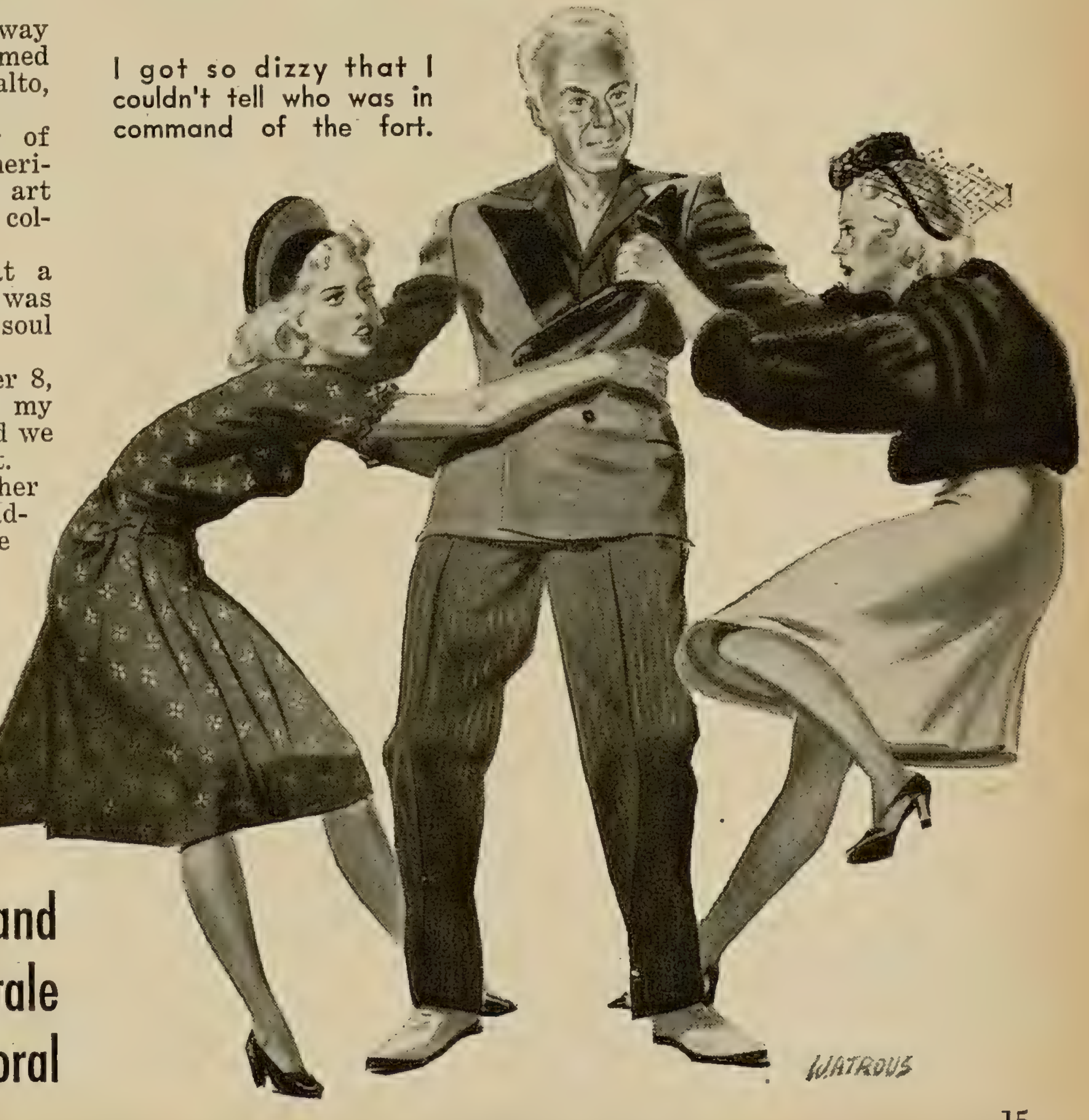
Then came what is recorded in the annals of Bon Repos as the Battle of the Blondes.

In the heat of the battle it became necessary for Generalissimo Manville to bring in reinforcements. Blondes arrived in loads.

The Siege of Bon Repos lasted one entire year. During the battle royal Dolly practically commuted between her mother's home in Louisville, Kentucky, and La Pooperie. When Marcelle got woozy from the constant bombardment, she retired temporarily to New York.

I got so dizzy during the cannonading that I couldn't tell who was in command of the fort most of the time.

By the middle of March, 1936, Marcelle found that she had been eased out. As a token of surrender she held a separation agreement drawn up by my lawyers. It entitled


I got so dizzy that I couldn't tell who was in command of the fort.

her to $100,000 any time she wanted to cash it for a divorce.

Bon Repos was in the midst of a temporary armistice. Marcelle's forces had retreated. Dolly's corps stuck it out. They occupied quarters called "Chaperons' Section."

One afternoon while I was sitting complacently in the sun room, reading a good book, the alert gatekeeper phoned to me. He said a girl was demanding to be admitted. She insisted she was Mrs. Manville.

I thought it was just a gag.

I said to the man at the gate: "Don't keep the poor girl out in the cold like that. Let her in."

I peeped at her through the curtains as she came up the long path. To my amazement, I saw it was Marcelle. That meant fight.

DOLLY GOERING met her at the front door. They greeted each other sweetly.

Dolly advised Marcelle: "It is Mr. Manville's orders that if you have come to stay you are to go to the Chaperons' Section."

"What kind of silly talk is this?" Marcelle wanted to know.

"Mr. Manville has six chaperons staying here, besides myself, and he will not permit you to stay unless you remain in quarters set aside for his chaperons. And if you want to make anything out of it—"

Marcelle capitulated.

Things went along smoothly for a few days. Then Marcelle got all burned up watching the chaperons flitting around the house in wispy gay-colored pajamas. Sometimes she'd even find them under my bed. That was when the fun got extra hilarious.

Marcelle hung a $1,000,000 tag on a divorce. I countered with an offer of a hundred grand.

The siren atop the ménage got a steady workout, especially in the early hours of the morning. The neighbors hollered injunctions. The cops had to be called constantly to break up the overtime brawls.

On October 6, 1936, Dolly gave up the fortress and left.

Marcelle was in Reno, Nevada, whither she had gone, so everybody thought, to get a $1,000,000 divorce.

The press heard about Dolly's departure so I was forced to release an official bulletin.

It said: "Dolly Goering, the most famous secretary in the world up to now, has found out that Tommy Manville is not getting married again. She decided she has enough money, jewelry, and clothes for the rest of her life. . . .

"So consequently his office is without a secretary, and a new secretary must be sure she intends to be a secretary and not applying to be Tommy's fifth wife."

No sooner emoted than things got topsy-turvy again.

I telephoned Marcelle in Reno.

Marcelle came back.

Dolly came back.

It was like old home week.

In three months Marcelle hit the Reno trail again.

Meantime I was shifting my art gallery around fast.

So swiftly did the panorama of blondes change at Bon Repos that when Marcelle came back a second time from Reno she slapped me with papers in a separation suit, charging all kinds of silly nonsense.

She made one awfully insulting remark. She said she was ready to name one hundred girls.

I shot back: "Go ahead. You name the hundred babies. Then I'll give you the names of nine hundred more. Don't try to make a piker out of me!"

Then Marcelle's lawyer came through with what looked like a neat bit of legal strategy.

He announced he would go to court and have a conservator appointed for me. Of course the foul insinuation behind that remark was that I was a crackpot.

I quickly called in three alienists, and stood my ground, ready for any shenanigans that might come along.

When you get right down to fundamentals, it's true I've done a lot of things that have amused the nation. But anything I have done that might have seemed extra foolish can be classified as nonsense. Nobody ever got hurt. Gosh, you don't expect a guy like me to play hermit all his life, do you?

I got tired of lawyers, so I stepped right in and made a quick proposition. I let the Marcelle camp know that I might get impatient and lose my temper. So I said:

"You take $200,000 now, and make it snappy. If you want to fight, you'll get a fight. Don't you think the judges know there's been a depression? The courts have been stingy. What'll they give you? Maybe five hundred dollars a week.

"The Manville millions are tied up in a spendthrift trust fund where you can never reach them. Manville is tangled up in corporations which handle his dough. Go ahead if you want to fight it out. Manville will stake $10,000,000 before he'll give you a million. Take $200,000—or else."

She took the $200,000 and left for Reno.

ON October 29, 1937, while Marcelle was in Reno for the cure, I chartered a special train for $3,000 to bring Dolly back from Louisville.

When Dolly returned to Bon Repos, I told the reporters that it was no romance, that it was strictly business.

Marcelle got the Reno decree. On December 9, 1937, she married Jay Carlisle, Jr. The Carlisles were members of the Long Island horsy set.

Jay's father died and he inherited his millions.

I'm glad Marcelle got such a good break. Jay's O. K.

It wasn't long after Marcelle's Renovation that Gran'pappy found love again.

Her name was Nina Pierson, another superb blonde. While Marcelle was in Reno, fearful that I might be pining my heart away at Bon Repos, Nina was already installed in the Chaperons' Section.

She had received a cable from me in London which said, "Imperative you arrive Normandie."

With only an hour and a half to get her forty-five trunks ready, Nina made the boat at Southampton. It was her first journey home in two years. She had been in the Folies Bergère in Paris, wined and dined by some Maharajah in India, and was taken up by London society.

Marcelle got her divorce and settlement, and then heard about Nina. She was a good sport and wired a friend of mine as follows:

I'M NOT AT ALL SURPRISED NOR AM I ENVIOUS I WISH THEM ALL KINDS OF LUCK

But we didn't get the luck for which we hoped.

It didn't jell.

Nina and I parted friends.

In September, 1938, almost a year after she had rushed to comfort me at Bon Repos, Nina died in Paris.

I was terribly shocked. Until she was gone I didn't realize how much I loved her.

AS I glance back over the forty-five years that I have traveled unheedingly and joyously on this earth, I suddenly realize that I have struggled against great odds to capture moments of real happiness. Millions have been an evil charm to me. They have brought me loneliness in the gayest spots of New York's night life. Talk about carrying the torch! Those lovesick saps don't know what it is to be unlucky in love.

To the girls of America my message is: Control that craving to marry a millionaire. I've known many millionaires who have made their wives miserable. He'll always be conscious of the fact that you married him for his money and are waiting for the day he'll croak.

To the debutantes of America I say: Why don't you stop?

To the blondes all over the world and beyond the stars my toast is: I love you. There will never be a blackout on love as long as Gran'pappy is King of Bon Repos.

Here's my message to the boys, young and old: Being a millionaire isn't what it's cracked up to be. That's why there are so few of them. Nobody wants the job.

Hold on! Just a minute! The doorbell rang!

It's a telegram—from Dolly Goering. It says:

BEFORE ADVERTISING IN CHINA FOR A SECRETARY PLEASE CALL ME LOVE
DOLLY

I'll think it over.

Well, here we are, folks, at the end of the line. It's been a jolly trip through life, most of the way.

This is where I get off.

THE END

NAVY WIFE

BY SPARKS HAUSMAN

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ON an afternoon in late January the U. S. S. Arkville put to sea to embark planes for annual fleet maneuvers.

When Lieutenant Steve Howard stepped from his fighter onto the flight deck, sixteen planes of Fighting Squadron Five had landed and were already spotted forward. Behind him he heard the growl of Number Seventeen taxiing out of the arresting gear. He turned to watch Ensign Swanson coming up the groove astern.

On the stern platform the signalman was giving Swanson an "agitated high."

"He won't make it," Steve said to the crew chief.

The flags waved frantically: "Your approach is bad. Give it the gun. Go around. Try again."

They heard the quick answering roar of Eighteen's engine.

At that instant the roar broke into an uneven staccato, then became a dead silence. Eighteen was hanging in a stall directly over the stern.

The air officer on the bridge yanked the emergency lanyard. The siren screamed shrilly. Swanson crashed on deck.

As they pulled Swanson, unhurt, from the wreckage, Steve walked over and looked into Eighteen's cockpit, then strode toward the ready-room ladder.

IT was twilight when the Arkville slipped back into her berth at Hampton Roads. Steve stepped into the shore-phone booth on the quarterdeck.

"Lieutenant Howard's quarters, Mrs. Howard speaking."

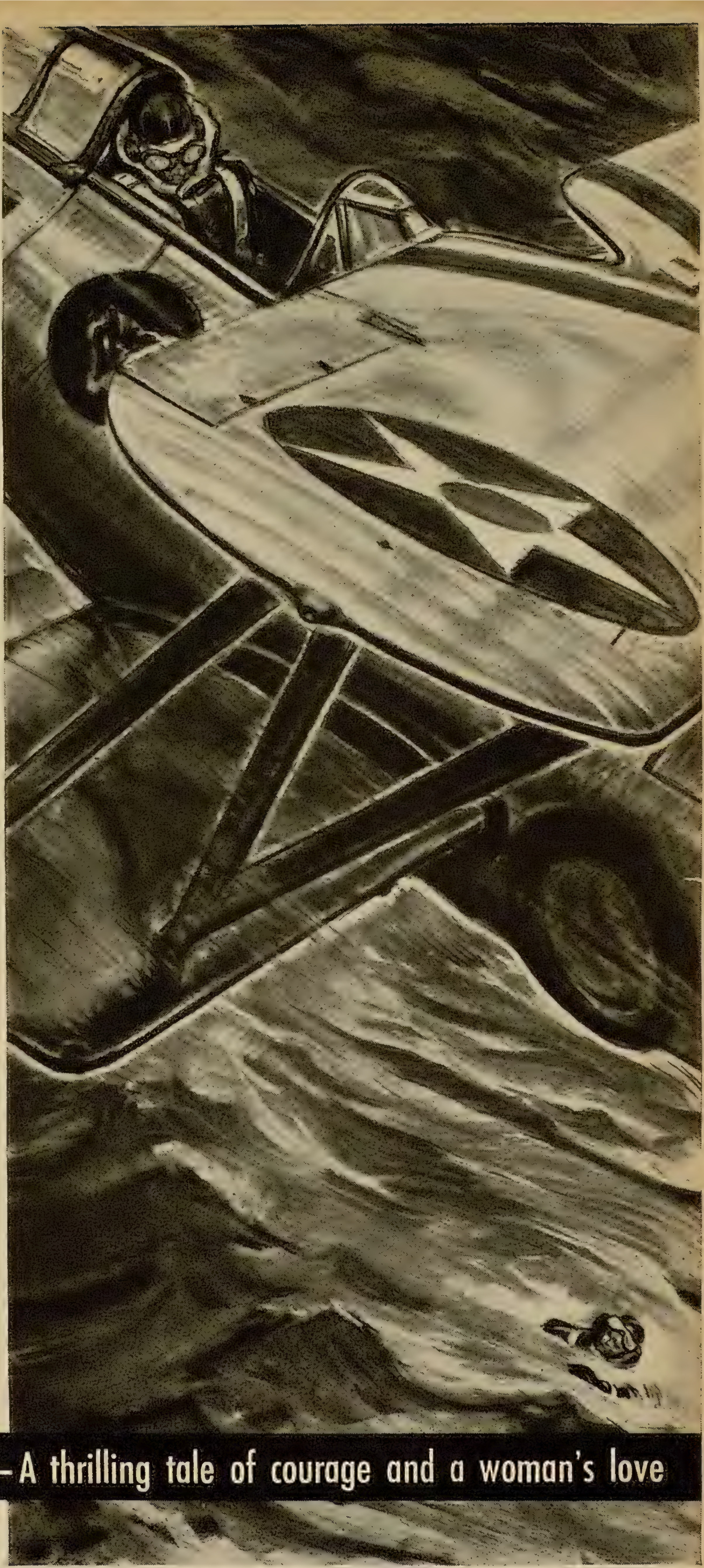
"Helen . . ."

"Oh, it's you, Steve. How did it go?"

"Lost one plane. Swanson crashed on deck."

"Hurt, Steve?"

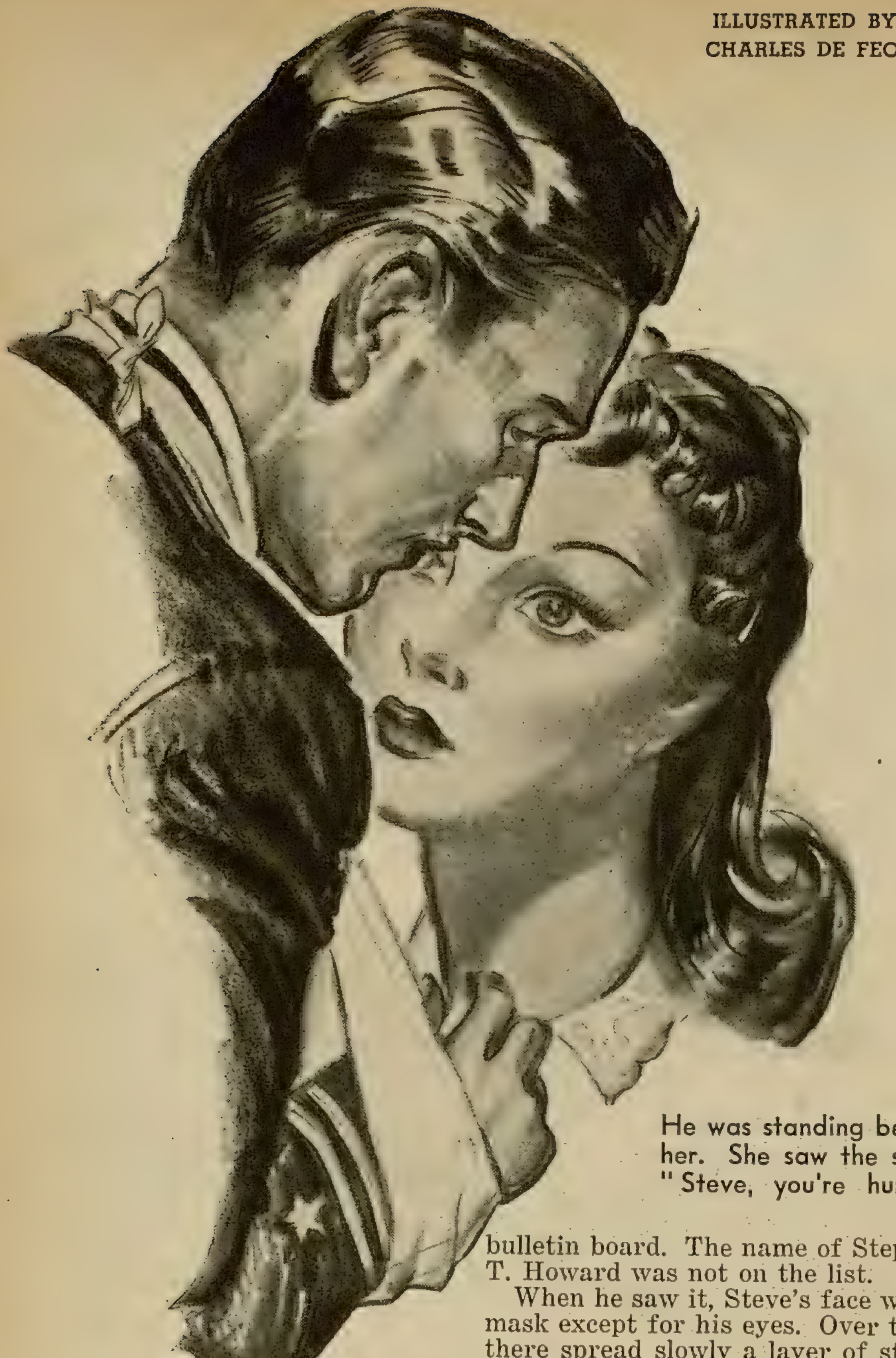
"No; he walked away from it."



Peril in sky and sea! — A thrilling tale of courage and a woman's love

Swanson's head was drooping listlessly; he made no motion.

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES DE FEO



He was standing beside her. She saw the sling. "Steve, you're hurt!"

"I'm so glad! About ready for me to pick you up now?"

"That's why I called, Helen. I won't be able to get home tonight."

"Steve! It's our last night for three months. You're shoving off tomorrow morning."

"I know; but the Crash Board's meeting tonight and I have to testify. They might try to pin it on Engineering, and I know it was Swanson's fault. He forgot to adjust his mixture control before he came in." His voice held a belligerent stubbornness, as if he were trying to convince himself.

There was a silence. Helen was remembering the old Steve who did his job without keeping his finger on his number—the Steve who would have scorned to testify against a junior officer to save his own record.

IN the preceding September the dispatch announcing results of the selection for lieutenant commander had been posted on Fighting Five's bulletin board. The name of Stephen T. Howard was not on the list.

When he saw it, Steve's face was a mask except for his eyes. Over them there spread slowly a layer of steely armor plate, and a barrage of "Sorry, old man," which was trained at him, was never fired. He walked out of the wardroom with the shoulders near the top of his six feet one as square and broad as ever.

There was no explanation in the dispatch about those who had been passed over. There never was. It might have been the blame for an engine failure which Steve had taken to save an enlisted man from dishonorable discharge; it might have been the time he told the Old Man to his face that the crew was being worked "too damned hard"; it might have been simply that Steve was the youngest lieutenant and couldn't be included until next year.

But behind Steve's easy smile and swinging stride there had always been a great pride—pride in the naval service and in himself. And the fact remained that he had been passed over.

That night there was no mention of selection between Steve and Helen. Nor of the fact that next year was his last chance and might mean the end of his naval career. That night Steve withdrew behind his armored eyes. From a distance Helen saw and understood.

Warm comfortable evenings at home quickly gave way to long empty nights, with Steve somewhere aboard the Arkville, hunched over records or regulations or technical recommendations.

Helen heard officers of the squadron declare that Fighting Five's planes were actually in better shape than the day they came from the manufacturer. Gradually she realized that Steve was out to set a record as engineering officer, to sew up next year's selection so they *couldn't* pass him over. And now Swanson's crash was threatening that record.

"I understand, Steve," she said. "Have a pleasant cruise."

"Thanks," he said. "Now, don't forget the social end, Helen. Get after Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Dorsey. Try to manage the right invitations for Fleet Week before we get back."

"I'll do my best, Steve." That was all she could promise. She knew how she was regarded by the two admirals' wives. She had not been "navy" before her marriage to Steve. She was an outsider.

"Good girl!" Steve said. "Good-by. See you in May."

TWO months later the Arkville had completed individual battle practice and rendezvoused at the Canal Zone with the Blue forces. They were ten days out of Colón when the crisis in the fleet problem arrived.

The pilots did not recognize it by sound of guns or sight of hostile vessels, for the Blue Fleet's carriers were hiding far back of their own battle line. Nor were there any attacks by enemy planes.

But the Arkville's scouting squadron brought back occasional reports which circulated around the smoky wardroom. They had spotted enemy destroyers one hundred and twenty miles to the northwest—they had seen two of the Blue's tin cans attack an Orange submarine.

Engineering Officer Howard, with more important business than sitting around the wardroom and shooting the breeze, sensed the crisis from another source. He could tell by the number of times "Flight Quarters" sounded that the brass hats had become jittery and were taking no chances of being caught unprepared to launch planes.

The tenth day it was midnight before Steve turned in. It seemed only a few minutes later when he jerked to consciousness.

Ta-ti-ta! The bugle was sounding the last bar of Boots and Saddles.

As Steve slipped into his jodhpurs and fumbled at the buckles, the bos'n's whistle screeched over the loud-speaker system: "Man all Flight Quarters stations." A siren howled, and then began the slow persistent clanging of the alarm gong.

He shoved his legs and arms into the fur-lined flying suit and left the

(Continued on page 20)

"HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT

the traveling salesman, the stockbroker, and the hunter?"

1. The Traveling Salesman Said, "A tall, sparkling *highball* is my idea of the best way to enjoy whiskey. And, for a really brisk, refreshing highball, I like it made with a really *DRY* whiskey—Paul Jones."

2. The Stockbroker Said, *"My* idea of the pleasantest drink is a good appetizing *cocktail*—and, of course, that calls for a whiskey that's not the slightest bit *sweet.* So naturally, I prefer *DRY* Paul Jones."

3. The Hunter Said, "Every man to his own drink, of course—but give me my whiskey *straight.* And the best whiskey to drink that way is a thoroughly *DRY* one. That's Paul Jones . . . not a drop of sweetness—and *every drop is whiskey!"*

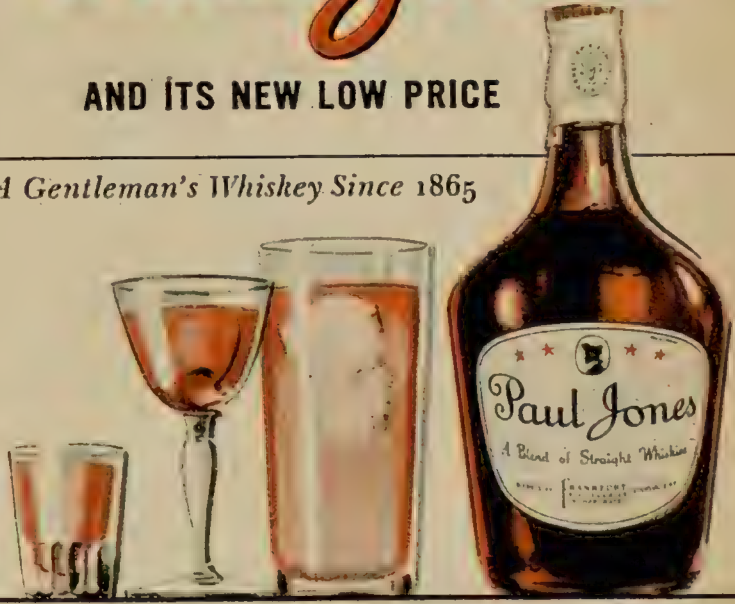
4. And All Three Agreed: "At its new low price Paul Jones is still the same grand whiskey we used to pay so much more for. . . not one of its 'expensive whiskey' qualities has been changed. Paul Jones has always been a great whiskey—and now it's a great *buy,* too!"

YOU'LL LIKE

Paul Jones

AND ITS NEW LOW PRICE

A Gentleman's Whiskey Since 1865


Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

IT'S DRY—AND EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated Louisville & Baltimore

(Continued from page 18)

zippering until he reached the ready room. Helmet, goggles, gloves, navigation board—he checked automatically, then looked at his watch. Three fifteen! It might not be a false alarm this time.

Emerging onto the forward antiaircraft-gun platform, he made out the thin gray line of the flight deck ten feet over his head. His eyes followed along it to the bow, which was tracing a wide arc above and below the horizon.

"Thirty knots," he estimated the wind.

The Arkville shuddered as she crashed through the next towering wave.

He made his way aft on the catwalk which hung along the edge of the flight deck and out over the water. In that gloom the mad Caribbean, sometimes a hundred feet below, at others only twenty or thirty, was slashing at the sides of the carrier.

On the flight deck hundreds of dim figures were scurrying about, casting off lashings, unlacing engine covers, coiling wing lines. The wind, tearing at the rigging of the seventy-odd planes spotted on deck, roared threateningly.

Steve stepped from this to the quiet interior of the island, and descended a ladder to Fighting Five's ready room. He shoved past a small group around the coffee urn and took his usual seat.

WHEN Swanson arrived, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, Steve reported to the skipper:

"Sixth section present, sir!"

Commander Dorsey nodded his acknowledgment. The group of pilots became attentive.

"We're going out after the enemy carriers," the commander began tersely. "Aerology reports a squall covering the Orange Fleet which goes up to at least fifteen thousand feet. But it's moving this way. By dawn they should be in the clear. The rest of the data is on the board."

Swanson approached Steve. "I didn't know we were going so high. May I get my heavy flying suit?"

Steve frowned. Lieutenant Commander Martin, the executive officer, answered for him:

"Sure, go ahead. No point in freezing." The exec smiled at Swanson.

Steve's lips narrowed.

"He'll have plenty of time," the exec said. "We couldn't have him up there at twenty thousand feet without a flying suit. This is his first cruise, you know."

The skipper interrupted with a last-minute reminder: "If we get into icing conditions, don't forget to watch your carburetor preheat."

The order to man planes came, the ready rooms emptied, and the pilots swarmed onto the flight deck.

Steve scrambled forward, crawled under several overlapping wings, and came out beside Number Sixteen. He handed his navigation board to his mech and eased himself down into the tiny cockpit. When he had his safety belt buckled, he took the board and secured it in its rack.

Item by item, he covered the check-off list on his instrument panel. "Stand by to start engines," the bull horns blared over the flight deck. Steve pushed his fuel cut-off forward, cracked his throttle, turned on his battery switch, and waited.

"Stand clear of propellers!"

He worked up fuel pressure with his wobble pump, primed his engine, turned on the ignition, and placed his right hand on the starter switch.

Seconds passed without the order to start engines. Steve wondered about the delay, until he saw a gray figure scramble under the belly of the plane to his right. Swanson climbed into Eighteen's cockpit.

A COLD wrath grew inside of Steve. The efficient sixth section of Fighting Five was holding up a whole carrier and four squadrons of planes!

Then "Start engines" sounded. Simultaneously, seventy planes burst into a mighty roar.

The siren screamed, the launching flag streamed on the yardarm, and the skipper's plane streaked down the deck and out into the darkness. One by one, they moved up, took their place at the launching spot, and were waved off the pitching deck by the signal officer.

For the next two hours Steve listened to an irritating blat from Swanson's propeller off to his right. Its sharp sound, cutting through the roar of his own engine, stabbed intermittently at his eardrums.

In the gray twilight before dawn, he looked over his right shoulder and glared at Swanson. Swanson grinned.

Grinning! Steve thought. It was all a lark to Swanson. The importance of an officer's performance during war games, the momentousness of ten miles' error in navigation, the significance of a few gallons of gas had not been driven home to him—yet.

Suddenly the grin beneath Swanson's goggles disappeared and Five Fox Eighteen fell away from the formation.

Instantly Steve acted. He broke up his section and dived after his disabled wing man. As he pulled up alongside the gliding Eighteen, he saw the prop churning slowly in the air stream.

Swanson was working frantically with his wobble pump, attempting to make the engine pick up again. Bending forward, he shifted the gas valve and pumped the primer savagely.

He looked over at Steve. The smile was gone, replaced by a grim realization of imminent disaster. He threw his arm in front of his eyes, the signal which meant "I am forced to land."

Steve cut loose with his radio. An emergency was an exception to the radio silence imposed by war games. He pulled the microphone down in front of his face and pressed the transmitter button on his throttle.

"Commander Fighting Five from Five Fox Sixteen—Crash—Crash—Eighteen is making forced landing due to engine trouble—Am following him down—Standing by for instructions—Go ahead."

Steve looked for the rest of the squadron. Already they were mere specks far to the west, a loose formation without its last section. Five Fox Seventeen still hovered directly above.

He had come down to fifteen thousand when he began surveying the sea below. Lucky it had not happened fifteen minutes earlier. For the last hour Fighting Five had been climbing over a wide squall line which marked the cold front. Ten minutes ago they had come out on its windward side. Its dirty, slate-gray wall loomed ominously now, twenty miles behind them. And the sea beneath testified to its passage.

"Five Fox Sixteen from Arkville Group Commander—Intercepted your message Commander Fighting Five—Sixteen and Seventeen carry out forced landing doctrine—Remainder Fighting Five proceed on mission with Arkville Group—Acknowledge."

Steve swore. In spite of his precaution, he was being forced out of formation by an irresponsible ensign. He pressed his mike button. There was only one answer possible.

"Arkville Group Commander from Sixteen—Aye, aye."

He heard Seventeen above him acknowledge: "Seventeen — Aye, aye."

Forced landing doctrine! Seventeen, the junior plane, would seek the nearest surface vessel and attempt to direct it to the scene of the landing. Steve, in Sixteen, would stand by over the crashed plane, circling above it and constantly keeping it in sight.

First, however, a report must be made.

HE bent over his plotting board, running out his dead-reckoning navigation to the time that Eighteen had started to go down. He added in the two hours' drift and picked off his present position. He shifted his radio frequency.

"Arkville, Arkville, from Five Fox Sixteen—Answer."

"Five Fox Sixteen from Arkville—Go ahead."

He gave their position, and promised a report when Eighteen was on the water.

Out of the corner of his eye Steve watched Swanson circling down beneath him. Seventeen was already streaking away to the northeast.

From ten thousand feet the surface of the treacherous Caribbean seemed smooth and only slightly wrinkled. But Steve had flown off the Arkville too long to be fooled. He could see the long wind streaks, sharp and clear, and the little white flecks moving at right angles to them.

(Continued on page 22)

Cleveland hostess, Mrs. Neil Curry, says: *"We're serving our drink with the meal nowadays. Especially during the week most of our guests now prefer it that way. Actually it's fun to see how people are flattered when—just after the roast comes on—my husband pours everybody a glass of grand tasting Burgundy wine."*

A. K. Mitchell, East Orange, New Jersey, businessman, writes: *"About six months ago I started giving guests at our house a choice of before-dinner drinks. I did it because I noticed more and more people prefer Sherry with the appetizers. It certainly is tops at making the dinner which follows extra good!"*

Clever hosts, Smart hostesses discovered it—

When people nowadays relax and enjoy themselves, more and more prefer the moderate beverage—Wine

Hosts and hostesses all over America report it! When you serve refreshments to your guests nowadays, you find more and more people choosing wine.

Mind you, that means folks are favoring a more leisurely, more moderate kind of evening. Selecting a custom that yields its fullest pleasure when you linger over your glass, when you sip your wine slowly, like a connoisseur.

Spreading like wildfire today, this genial custom of wine serving has made a hit on another score, too. *It's so thrifty!* You can give nicer dinners, enjoy more evenings at bridge on the money you save.

Just try serving wine next time you have guests. Notice the gracious, unhurried air wine gives to your entertaining, the way good wine turns even the simplest luncheon or dinner into a feast.

Notice also how many of your guests are flattered—how many appreciate the opportunity to say "make mine wine."

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. They are true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive

From Kansas City, Missouri, Mrs. Samuel Murray reports: *"When friends drop in nowadays I like to set out small glasses of a good wine like Muscatel. It makes for a genial, leisurely time, and that's what people appreciate."*

All you need to know to Serve Wine

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table wines;* (2) Wines for use with the dessert course or refreshments, called *sweet wines . . .*

With your dinner—served in portions about half the size of a water goblet, try:

Burgundy, which is red, full-flavored—extra good with roast beef or with steak

Sauterne, which is golden, slightly sweet . . . ideal with mildly flavored main course dishes like fish or fowl

At the appetizer hour, with dessert, or in the afternoon or evening (usually served in cocktail size glasses) try:

Muscatel, which is old gold in color, sweet with the distinctive flavor of Muscat grapes

Sherry, which is mellow-amber, "nutty" in flavor—ideal to serve before dinner, alone or with appetizers

Be Considerate—Serve Wine

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

(Continued from page 20)

He knew that those specks would grow until, at fifty feet, they would become wind-driven spray topping angry mountains of green sea water.

When Swanson neared their ragged crests, they would reach up to crush the tiny fighter. The thin metal skin of the fuselage would meet a terrific impact. If Swanson happened to smash into the front side of a wave, the watertight compartments would be crushed like paper bags.

Diving closer to Swanson, Steve saw him blowing into the tubes of his life jacket, partially inflating it against the possibility of the plane's sinking immediately. He could imagine the violent fear at work in Swanson now, the sudden surge of adrenalin in his blood stream, the dry, metallic taste in his mouth, the trembling of his heels on the pedal slides as he prepared to meet the final blow.

Steve's mind began racing over the possible causes. He had personally checked every plane in the squadron. Swanson must have made another bust.

As he descended, Steve checked his own carburetor preheat.

Preheat! Ice! That sudden stopping of the engine over the squall line was an indication of the carburetor's icing up.

For a moment Steve found himself thinking it a just retribution. Swanson should have watched his preheat. And if he had not forgotten his flying suit he would have heard the skipper's reminder.

Then his mind raced to the remedy.

He bent forward toward his microphone. At that moment the Arkville cut loose:

"Five Fox Sixteen from Arkville—Destroyer Norton nearest ship—Directing her to change course immediately for your position—Estimate arrival six hours in present sea—Keep Air Pilot informed of Eighteen's condition after landing—Arkville off."

"Aye, aye from Five Fox Sixteen," he answered. Then, "Eighteen from Sixteen—Have you been using preheat?"

THEY were down to two thousand feet. Seconds were precious.

"Sixteen from Eighteen—Negative—Do you think I have iced up?"

"Eighteen from Sixteen—Affirmative—Try breaking the ice loose."

"What should I do?" Swanson's voice was harried.

"Eighteen from Sixteen—Use full preheat, full throttle, and full lean mixture, and see if she'll kick over. It may have thawed."

He flew near and watched. There was little hope, because they were in an inversion, with the temperature decreasing as they descended into the cold air following the front.

One thousand feet! Steve saw Eighteen's prop churn faster. Then it was once more coasting idly. A little power output would slow Eighteen's descent long enough for the preheat to knock out the ice.

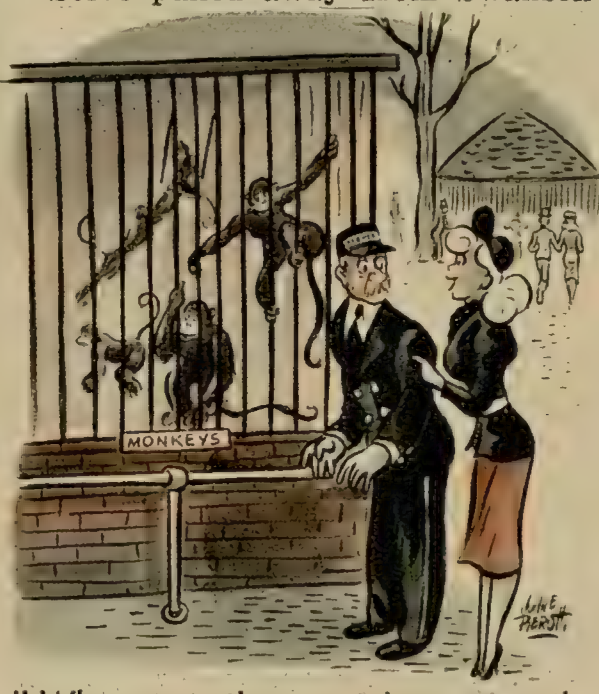
At three hundred feet the prop was kicking spasmodically, but not enough to keep Swanson in the air. Steve made the decision.

"Eighteen from Sixteen—Let her go and concentrate on setting her down—Try to get the back side of a wave."

"Aye, aye from Eighteen."

The head in Eighteen's cockpit rose from its concentration on the instrument panel. The panic on Swanson's face was uncontrolled. He raised his goggles, looked directly at Steve, and tried to grin. Then he headed for the green water.

Steve pulled away from Swanson and watched. Eighteen nosed down toward one crest.



"Where are the ones that see nothing, hear nothing, and say nothing?"

"Not that way! Too much speed!"

Swanson caught it in time, heaved back on the stick. His elevator action was jerky, frantic. He overcontrolled.

Suddenly Steve was sorry for Swanson. On his first cruise, the youngster was up against the toughest situation in fleet aviation. He wished he had not testified against Swanson. He wished he had not cared so much for his own record. He accused himself for not taking more time to train Swanson in engineering doctrine.

As Eighteen staggered over the ragged spray line, Steve saw it would catch the next wall of water full on.

"Arkville, Arkville from Five Fox Sixteen—Eighteen has just hit the water—Hit a wave full on—Sank immediately—Flotation compartments ruptured, I believe."

Steve kept his eyes fixed on the surface of the sea and circled in a tight turn. He jerked a smoke bomb loose from its rack and threw it over the side of the fuselage to mark the spot.

As he watched the column of smoke rise from the floating bomb, he saw the tail of the fuselage break the surface not twenty yards away. Then it disappeared and in its place was floating an orange life jacket. Steve flew over it as slowly as he dared.

Swanson's head was drooping listlessly and he made no motion. The half-inflated jacket was barely holding him on the surface.

"Forced landing procedure. Article Twenty-eight Dash Two. When the possibility of saving the life of the pilot forced down warrants such action, the pilot of the stand-by plane shall attempt a landing alongside."

According to doctrine, it was Lieutenant Steve Howard's duty to put his own plane down in that same angry sea, his duty to risk his own life for Swanson's.

"When the possibility of saving a life . . . warrants such action."

The thought stuck. Perhaps Swanson was no longer alive. Perhaps his landing would be no better than Swanson's. He hesitated as he saw the foam-flecked sea racing beneath him.

He had Helen to think about. *If it didn't work, if his landing wasn't as good as Swanson's. . . .* Instantly he knew what Helen would want him to do.

HIS back straightened. The orange speck was just ahead. He eased his speed; his eyes searched out the oncoming waves; his mind calculated the timing, which must be precise to the split second.

The life jacket danced on the next wave-top as he closed the throttle. Sixteen skimmed down into the trough, and he horsed back on the stick.

He helped it with one burst of the gun. Nose high, the plane climbed up the oncoming side of the wave and dropped just over the crest. He brushed his goggles back and threw one arm in front of his face. He felt the first sharp tug as the tail caught—then darkness.

The cold spray on his face quickly brought him back to consciousness. A sharp flash of pain through his right arm told him that it was broken. He stood up in the cockpit. Tail-high and with the top wing still above the surface, Five Fox Sixteen bobbed like a chip on the rough sea.

As he looked for Swanson, a wave almost carried him from the cockpit. When it had passed he saw the orange jacket only fifty feet from the left wing-tip. Swanson, conscious now, was paddling weakly toward the plane. The next crest that broke over the wreckage brought him within reach.

As Steve hauled him onto the top wing, Swanson collapsed and he saw a trickle of dark blood creeping from the torn helmet. Steve wrapped his legs around a cabane strut and dragged the limp figure to the middle of the wing. With his belt he lashed him to the camera gun mount.

Then he dug out the first-aid kit and came back to unfasten Swanson's helmet.

A weak smile appeared on Swanson's face. "Don't—don't bother—Steve. Better—get out the life raft—before this buggy sinks."

"Plenty of time, Swanson," Steve said. "The plane should last four or five hours. With luck we may be able to hold out here until the Norton reaches us."

But four hours later they both knew Sixteen was not going to hold out. Sipping sparingly from the one canteen, they clung to the wing and whenever they rode to the crest of a wave looked anxiously to the northeast.

The one-man life raft, secured by a wire Steve had ripped from the antenna, bobbed lightly alongside.

They waited for the moment when the wing, already awash, would submerge, lose its buoyancy, and plunge the plane to the bottom. As the ship settled, Steve methodically checked his procedure.

He unfastened the wire that held the life raft to the plane and secured it around his waist. Their chances would be slim, with two of them depending on a one-man raft, but he would put Swanson in the boat and hang on to the side of it with his good arm.

He waited tensely, listening to the increasing gurgling of the water entering the fuselage as more vents were exposed by the settling craft.

Swanson laughed raspingly through purple lips.

"Steve, did you ever hear that one about two sailors on a desert island?"

"No," Steve humored him.

The port wing-tip, battered by the mountainous sea, carried away, and the plane listed to one side. Now was the time for action.

He freed himself and bent to cast off Swanson's lashings. The life raft tugged at his waist and almost pulled him from the wing.

"Well, one of them was drowning when the other dragged him ashore. After they had tramped around the island and found one dried-up coconut, the first fellow sat down and laughed. He thought it was damned funny. He could have drowned quickly and easily; but he had been saved to die slowly of starvation." Swanson laughed again.

Delirious! Steve thought.

THE plane was going, and its last plunge would be sudden. The fingers of his left hand worked clumsily at the lashings around Swanson.

With another of his dry laughs, Swanson suddenly lifted his feet. He pushed them into Steve's stomach. Steve catapulted across the wing's trailing edge into the sea.

He came up gasping, his strength almost gone, and looked toward the plane. It was at least ten yards away.

Swanson, sitting up now, was no longer laughing. Beneath his blood-soaked helmet was a simple contented smile. He lifted one hand in a friendly salute. Then Five Fox Sixteen plunged below the surface.

Steve pulled the life raft over to him. With his last strength he hauled himself aboard.

He lay there, oblivious to the waves filling the rubber boat, and stared up at the scudding clouds. On all of them he saw that last satisfied smile of Swanson's.

The sun was blazing directly overhead, the storm suddenly passed, when Steve was lifted to the deck of the

What's new for dinner?
Juicy frankfurts made
Super Tender

Frankfurts Caruso. *Simmer—do not boil—frankfurts 8 to 10 minutes and serve immediately. Mix thin slices of stuffed olives with hot, fluffy rice and make border around frankfurts. Serve a sauce of 1 cup of snappy cheese melted in ¼ cup milk.*

They're SWIFT'S PREMIUM, rich in the smooth flavor and savory juices of fine meats. And so delicate they cut at the touch of your fork!

● You *dine well* when the main dish stars these juicy beauties. For Swift's Premium Frankfurts—"dinner" size—offer something really new. To the extra flavor, extra savoriness of *large* links, is added a *tenderness* you've never known before.

Swift & Company has found a special way (patent pending) to "tender" these plump frankfurts in fresh pineapple juice. Not a trace of pineapple flavor remains, but the skins become so delicate they cut at the mere touch of a fork.

Made from selected cuts of fine, fresh meats . . . seasoned with fragrant spices and carefully smoked over fires of aromatic hardwood . . . these frankfurts have a *flavor* you'll want to enjoy again and again! Here's a brand-new favorite for your list of "things the family likes." But be sure you get Swift's Premium Frankfurts—the luscious, *thoroughly tender* kind!

STANDARD SIZE→
←DINNER SIZE

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Tender Frankfurts

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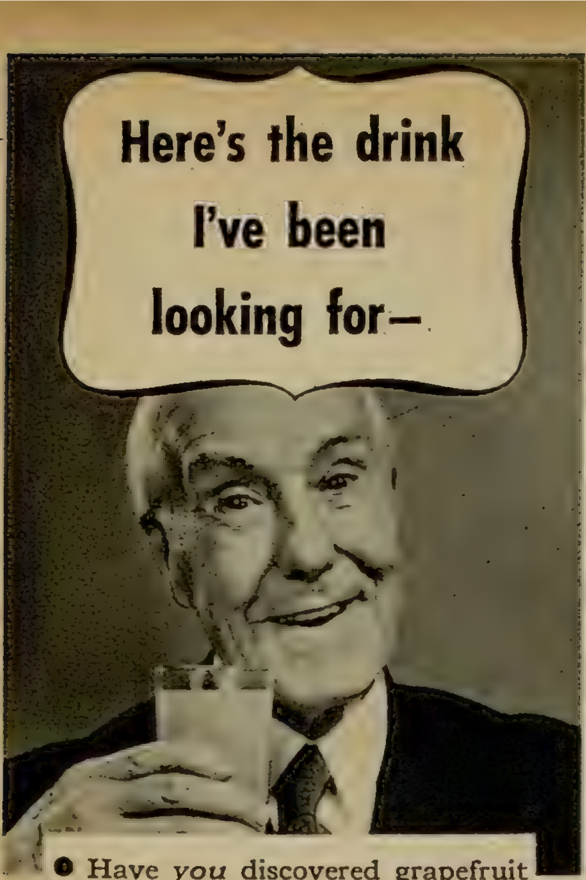
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Norton. He felt the restraining hands as he struggled and fought them off.

"Swanson—he's still fastened to the wing," he mumbled, trying to rise. He fell back unconscious.

IT was the middle of May when the fleet steamed toward its anchorage at Hampton Roads. Standing on the porch of the Officers' Club, Helen Howard watched the gray armada file past. In spite of her failure, she shared the excitement of the crowd of navy wives. Steve would be ashore that night.

She had managed to stand with Mrs. Graves. She had hoped Mrs. Graves would remember her calls of the last three months. She hoped that even now at the last moment there would be an invitation to the dinner Admiral Graves always gave the first night of Fleet Week.

She was watching for the Arkville, when she heard Mrs. Graves saying, "If it's not too late to ask, the admiral and I would like you to join us for dinner tonight."

Her heart leaped as she turned. Then she saw that Mrs. Graves was looking at Lieutenant Dailey's wife. She saw Jane Dailey flutter and smile, anticipated her "Delighted!" before it came.

"I must find Nan Dorsey," Mrs. Graves excused herself. "Dinner is at seven."

"At seven," Jane Dailey affirmed.

Mrs. Graves smiled coolly at Helen and walked briskly toward the end of the porch—Mrs. Graves, who had made her husband an admiral and Commander of Aircraft Battle Force, the supreme head of fleet aviation. Mrs. Graves held a job and performed her duties superbly. The invitation was an approval of the way Jane Dailey, in her less elevated capacity, had performed her duties. Thirty years from now Lieutenant Dailey might be Admiral Dailey and in his turn would be selecting efficient young officers for his dinners. And, because of her, Steve would not.

She drove slowly to Quarters 34. There was no need to hurry. She and Steve had no dinner engagement.

Dropping her hat on the hall table, she appraised herself in the mirror. Clear complexion, soft brown hair, a good nose, and eyes that were warm and eager.

Before this selection thing, they had had a good life, she and Steve. They had made friends where they found them, without regard for rank or influence. There had been weekends at Virginia Beach and dinners for two. And—and all the time she should have been seeing to it that they cultivated the right people, people who counted!

She had fallen down on her job. She had failed Steve. And it had meant so much to him!

When she felt the tears gathering, she blinked them away and went into the living room. Crying was inefficient. The only thing of importance was to decide what she could do for Steve now.

At five she was still lying on the lounge by the window. She felt at peace in the twilight which was beginning to settle over the station. She had made her decision.

She knew just what she was going to say:

"Steve, I want to tell you something. I've been patient. For three years I've waited for you to get somewhere—to give me the social standing I thought I was getting when I married you. I've taken snubs and second-best every inch of the way. I can't any longer. If you ever get in a position where you can do better, we might talk it over again. Until then, I'm leaving you, Steve."

She had memorized it—so there would be no chance for her to falter and weaken. Steve would do so much better without her. He would bury his hurt in hard work; people would want him for dinners again; and soon he would be going up the ladder—and by then he would have forgotten her.

Her chin quivered a bit as she thought of facing him. But it wouldn't be so hard to do—not when you really loved him.

She waited calmly for Steve's arrival. She knew what it would be.

He would come into the house and go immediately to his bedroom. He would find the proper uniform laid out, exactly as he expected.

"Good cruise, Helen," he would call as he prepared for a shower. "What are we doing tonight?"

And she would be expected to produce the results of her social planning. That would be all. No embrace, no explanation of his being the last officer ashore. That was the way it had been since last September.

SHE heard rapid footsteps on the porch and the door behind her burst open. The footsteps stopped inside the door. Then they started toward the bedroom, as she had known they would.

"Steve—I want to tell you something . . ." she began.

He came into the room.

". . . I've been patient . . ."

"I thought the skipper'd never let me shove off," he said, as if not hearing her.

What was her next line? ". . . I can't any longer . . ." No, that wasn't right. None of it was right. It was so very hard to do now! So good to hear his voice after the long months of worrying about him. She couldn't do it, not the very first night he was back.

He was standing beside her now. He bent down, kissed her tenderly, firmly. Then she saw the sling on his arm.

"Steve, you're hurt!"

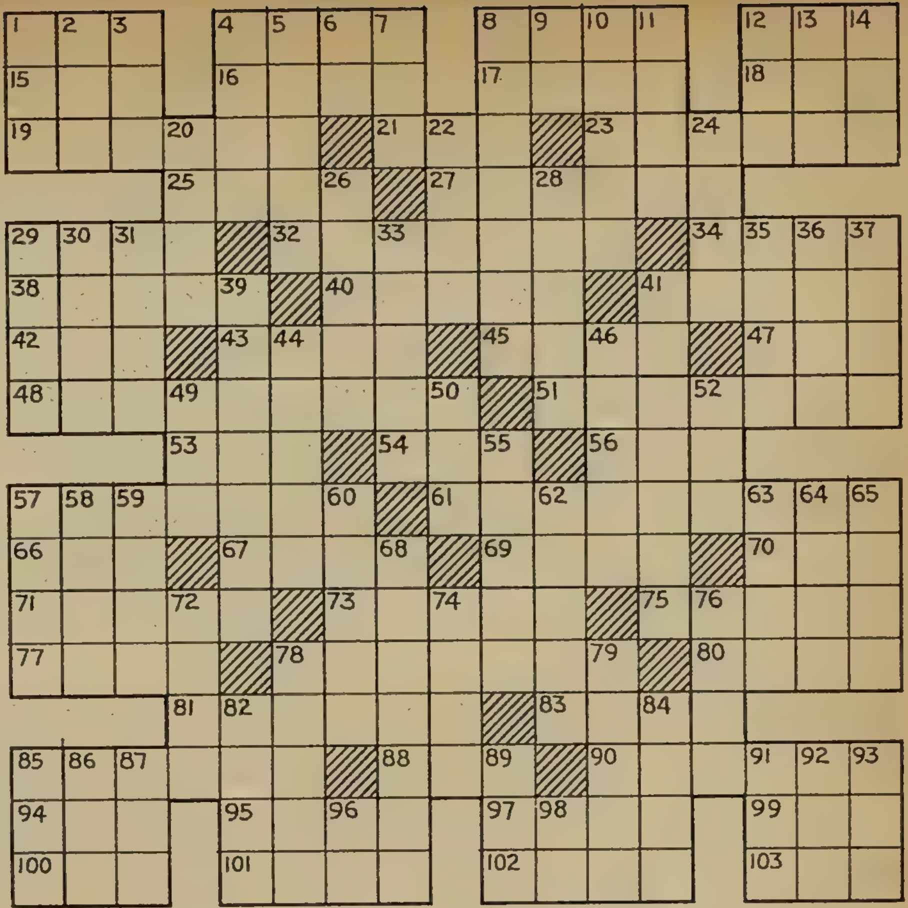
"No—cured," he said. With one arm he was holding her close to him. "Ten days special leave, Mrs. Howard. How about skipping Fleet Week and spending it at Virginia Beach—just the two of us?"

The tears in her eyes were Ensign Swanson's shrine.

THE END

CROSSWORDS

By LEE PASQUIN



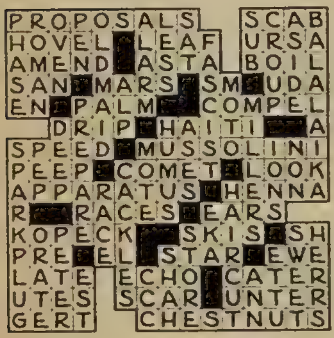
HORIZONTAL

1 Vulgar fellow
4 Circle of light
8 Stupid fellow
12 Stay behind
15 Poem
16 Desert dweller
17 Thought
18 Age
19 Give
21 Small fish (pl.)
23 Self-evident truths
25 Small opening
27 Absence of thirst
29 Head covering
32 Full of sand
34 Yawn
38 Slur over
40 To void
41 Punted
42 Compass point
43 Raise
45 Ireland
47 Peer Gynt's mother
48 Optical instrument
51 Part of an airplane
53 Nothing
54 Thick oily liquid
56 Spirituous liquor
57 Kind of beer
61 Single-horned
66 Greek letter
67 God of love
69 State in Brazil
70 Dread
71 The common people
73 Allots
75 Chemical
77 Sign of future event
78 Road surface
80 Native of ancient Media
81 Thinner
83 Kind of bean
85 Greek deity (pl.)
88 Aqueous vapor
90 Vegetable
94 Anger
95 Limited number
97 Old
99 Study closely
100 Sty
101 Girl's name
102 Pierce
103 Sooner than

VERTICAL

1 Fish
2 Uproar
3 Lair
4 Despise
5 Amphitheater
6 Note of the scale
7 Japanese sash
8 Get rid of
9 Alleged force
10 Rent
11 Vehicle
12 Sign of the zodiac
13 Part of the body
14 Aeriform matter
20 Very eager
22 Native of a Scandinavian country
24 Shakespearean character
26 Negotiate
28 Ancient Roman city
29 Retain
30 Otherwise
31 Dock
33 Species of heron
35 Winged
36 Mexican coin
37 Paradise
39 Furs
41 Fish-eating bird
44 Fisherman
46 Severity
49 Those in office
50 Male sheep
52 Suffix
55 Lassoed
57 Combining form: foot
58 Also
59 Crippled
60 Kind of type
62 Part of a helmet
63 Scold sharply
64 Beholden to
65 Dry
68 Withdrew
72 That and no more
74 Kind of vetch
76 A Mohammedan priest
78 One who works in stone
79 Match or join
82 Pertaining to the Celts
84 Fashion
85 Small draft
86 Part of to be
87 Number
89 Droll fellow
91 Playing card
92 High hill
93 Indefinite pronoun
96 Note of the diatonic scale
98 Depart

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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S	A	N	■	M	A	R	S	■	S	M	■	U	D	A
E	N	■	P	A	L	M	■	■	C	O	M	P	E	L
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G	E	R	T			C	H	E	S	T	N	U	T	S

Last week's answer

Each time I shave I get a lift!
Those Thin Gillette Blades—priced for thrift—
Whisk through the stubble clean and fast—
Give easy shaves that really last!

Rigid inspection assures absolute uniformity

THIN
Gillette
BLADES
Gillette
4 BLADES 10¢
4 for 10¢
8 for 19¢

The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

—but what will it COST
to see... This
Amazing
America?"
THE BUDGET

$69.95 for the Circle Trip

including

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● Even a slim budget can take a "Greyhound Cruise of America" right in stride! The trip of the year from your home town—wherever it may be—to the special wonders of both New York and San Francisco, and back home again by Super-Coach costs only $69.95. And that includes seeing all of America's natural wonders that you can fit into two different transcontinental crossings! Go Greyhound—to see more, to save more.

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN	Washington Boulevard at Grand River
FT. WORTH, TEXAS	905 Commerce Street
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI	Broadway & Delmar Boulevard
CHARLESTON, W. VA.	155 Summers Street
CINCINNATI, OHIO	630 Walnut Street
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA	412 East Broad Street
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA	509 Sixth Avenue, North
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE	527 North Main Street
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One of the most fascinating little booklets published is called "This Amazing America"—with 140 pictures and stories of strange, unbelievable things and places on this continent. To get your free copy, mail this coupon to nearest Information Office, listed above.

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Liberty's Vacationland Test Offers $2,000 in Cash Awards

Maine Development Comm. photo

Milwaukee Road photo.

VACATION days will be here almost before you realize it! Perhaps your thoughts are already turning to a selection of where to go and how to get there. How familiar are you with North America's well known vacation centers? Test your knowledge in this game. You still can enter, have a wealth of fun checking over vacation information, and win a substantial cash prize to add to your vacation budget.

Read the brief Rules and then solve the jumbles on Coupon No. 3. Bear in mind that transportation, as well as destinations, is involved in this year's contest. If you are just starting you will need the first two coupons. Liberty has prepared reprints. Enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing with your request addressed as directed in Rule 6.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks ending in the issue dated May 18, 1940, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these jumbles can be unscrambled into the name of a well known vacation resort, area, or a popular transportation route used by vacationists. Example: NOTADAY—DAYTONA. In the interests of clarity and brevity, River, Lake, Mountains, and Island will be omitted from jumbles in this contest. Example: MANITOULIN ISLAND would appear in this contest simply as MANITOULIN.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumbled name in the space provided.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where, in North America, I would best like to spend a vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of accompanying statement. The entry with the largest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be judged the best and will receive a $500 First Prize. The five next best entries will be awarded $100 each. The 200 entries next in order of excellence will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. All winning entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Friday, May 17, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

No. 3—USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

Jumble	Solution
1. NINEGWIP	....
2. ROANOCOD	....
3. KNOANAAG	....
4. ROTYEMEN	....
5. YEARNLEG	....
6. DITTIFELPS	....
7. SALTLICKS	....
8. RAVETHISMADYARN	....
9. PPSALMSINGR	....
10. MEHATEWAROKULIED	....

New England Council photo.

New England Council photo.

A novel of hearts and hazards gets stirringly into its stride

Calcutta ADVENTURE

BY EDISON MARSHALL

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 49 SECONDS

BEFORE he leaves India to join up with Great Britain's fighting forces, Bruce MacBride is given a last assignment by Sir Eric Tarlton, chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of all Bengal. The Scotsman, whose number is M-148, is to watch the Raj of Kapperpore in the Ritz Café to ascertain when and how he may receive the message that night that his aide-de-camp, Babar Singh, has been arrested. Gun-running in Calcutta is giving great concern to the British authorities.

Bruce reports back that the raj was terribly upset. Also, while on the job, he had overheard a curious conversation between two men at a more or less concealed table—one of them a gentleman, the other evidently a shady character. Their talk lingers in his mind.

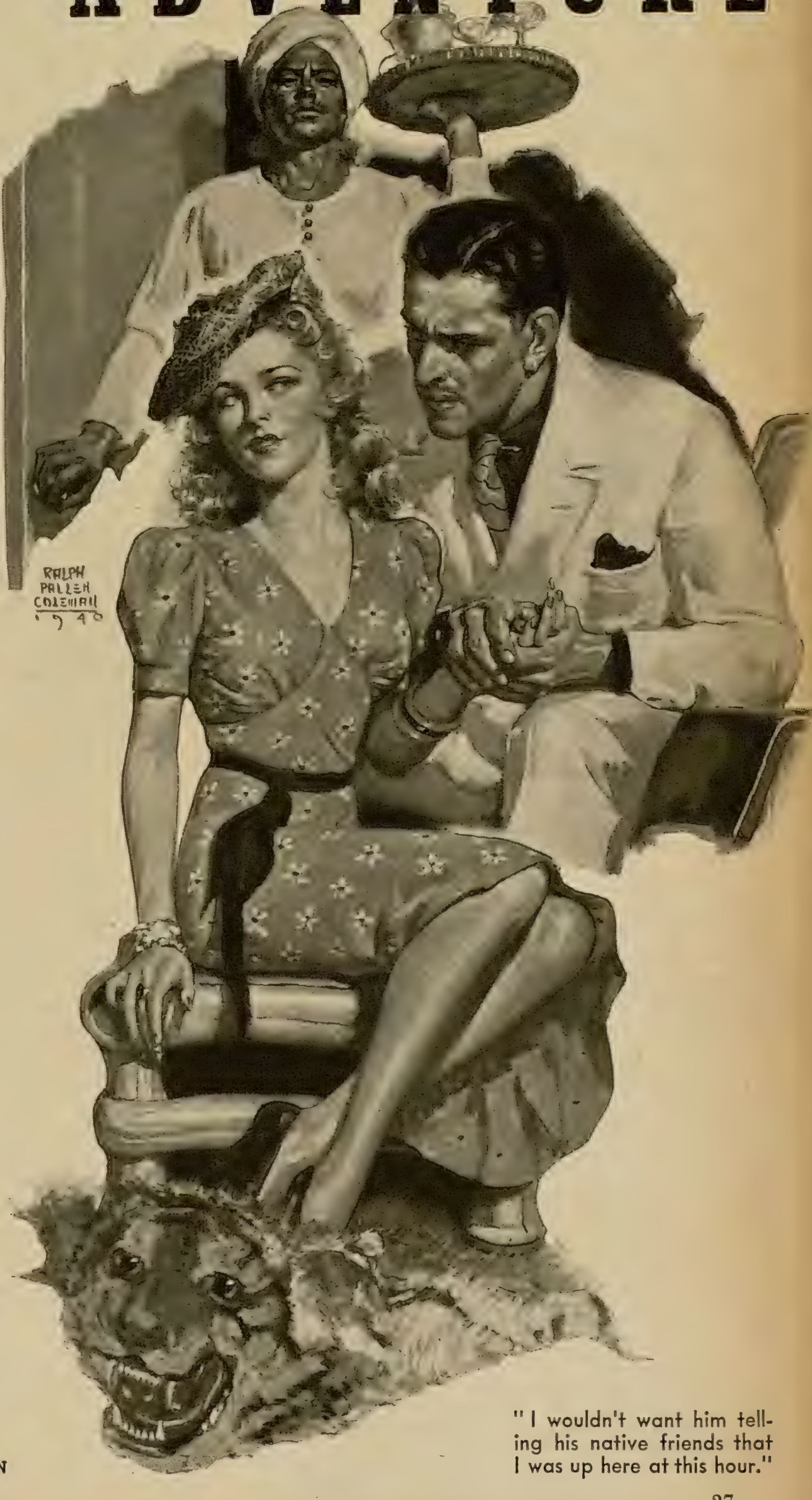
At Sir Eric's request, he goes to the pier to meet his lordship's stepdaughter, Virginia. While waiting, he narrowly escapes being pushed overboard between the ship and the wharf piles. Was this an attempt on his life?

In the midst of the excitement, a pretty girl, Ginger Kay, who is Sir Eric's new Number Two secretary, introduces herself to Bruce, and informs him that Virginia Tarlton is not on the ship as they expected. Bruce invites Ginger to lunch. Almost immediately they are friends. On returning to Sir Eric's home, they find Philip Dudley there. He appears to be very much taken with Ginger. Dudley is an elegant fellow, with a wonderful war record.

When Bruce leaves Sir Eric's, both his lordship and Ginger urge him not to enlist but to remain in India where he will be invaluable. M-148 wonders which course to take. But that night it is decided for him when his faithful servant, Khodo, is shot and killed by the bullet intended for himself. Bruce swears to run down the murderer.

PART TWO—
IN THE HOUSE OF THE ENEMY

BRUCE waited as long as necessary, then gently lowered Khodo's upper body to the floor. On some impulse he did not try to understand, he procured a pillow from a divan and slipped it under the dead man's head. Then he sat down and lighted his pipe.



"I wouldn't want him telling his native friends that I was up here at this hour."

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

There were only ashes in the bowl, like the ashes in his heart, when he made for the telephone and called the residence of Sir Eric Tarlton. A sleepy servant answered.

"I want to speak to Sir Eric," Bruce said in English.

"But, sahib, my master is asleep, and—*the hour is late.*"

"Aye—it is *overly* late."

"Pardon, sahib. I will put you through to his room."

A moment later Sir Eric's calm voice came over the wire:

"All clear."

"M-148," Bruce answered. "We have some men at the European hospital, haven't we?"

"Yes."

"Could you send an ambulance here, as though to carry away a seriously wounded white man? I've only got a scratch, but everything must look apple-pie. Then I want to be slipped into a room without outside doctors and nurses knowing the trick."

"It can be attended to. Shall I be waiting for you in that room?"

"If you will. And I think you'd better have two policemen and some plain-clothes men in the crowd to see me carried out. Some one may want another shot."

"Anything more?"

"Yes, something very important. My man Khodo got the bullet meant for me. He's of the Kayasth caste. He must be gotten out of here in absolute secrecy, shipped to his village in Assam, and given proper funeral rites. Can it be done?"

"Fairly simply. But if it were any one but you—"

"It's the best plan I can think of."

Sir Eric must have acted quickly, for in twenty minutes the ambulance was backed to the building entrance. Bruce smiled faintly at the attendants as he lay down on the stretcher. As he was whisked into the ambulance, his slack face, closed eyes, and blood-soaked clothes drew awed gasps from the onlookers.

The siren blared for right of way.

THE ambulance came to a stop under the arch of a side entrance to the hospital. Meanwhile Bruce had slipped off his bloodstained coat and trousers, and put on an interne's outfit that the doctor provided. Thus he attracted no attention as he accompanied the doctor to an interne's unused quarters on an upper floor. Here a lean long-jawed gray man was waiting for him.

"Tolerably close shot, that," Sir Eric remarked, as Bruce's bullet cut was being disinfected and bandaged.

"Not close enough." Bruce was looking far away. "That's the hell of war—the slaughter of the innocent. Sir Eric, could every inquiry regarding my condition be recorded and traced?"

"Certainly."

"Doctor, please arrange the safeguards you suggested, and tell all inquirers that I'm doing as well as can be expected."

Dr. Cross agreed and withdrew. Sir Eric produced a whisky flask and poured two drinks in glasses he found in the bathroom. Both men lighted smokes.

"You said 'war,'" Sir Eric began. "What did you mean?"

"What happened tonight is one little outlying skirmish of the war in Europe."

"Good heavens, man! I know you're not one to talk through your hat. Still—"

"I can't prove it yet. It's only a hunch. But it was the second attempt on my life tonight."

"Oh, you don't mean it!"

Bruce described the incident at the wharf. "It was to look like accident," he said. "Some fellow I had helped jail might do that, if he saw the chance, or even some member of the terrorist organizations who happened to know I was with the C. I. D. A second attempt on the same night, not cunning but desperate, shows there's a time element in this affair."

"The gist of it is 'Leave two quarts instead of one'!"

SIR ERIC bolted his drink. "Go on, Bruce."

"I didn't meet Miss Kay until after the first attack, so an insanely jealous lover won't explain it either."

"You think of a lot, Bruce." Sir Eric did not often look so startled.

"What's left? Only that I, personally, am dangerous to some one or to some great enterprise. I know—or they think I know—too much."

"About what, for heaven's sake?"

"I wish I knew." Bruce related what had happened at the Ritz Café, quoting all he could remember of the talk between the two men. Something to happen in about a month. A job for which Mohammedans could not be hired. And that singular comment about Gandhi wanting a white surgeon for an operation occurring years before.

"They wouldn't kill you for that," Sir Eric protested. "It's dashed queer."

"There's something even queerer. After their first attempt had failed, we can assume they followed me, looking for another chance, and saw me enter your house with Miss Kay. Naturally I'd report to you all I knew. Yet when I had left your house—apparently with the cat out of the bag—they struck again."

"It doesn't make sense."

"It would, if we knew all the facts."

Sir Eric rose. "Those safeguards you've asked for indicate you expect another attack."

"Why not, if I'm still dangerous to them?"

"If you are, you don't know why. What a strange case, Bruce. What are you going to do?"

"The best defense is attack."

"By Jove!"

"And I want your permission to work alone."

"I'd give more than that, Bruce, to keep you in India."

"I'd appreciate the chance more than I can tell you."

Sir Eric looked curiously at Bruce's flushed face. His eyes changed expression.

"I could find out who occupied that table. Even that might put them on guard. Well, it's your show, but unless you've got some clue you haven't told me—"

"Not one. I'll tell you this, though. I think the key to the truth lies in what was said about Gandhi and his operation, and heaven help me find it!"

EARLY the next morning, policemen were seen to go in and out of Bruce MacBride's apartment, looking for clues and making important-looking notes. By nine o'clock no idler had an excuse to stand on the sidewalk and gaze. The only activity seemed to be the morning's house cleaning by the injured man's native servant.

He appeared a brown pleasant-faced Assamese boy. If some member of the Kayasth caste should scrutinize him, he would find no flaw in his costume or conduct. Actually even the houseboys next door did not glance at him twice, for that is the native way in the beehive of India, and MacBride and his servant had occupied this apartment a bare fortnight. But it was a strange prayer he muttered, as he swept and shook out the rugs.

"Great Buddha, don't let any of Khodo's friends come here this morning."

Fortunately most of them lived well across the city. If the accident happened, he would be prepared. All his life Bruce had been in training for this role.

When he had made his show of house cleaning, he took a seat on the shady steps of the servants' entrance to doze and daydream. Presently a Madrasi of the Gavara caste came through the alley and paused to observe:

"I saw thy master carried out last night."

Bruce nodded without encouragement.

"When I saw his face, I could smell the burning ghat. Was the shooting over a woman? I have heard of such folly among sahibs."

"It was over a pariah dog for all I know." Bruce turned his head slightly. The Madrasi walked on.

His next caller was a Punjabi who served in a near-by apartment.

"Who art thou?" the bearded man demanded, stopping by the steps.

"Why should I tell thee? Must I waste breath answering every kite that screams in the street?"

"The kite would be full-fed tonight at the Towers of Silence if thy master were a Parsi and not a sahib."

"He was a sahib. Never was such a sahib."

"Yet I would swear thou art not the same man I saw enter this door two days ago."

"Swear, then, at thine own temple in the Punjab!"

"I will not take offense. May thy gods pity thy sorrow."

Meanwhile Bruce was watching a plump, rather well dressed Bengali sauntering through the alley. It was the second time he had passed, and he was much too casual. When the Punjabi walked on, the man edged nearer. Bruce's skin began to prickle under the paint.

"Hast thou seen Drava Chatterji about?" the man asked. "A large man, of the Babhan caste."

"A plague on him for all I care."

"Oh, I know thee now. Thou art the servant of the great sahib carried forth last night. No wonder thy tongue is rude today."

"Whose tongue would not be rude who has lost such a master?" Bruce moved as though to end the conversation.

"Ah! Has he gone to his gods?"

"Did I say so?"

"They are tough, those sahibs, for all their tender skins. Then why have you lost him?"

"If he lives, he is going to his own country. That was the news brought me by the police sahib. I have been given a paltry month's pay and told to take myself off."

"Yet I doubt not that thou hast served him faithfully for many years?" The Bengali's fat eyes narrowed slightly.

"I know him better than his own mother, yet never told or sold one of his secrets. And now—twenty miserable rupees!"

"It will be hard to find another master, now that sahibs are leaving every day."

"Do I need thee to tell me so, thou bird of ill omen?"

"Peace. Perhaps I could help thee. One of thine own caste, who served a sahib, has returned to his village, and the sahib seeks a bearer to take his place. But if thou shouldst get the position, thou must pay me one rupee eight annas out of every ten for a full year."

"A kite, a jackal, and a Bengali were hatched from the same egg. Twelve annas is more than enough."

"Call it one rupee, then."

The Bengali gave him an address in easy walking distance, and told him to ask for Verdi Sahib. But he had hardly spoken, when his jaw dropped and a look of alarm passed over his yellowish face.

"A mem-sahib," he whispered, "coming to thy master's door. What does she want?"

"Art thou afraid of a mem-sahib? I will see to it, and meet thee later."

Bruce hardly managed this casual tone. He had seen a long bright bob gleaming in the sunlight. Quickly he entered the rear door, made sure the window shades were down, and, standing in the dim hall, opened the front door.

"You're the sahib's servant, aren't you?" Ginger asked. "Do you speak English?"

"A lit-til, mem-sahib."

"Well, I want to go in and get some things for the sahib. I know they didn't wait last night to collect what he needed."

"Sahib nott in," Bruce said, looking blank.

Ginger sighed. "I would get some clothes for sahib," she tried again, in painstaking but quite passable Hindustani.

"There is no order, mem-sahib."

"I'm coming in. Do you understand?"

Bruce knew that if he shut the door in her face, she was perfectly capable

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PALMOLIVE

MADE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

of summoning some one in authority, which would only increase his danger. Trusting to the dim light, he admitted her.

With no ceremony whatever she sped into Bruce's room and began rummaging in his dresser and closet, while he watched from the dimness of the adjoining room. She seemed to be making a much more extensive search than was necessary, looking at his pictures, peering with her head on one side at a package of letters from Virginia Tarlton, smiling over his books and extra pipes and tobacco on his bedstand. Still he did not resent her lively curiosity. His heart was beating fast.

When she had collected the things she wanted, she put them in a small traveling bag. Once more Bruce felt her candid eyes on his.

Those eyes were now accustomed to the dim light. If he passed the test, he would feel much more secure in the perilous trials to come. The dye that only a certain solvent could remove made his skin a warm rich brown. His eyes were dark by nature, his features similar to those of millions of natives; under his turban he wore a long-haired human scalp perfectly fitted to his head, expensive equipment that only one man in the Orient could supply. But only last night he had talked to Ginger across a narrow table, and a kind of magic had drawn them close.

Her first words reassured him. "Were you here when the sahib was shot?" she asked.

"Mem-sahib?"

"I keep forgetting you can't talk English."

"Sahib," Bruce remarked blandly, "he nott heer."

"Hast thou told the police sahib all that thou knoweth of this thing?"

"Yea, mem-sahib."

"I wonder." This was in English. "Now thou shalt carry this bag to the car."

"Nay, mem-sahib. It is forbidden that I leave the house." For Bruce dared not trust those keen eyes in the broad daylight.

"Bruce needs a wife to teach you some manners."

"Yea, mem-sahib. *Utcher jo-roo* [Good wife]."

"I thought you said you did not understand English!"

"A lit-til, mem-sahib."

"Hast thou heard the sahib speak of getting a wife?"

"Many mem-sahibs wish to wed him, but he spurns them all."

"He does, does he?" Picking up the little bag, Ginger marched out.

The little comedy was over. It was such a strange interlude in this drama of espionage and death. Bruce wondered if Sir Eric had made a mistake in putting such an impulsive, outspoken girl in his private office, even though he had so far concealed from her the facts of last night's crime. Still, it was with lifted spirits that he made his way to the address given him and knocked at the servants' entrance of a first-floor flat.

So far he had correctly anticipated his enemies' moves and, except for the refreshing breeze of Ginger's entrance, the sailing had been smooth. Unless all signs failed, now he must match wits with one of the higher-ups, quite possibly a lieutenant to the chief of operations.

Another Bengali opened the door. Certainly he was a powerful brutal-visaged fellow. He, too, was a third-rate actor, and was it Khodo or Bruce himself that he had been waiting for?

20 QUESTIONS

1—This famous citizen of Alabama has represented his state in Congress since 1917. The son of a senator, he has risen to leadership in the House of Representatives. The qualities that have enabled him to lead his party representation have gained the admiration and respect of political friend and foe. Who is he?

2—The antimacassars that graced grandma's chairs were designed to protect the upholstery from what masculine vanity?

3—Was the State of Virginia named in honor of Virginia Dare, Elizabeth the Virgin Queen, or the virgin forest?

4—Which of the following countries require five cents an ounce on the first ounce of first-class mail and which three cents: Chile, France, Spain, and Italy?

5—When Gutzon Borglum finishes his work at Mount Rushmore, South Dakota, what great Americans will be memorialized in solid rock?

6—If you are told that you "snore like a grampus," to which of these are you being compared: an engine, a whale, or a bear?

7—Is the word Iowa correctly pronounced I'ow-ay, I-oh'a, I'ow-a?

8—Don't look now, but whose portrait appears on the five-dollar bill in your billfold?

9—In which of these Wagnerian operas is a swan a member of the cast: Parsifal, Lohengrin, Götterdämmerung, or Das Rheingold?

10—Under what one circumstance does the Vice-President of the United States, acting as president of the Senate, have a vote?

11—Which one of these woods would fail to make a comfortable blaze in your fireplace: birch, cherry, or elm?

12—Is a sandhog an animal famous for its shadow, a laborer who works under compressed air, or one who hogs the beach in summer?

13—In what country do both the Rhone, flowing into the Mediterranean, and the Rhine, which flows into the North Sea, have their source?

14—How much value musically does a quaver have?

15—Authors Daniel Defoe, John Bunyan, and Adolf Hitler had what one thing in common, unlike as their works are?

16—The phrases, a green thumb, an itching palm, and a rubber neck are expressions that describe what qualities in people?

17—Who are the judges in Liberty's 1940 Gold Medal Award for valor in citizenship?

18—Can you supply the family names of these Disney characters: Wilbur, Jiminy, Cleo, and Minnie?

19—When you hear eight bells struck on shipboard, what time is it?

20—Who is the author of Kitty Foyle, a current best seller?

(Answers will be found on page 36)

Bruce could not ignore the possibility that he had fallen into the very trap he had set. For the moment he wished he had not played alone, and had friends waiting in the alleys and doorways for his signal. Then the reaction set in. Those friends would only increase his danger of discovery, and they *might* be there for all the enemy knew.

Presently the Bengali servant reappeared and led Bruce into a small office. At a stagy-looking desk a white man sat at work. When Bruce saw his face he saw the face of danger very near—and very far, yet thrilling, the face of victory.

This was the man who had sat backed to the palms at the Ritz Café last night, apparently a cheap gambler or go-between. Bruce did not speak until the man looked up from some papers he was pretending to examine. Then:

"Salaam, sahib."

The close-set eyes fastened on him. Bruce appeared to avoid them, for that would be the native way, even though it looked like guilt.

Meanwhile he was watching his enemy's mouth and throat muscles. These would warn him more clearly and quickly than the sharp guarded eyes.

"Do you speak English?" the man asked.

The voice puzzled Bruce. It seemed changed since he had heard it last night—less familiar, less distinguished.

"Nay, sahib."

"Who art thou and why hast thou come here?"

"I am called Khodo, late in the service of MacBride Sahib. I was told that Verdi Sahib didst seek a bearer."

"Hast thou a paper from thy former master, attesting thy good services?"

"Nay, lord, consider! He would have given it to me gladly, such a testament as would melt sahib's heart, save that he is too sick to write one."

"How do I know that is not just a lie to cheat me? Unless thou canst—but wait. I heard talk this morning of a sahib by that name being taken to the hospital. Yea, I recall the story now, and thou hast already betrayed thyself. The man is not sick, but hurt."

"He is sick from the hurt, lord."

"Thou art clever. Art thou clever enough to tell me the tale from first to last? For if thou wert the sahib's servant, thou shouldst know it well."

"Who could know it better? Will heaven-born believe me when I say I was pouring whiskee-soda for the sahib when the evil bullet came in the window?"

"What happened then?" The white man's eyes filmed over.

"Sahib flung back, but at first thought the wound was slight. Quickly he turned off the light, looked out the window, and drew the curtain. Only then did the bullet have its evil way. My sahib dropped on the floor, and there he lay until the doctor came to him."

"The tale is about as I heard. But I heard also thy sahib gave the police the name of his enemy."

Bruce did not answer this.

"Thou should know," Verdi persisted. "Didst thou not attend him until the doctor came? If he feared death, he would surely name the killer."

“Have mercy, lord, and believe me. He told me he did not know who did the deed, and that likely it was some evil one whom he had tracked down and sent to jail.”

Verdi let go his breath in the most eloquent sigh of relief Bruce had ever heard.

“From what thou hast said, he must be a policeman.” Verdi's questions were growing bolder.

“My tongue slipped, lord. My master had strictly ordered me on no account to tell he was a policeman, as he never wore the uniform. Nor was I ever to tell the names and point out the faces of the other sahibs who came often to my master's house to talk to him—white lords whom their own servants did not know were secret police. Will heaven-born forget I have spoken?”

Bruce had baited and cast his hook. Now he could only wait. His heart was leaping wildly.

“So, many of the secret police came to talk to thy master?” Verdi's cheeks had faint color.

“Many, lord. Both white and natives who wished not to be seen at the chief's office. My master passed to them his master's orders, for he was a great sahib.”

Verdi nodded with satisfaction. “What wage dost thou ask?”

“Twenty rupees a month, lord—provided my service is only that of a bearer.”

Verdi looked up quickly. Bruce recognized a dangerous moment.

“What other service might be required?”

“How do I know, heaven-born? Thou hast asked me questions about the police sahibs.”

“Thou art bold, Khodo. Yet boldness has its worth at times. Suppose thou wert paid forty rupees a month. Couldst thou look upon every man who entered thy new master's door and say whether or not he was a policeman?”

“I could say whether they had entered MacBride Sahib's door—for fifty rupees a month. I am a poor man, lord, and have little ones, and every day the price of rice is higher.”

“I am not asking for myself but for a friend. Go into the kitchen and wait. In a few minutes I will call thee.”

FOR a full hour Bruce squatted in a corner, apparently as oblivious to time as an entranced holy man before the shrine of Shiv. At last he sprang to his feet, for Verdi had entered the room.

“My friend wilt give thee a trial,” he announced. “But my honor is at stake, so I shall give thee a warning.”

“Thank thee, protector of the poor.”

“My friend has great affairs. What they are, are nothing to thee. Thou shalt not repeat to any one born of woman what is heard or seen.”

“Did I speak one word of my master's business until I was turned out of his service?”

“Give equal service to thy new master. What good is gold at the burning ghat?” Verdi's eyes were hard as glass.

“It does not even feed the fire, heaven-born.”

“I see thou art no fool.” And he gave an address opposite the Maidan.

After making sure he was not being followed, Bruce stopped at a high-class native store and in the closed telephone booth examined the directory. As he had suspected, his new employer could be none other than Richard Warwick, the Calcutta agent of a Dutch line of rice freighters, a member of some of the best clubs, and moving at the outskirts of smart Calcutta society. Was he the man Bruce had seen at the table with Verdi?

Warwick's apartment proved to be on the top floor of the building. Bruce was received by the Number One boy and given the blue-and-white livery of the house. He must come to work at noon, help with the serving of tiffin, tea, and dinner, and remain on duty until relieved by the sahib. Bruce found himself doubting that this major-domo, a fine-looking Bengali named Sankar, had anything to do with his master's private affairs. He was not so certain about Rodak Singh, a huge Punjabi who was Warwick's chauffeur, or Metha, a dark little Madrasi with inflamed eyes who helped in the kitchen.

“When will my gods grant me a sight of sahib's face?” Bruce asked Sankar.

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"Dost thou not know him? Hast thou spent thy life in a cave with a sannyasi? He and his guests have just finished tiffin and are at ease in the smoking room. If more ice is needed, thou shalt help me serve it. And see that thy hand is steady and thy bow low."

The bell soon sounded. Sankar received the order, then, with Bruce carrying a tray of drinks, led the way into a large library. In that well dressed distinguished group, giving orders to Sankar, was the big handsome man who had occupied the table with Verdi!

Certainly here was big game, quite possibly the biggest on this trail. No third-, perhaps no second-rater, could be host to this company—pukka sahibs all, including a peer visiting India, a high court judge, a colonel of horse, a bank manager, and, in some ways the most impressive figure present, Philip Dudley.

The latter glanced at Bruce, first without seeing him, then with puzzled eyes. He had met the Scotsman at Sir Eric's house only last night. But he soon glanced away, apparently satisfied. Warwick scarcely looked at Bruce twice.

The guests left shortly afterward, then Bruce was told to come to Warwick's study. It was another crisis in his great adventure.

"Thou sayeth thy name is Khodo," Warwick began in brilliant Hindustani, his eyes fixed on Bruce's face. "Was that always thy name?"

"Nay, protector of the poor?"

"Ah! What was it before?"

"It is not permitted that I tell thee, sahib, or tell any one, lest evil spirits work ill upon it."

The answer was a very effective one. Many Indians are given secret names at birth, later taking what amounts to aliases, to cheat the malignant gods.

"But it has come to me that I have seen thee before."

Bruce swelled out his chest. "I have seen thee, lord, on the street, but I did not think that thou hadst noticed me."

"Bah! I hired thee not for thy beauty. It is my whim to know by sight and name the secret agents known to thy former master. Were any of them here today?"

"Not that I know of, lord."

"There was only one that I suspected. Dudley Sahib."

Bruce was startled. The wealthy sportsman had begged a chance to do his bit for the country, and if informed of the trick could no doubt play up to it and cause Warwick to show his hand a little more. The obstacle was that Phil might actually be a government secret agent. What was a better explanation of his frequent appearance at Sir Eric's home?

"My master has spoken of Dudley Sahib once or twice," Bruce replied.

"That means nothing."

"I know nothing more. But if sahib will have patience—"

"I think thou wilt make me a good servant, Khodo. Go."

In the week that followed, Bruce did not exchange a single private word with Warwick. Instead of forcing the issue, he was content to gather information in little grains—the names of those who called on the telephone, of Warwick's correspondents and friends, and the hiding places of his private papers. He gossiped endlessly with his fellow servants, especially with Rodak Singh and Metha.

At the end of the week he was reasonably certain that Warwick's rice ships were gunrunners. He was positive that the Raj of Kapperpore was Warwick's accomplice, and that other mysteries and storm warnings which were troubling the C. I. D. were phases of this same affair. But only minor phases. He knew the plot was against the peace of India; its main strategy he could not even guess. If there was a gang leader above Warwick, a personage moving in utter darkness, he had no glimmer of a suspicion who it might be. As yet he had no clue—and this troubled his sleep—as to what native henchman had killed his Khodo.

Early in the evening of the eighth

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day, Warwick telephoned that Sankar could be excused from duty, leaving Khodo in charge. He would want champagne and sandwiches about midnight for himself and a single guest.

Shortly after midnight he heard the front door opened with a passkey, and then the deep notes of Warwick's voice. The answering voice was a bare furtive murmur. Bruce moved to the service door he had left barely cracked, listening with all his ears.

As Warwick's voice came stronger, Bruce was mystified by its tone. It was not the tone of a chief to his first lieutenant, let alone of a first lieutenant to his chief. Instead it seemed to be trying to reassure a nervous companion . . . some one who had never visited this house before. Bruce's common sense told him that he had builded in vain, and only some deep-lying instinct continued to send prickles of excitement along his spine.

The bell rang in the pantry.

Bruce withdrew a few paces, then, rattling the doorknob, pushed into the room. Warwick was pointing out a Chinese screen, an arm about the shoulders of his companion. This person had long bright hair. It was Sir Eric's new assistant secretary, Ginger Kay.

Bruce kept his face a mask. He froze all thought except the requirements of his part.

"Sahib?"

The girl looked up quickly at the sound of his voice. It was hard not to watch her, but he must watch Warwick.

"Khodo, bring a magnum of Piper Heidsieck and some sandwiches. *Juldy kurro* [Make haste]."

In making haste, Bruce did not quite close the service door. As he had the refreshments all ready to serve, he was back of it, listening and watching, before Warwick and his guest were well settled in their seats. The enemy was in an easy chair, Ginger crouching on a stool at his feet. He had taken her hand.

This part was nothing to him, Bruce thought. The girl would naturally be attracted to this suave, handsome, wealthy man, just entering the prime of life. As far as their amusement concerned him, he might as well stay in the pantry. Instead he stood in the shadows, every sense reaching and groping to that scene in the dim light. Ginger Kay had known him as Bruce, had met him as Khodo, and since then had served a week in the private office of the chief of the C. I. D.

"Are you sure he's discreet?" Ginger was asking.

"Perfectly," Warwick answered.

"I wouldn't want him telling his native friends that I was up here at this hour. You can't tell who it would get back to. I shouldn't be here."

"I'll send him away, if you like."

"That would look worse. Did you say his name was Khodo?"

"What about it?" Warwick leaned forward, his eyes narrowing.

"Some one I met told me he had a boy by that name—I don't remember who. I suppose it's a common native name."

Bruce had told her about Khodo before he had ever dreamed of this affair. Was this the little circumstance that would destroy him? For Warwick was speaking now:

"You looked at him as though you had seen him before."

Ginger hesitated. It seemed to Bruce that her face started to brighten, as though she remembered now. . . .

With his tray held high on his palm, Bruce pushed into the room.

Is Ginger going to recognize Bruce under his native disguise? Will she betray him? What brought her to this suspect place? Can she be playing a double game in this desperate adventure? Next week's Liberty holds some astonishing turns for you in this thrill-packed story.

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by Oliver Swift

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(*from a letter by* M. K. E., Normal, Ill.)

BECAUSE WE USE KLEENEX INSTEAD OF WASHING DOZENS OF HANDKERCHIEFS WHEN WE HAVE COLDS.
(*from a letter by* M. S., Bessemer, Mich.)

SINCE I DISCOVERED KLEENEX CLEANS THE HIGHLY SENSITIVE LENS OF MY CAMERA WITHOUT SCRATCHING LIKE LINEN DOES.
(*from a letter by* E. S., Seattle, Washington)

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

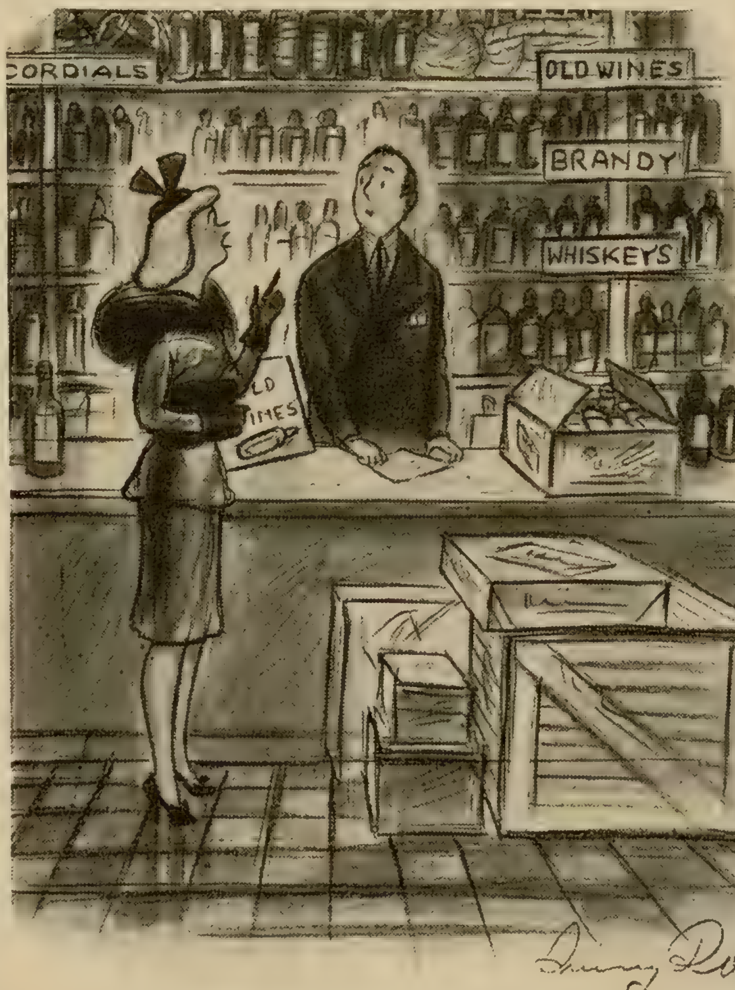
HAILING from Holland, Klasina Matilda Keesen is one of the busiest ladies I know right now, for Easter time is tulip time, and tulips are her business. She lectures about them all over the country. Since last year the Dutch-American commerce in them has increased by more than a million dollars, New York's World's Fair display having given a big fillip to tulip planting by hundreds of our municipal parks and gardens.

Strange to relate, Miss Keesen told me, the tranquil tulip must confess to a violent past. Three hundred years ago a craze for gambling in tulip bulbs swept Europe like a stock-market mania. For the bulb of *one* pink tulip a famous cardinal traded eight cows, four pigs, four kegs of beer, two casks of wine, two tubs of butter, a thousand pounds of cheese, and a feather bed! Laws finally had to be enacted against tulip speculation. . . . In Queen Elizabeth's day a tulip corsage cost as much as precious stones. Five dollars is now a fancy price, although some novelty bulbs run to around fifty. An old Dutch merchant-traveler brought the first bulbs home from Asia; his housekeeper thought they were onions, cut them up for a salad. Little Dutch children of nursery age are told new babies come from tulips.

☆ *More Tulip Tips:* About a thousand varieties are now available; only three sweet smellers. . . . Said to be best for public places are the hardy pink Clara Butt, bright cerise Pride of Haarlem, yellow Moonlight. For home planting the shorter-stemmed Inglescombe yellow, the Inglescombe pink, the Louis XIV purple. . . . Rats and moles eat tulip bulbs, so smart gardeners plant them inside baskets of chicken wire. . . . To keep fresh overnight, roll each tulip (stalk, leaves, and bloom) in damp newspaper and immerse in tall receptacle with water reaching all the way up the stems. . . . For full appreciation of flower and foliage, Dutch tulip lovers prefer an arrangement of only two or three picked beauties in a blue delft vase. . . . Our word *tulip* comes from the word *turban*—a kind of Oriental hat—which leads me to the seasonable subject of new spring millinery. . . .

☆ Newest sight in our Easter parade this year will be the adornment of ladies' hats with fresh-picked flowers. To follow the fashion, buy yourself a perky little toque made of green artificial leaves massed closely together. Then go to a florist and pin *real* blossoms across the front, over your ears — wherever fancy dictates. Camellias, gardenias, or tuberose begonias (*very* fashionable) will last three days at least if you take care of them. Keep in refrigerator at night. From the back of your bonnet float ribbon streamers to match the green leaves.

☆ For a company lunch on White Saturday (day before Easter), or for any gala luncheon, I suggest a *Twin Omelet, Old Polish Style.* It's a double-decker from Poland, really delicious and very partyfied. . . . Cook two separate omelets as nearly the same size as possible, filling one with creamed crab meat, the other with creamed mushrooms. When omelets are done, lay one on top of the other, sprinkling a little chopped parsley between. Cover with cream-of-tomato sauce. Serve slices cut down through both omelets, like a layer cake. Hot rolls and a pineapple-lettuce salad go well with this dish.



"I don't remember the name, but it made me feel dizzy!"

☆ So Many Pathways is the title of Annie B. Kerr's much needed book explaining religious festivals. A fine Easter present. (Published by the Woman's Press, New York. $1.25.)

☆ Author Ben Hecht, while at work, diverts his mind by shooting an air pistol at targets. Peppers the portières full of holes. Tells his wife the house must be infested with moths. . . . How'd you like to marry an author?

☆ Good for springtime in garden and heart is this letter from Mrs. L. M. East, widow, fifty-nine, of Sylvester, Canada: "Isolated as I am," she says, "living away up here in the Peace River country, I might not be expected to take interest in the things of which you write, but I enjoy your page, save your recipes, and want to tell you about a hobby that has helped me since my husband died. . . . Years ago I learned that some pansies have fragrance, while others haven't; that apparently no collection of fragrant-pansy seed had been made; so I determined to make one myself. It is rather a long process the way I do it, for although I understand the hybridizing method used by specialists, my fingers are not as clever as they once were; yet I have managed to classify hundreds of the finest. I hope you won't think I'm bragging. My attempts are still far from successful. It occurred to me that writers such as yourself might like to know their work is appreciated, especially away off in far corners of the earth. I wish you every happiness. . . ."

Dear lady, we do! And I wish you the same with your garden.

SUNRISE OVER EASTER

BY WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A million will greet its dawn! Why?—Here's one man's heartening answer

FIFTY special police to direct traffic—extra streetcars, buses, and elevated trains to handle the rush—five acres of parking space for motorcars—fifty thousand expectant people ready to throng Soldier Field on Chicago's lake front.

It reads like the time Gene Tunney defeated Jack Dempsey or the Army-Navy football game was played in the same historic stadium. But it isn't that at all. It's just multitudes going to church outdoors at daybreak of Sunday, March 24.

The Chicago migration is only one of scores to open-air amphitheaters in mountains, by seashores, in city parks, and through the countryside. At least one million these worshipers number, and taken together they form the mightiest blue-sky congregation in the world.

Strange will be the settings of their greeting to Easter's dawn. From the Mall in New York's Central Park to Hollywood Bowl; in the Garden of the Gods in Colorado; from the rim of the Grand Canyon in Arizona; atop Wisconsin's Holy Hill; on the shores of the Atlantic at Miami Beach; at Tombstone, Arizona; on the summit of Starved Rock, Illinois; in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Hot Springs, Los Angeles, Louisville, and many other cities and towns, they will face east.

The music will be exultant. Youth will predominate in the worship. The theme will be the age-old Resurrection story. Immortality for the living, rather than for the dying, will be stressed.

For most people it is a chore to get up early in the morning, particularly Sunday. What, then, takes them in increasing numbers to Easter sunrise devotions? The novelty soon wears off, but they've been doing it for a long time. The oldest of all these services is at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, where for 165 years the Moravians have greeted the Resurrection Day dawn. Bands start their pilgrimage at 2 A. M., and devotions open at 5 A. M. in front of the old Home Church on Salem Square, to be completed at sunrise in "God's acre," or the churchyard. On an average, 50,000 people attend.

As a newspaper reporter I've been watching these early Easter rites with deep interest. There's always a thrill to a crowd, an upsurge in great music, a contagion to triumph, whether it be in religion or baseball. Yet that isn't all. Here you find an inspiration strangely different and strangely real.

I have tried to put my finger on it and I believe I have succeeded. It is the emphasis on continuing life: the parallel in the realm of personality to the familiar scientific law of the indestructibility of matter. Living, happy, healthy, youthful people hear and accept with enthusiasm that they move on in consciousness and endeavor, fulfilling a destiny that is not terminated by physical change called death.

Immortality is the crowning Easter theme. It is balm for the sorrowing, as I well know. A hobby of mine has been to serve missions and settlements in slum districts, and in that capacity I have laid away at least five hundred dead. I always stress faith in life beyond the grave. Yet its beauty and encouragement are largely lost if people do not turn to it until there is a break in family ties.

Now, there is no question about the universal human desire for life to continue. It isn't that death of the body has much terror, but the idea of extinction of the mind and of the personality is abhorrent; it makes labors seem so futile and worthless.

Self-preservation physically is recognized as the first law of life, although it is known that final dissolution is inevitable. Why, then, should not preservation carry over into consciousness and spirit, which we cannot prove are also disintegrated? Negative reasoning, maybe. But at least giving hope a chance. If Easter rescues immortality from its death associations and restores it to those in the flush of life as a reassurance and an objective, it has done a good job.

There is an unmistakable trend toward conciliation of science and religion today, each recognizing the other's legitimate field and endeavor: science to discover knowledge of the universe and its laws and processes, and to apply the truths it finds to the welfare of man; religion to find the purpose of life, and to establish the ideals by which the goal can be attained. This is pertinent because immortality is a cardinal element in both Christian and Jewish beliefs. Not long ago a number of leading American scientists made public this statement:

"It is a sublime conception of God which is furnished by science, and one wholly consonant with the highest ideals of religion, when it represents Him as revealed through countless ages in the development of the earth as an abode for man, and in the agelong inbreathing of life into its constituent matter, culminating in man with his spiritual nature and all his Godlike powers."

In keeping with this spirit, an increasing number of scientists affirm that while science offers no proof of immortality, it doesn't erect any barriers. Just as they postulate a God, they also postulate a life hereafter. But there are noted scientists who go further and offer scientific facts which tend to support the Easter theme; and they also affirm their personal belief.

Dr. Robert A. Millikan points out

that "the greatest names in the last two centuries of world science were men who were devout and professed followers of religion." He names Newton, Faraday, Maxwell, Kelvin, and Raleigh. He quotes Kelvin: "If you think strongly enough, you will be forced by science to a belief in God." Pasteur's own words are inscribed over his tomb: "Happy is he who carries a God within him, an ideal of beauty to which he is obedient—an ideal of art, an ideal of science, an ideal of the fatherland, an ideal of the virtues of the Gospel."

Millikan reasons that most men conceive of themselves as part of a divine plan, and that though they die, they live on in memory and influence as well as in consciousness.

Dr. Arthur H. Compton of cosmic-ray-research fame holds that science cannot give any evidence of immortality through physical fact, but it does recognize faith as legitimate and it opens the way for moral and religious reasoning in support of eternal life. He asserts that the atheistic attitude is not common among scientists today and that most of them recognize that design everywhere apparent in the universe presumes an intelligent Creator and Sustainer.

It is logical, the physicist continues, for the Creator to be interested in begetting and perpetuating a conscious person in His own image. He says that "the whole drama of evolution moves toward the goal of personality and its perfection." For God to create man and then destroy him would be a "shocking waste."

Dr. Compton supports the argument that consciousness and brain activity are not completely identical, giving rise to the theory that consciousness does not inevitably perish when the brain dies. William James, the psychologist, affirmed that the brain merely transmits thought to the body, but the thought itself originates in consciousness. So the agent of thought, the brain, may disappear, but consciousness, where thought is created, may go on. Mind, greater than brain, possibly continues independent of it.

It is suggested that the field of light contains an analogy to immortality. Science avers that rays of light started millions of years ago continue through space. The original flame may have long since gone out, but the rays go on forever. May it not be that the spirit of man continues long after his body has ceased to be?

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 30

1—Representative William B. Bankhead, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

2—The use of Macassar oil on the hair.

3—Elizabeth the Virgin Queen.

4—Five cents, France and Italy; three cents, Chile and Spain.

5—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt.

6—A whale.

7—I'ow-a.

8—Abraham Lincoln.

9—Lohengrin.

10—When a tie occurs.

11—Elm.

12—A laborer who works under compressed air.

13—Switzerland.

14—An eighth note.

15—They wrote in prison.

16—A green thumb, the knack of making things grow; itching palm, avarice; rubber neck, gaping curiosity.

17—J. Edgar Hoover, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., and General Robert Lee Bullard.

18—Wilbur Grasshopper, Jiminy Cricket, Cleo Goldfish, and Minnie Mouse.

19—Four A. M., 8 A. M., noon, 4 P. M., 8 P. M., and midnight.

20—Christopher Morley

Dr. Mary E. Woolley, noted college leader, asks, "Is it reasonable to suppose that the 'mere accident of death' means an end to the nobler powers? It is far easier for me to believe than not to believe in immortality."

We can go to the Pyramids and find inscriptions in the tombs that tell of man's hope of eternal life; from the Eskimos to the Hottentots, all tribes believe in some form of immortality. Every gravestone is a testimony that man doesn't want to be forgotten.

Instinct in man bespeaks immortality. The recurring seasons, with death and resurrection in nature, support it. Life's "withheld completions," the feeling that our work here is undone, suggest it. Justice, in view of the fact that so often virtue is on the scaffold and vice upon the throne, seems to require another existence.

I like the Scripture teaching that immortality is not an attainment in the dim and distant future but that "ye have eternal life already." Also, that it has other forms than continuation of consciousness. As a father, I feel that my personality continues in a measure through my children and on through their children, the influence marching through generations after I have left the scene. If my concept is real, how much more will I strive to leave an influence that is constructive! The same thought applies to our friends and associates, whom we mold to a degree by our contacts. The word of appreciation, a lift to a job, help in need—these are immortalities that render a two-way benefit.

I live and work amid the roar of the presses. Life is all action as editions roll off hourly. The world marches in review. But to sense the fact that this is transient, while an inner, more serene existence invites us to retire at will and gain strength for the day, knowing that days ahead are more inviting, gives zest and color to the current scene, courage and enthusiasm to tackle the job ahead, and is a possession no one can take away.

THE END

HERE ARE THE WINNERS

Liberty's $2,000 Words Within Words Contest

FIRST PRIZE, $500

Mrs. Kenneth Comb
Port Huron, Mich.

SECOND PRIZE, $200

Sam Yates
Brooklyn, New York.

THIRD PRIZE, $100

Miss A. Rogers Dicks
Mill Valley, Calif.

TWENTY PRIZES, EACH $10

Mrs. Gladys S. Anderson, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Harriet Best, Rockville Centre, N. Y.; E. S. Chamberlain, Dayton, Ohio; Clifford E. Clark, Cincinnati, Ohio; Glorya Cohn, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Roland Cottle, Minneapolis, Minn.; Jordan James, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sam Kirschner, New York, N. Y.; Frances Knight, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Will R. Kubley, Rochester, Ind.; Mrs. Frank Mathews, Staten Island, N. Y.; William H. Miller, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. Anna Sass, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Ralph J. Satterlee, Muncie, Ind.; H. E. Schene, Louisville, Ky.; P. Sheppard, Mullins, S. C.; H. Weinberg, Floral Park, N. Y.; G. L. Whitman, Columbus, Ohio; Alfred Winterhalter, Beaumont, Tex.; Adelaide C. Zellman, Meriden, Conn.

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Charles Abel, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Cora I. Adams, Hollywood, Calif.; Mrs. Pierce Albright, Chicago, Ill.; Helen Alexander, Indianapolis, Ind.; Minnie O. Ament, Rochester, N. Y.; Charles P. Ament, Rochester, N. Y.; Alice K. Ameson, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Ed Anderson, Manila, Ark.; Alyce Andrews, Albany, N. Y.; Otto H. Armbruster, Jr., New Orleans, La.; Mrs. G. Atkinson, Denver, Colo.; Miss L. Bailey, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mitchell Baird, Kingsville, Tex.; Sara Baker, Drexel Hill, Pa.; Frida C. Ball, Yeadon, Pa.; Arthur A. Barnes, Bath, N. Y.; Rev. C. Barringer, Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Max P. Bau, Philadelphia, Pa.; Agnes Bauman, Owatonna, Minn.; J. O. Beacham, Macon, Ga.; Jesse Beghtel, Menlo, Ia.; C. N. Ben-Joseph, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Rose A. Berg, Gladstone, N. J.; Irma Blanc, Port Blakely, Wash.; Mrs. A. W. Brechner, Wilbur, Ore.; Mrs. R. R. Brockway, Minneapolis, Minn.; Gladys Brooks, New Orleans, La.; R. Miles Brooks, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Landy B. Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.; Robert F. Brown, Ballston Spa, N. Y.; C. D. Bruce, Birmingham, Ala.; Grace W. Bruce, Kingsport, Tenn.; Oscar Burton, N. Manchester, Ind.; Alice M. Byrne, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dorothy B. Camp, Seattle, Wash; Mrs. C. G. Campbell, Lynchburg, Va.; A. J. Carlson, Loomis, Neb.; William Carpenter, San Francisco, Calif.; Earnest Cary, Boston, Mass.; Catherine Case, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Edith B. Chamberlain, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Phil Charleston, Walnut Park, Calif.; Margaret L. Cimmins, New York, N. Y.; W. E. Coats, Lemmon, S. D.; A. M. Colwell, Waconia, Minn.; Mrs. C. Converse, Chicago, Ill.; Charles R. Cox, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. G. C. Crockatt, Alamogordo, N. M.; Mrs. Lena Danzig, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Hazel Dunham, Muncie, Ind.; Howard C. Dunham, Erlanger, Ky.; Mrs. Elizabeth Eastburn, Gotha, Fla.; Charles Edman, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. R. E. Edmonds, Detroit, Mich.; Ethel Edmondson, Albany, Ga.; Yetta Ensminger, Rochester, Ind.; Charles H. Essig, Rochester, Ind.; P. M. Faulkner, Monticello, Ga.; Mrs. Bessie Forman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. Harold Fox, Philadelphia, Pa.; William S. Fox, Collingswood, N. J.; Mrs. Camilla M. Frank, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. John Fredendahl, Beloit, Wis.; David Friedman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hulda B. Fritsch, Clifton Heights, Pa.; Mrs. L. M. Garrett, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Ellen Greene, Bremerton, Wash.; Arthur W. Greims, Drexel Hill, Pa.; H. W. Guenther, Tahlequah, Okla.; Mrs. H. R. Gustaveson, Beloit, Wis.; C. L. Haeuser, Minneapolis, Minn.; R. D. Hardy, Norline, N. C.; N. E. Hill, Orlando, Fla.; Otto E. Hilutke, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. J. Vernon Hodge, Kingsport, Tenn.; Fred W. Holt, Great Lakes, Ill.; Llew Howard, Philadelphia, Pa.; Clarence Humphrey, Janesville, Wis.; Mary Hurley, Yonkers, N. Y.; P. R. Impastato, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. George C. Ingling, Highland Park, N. J.; Mrs. George Jackson, Ludlow, Ky.; Mrs. Mabel H. James, Albany, Ga.; Mrs. Edward Jarden, Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.; Mrs. Ell Johnstone, Seattle, Wash.

(To be continued in an early issue)

THE BANKER *Who Went Mad*

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

TRICK insanity has long been the My Girl Friday of crime. Frequently the trick is played not by the insane or the supposedly insane but by some relative or partner or alleged friend who stands to profit by having some wholly normal being declared *non compos mentis.* "Putting away," the process is called.

But the kind of trick insanity which law-enforcement officers most frequently encounter is the fake insanity assumed by the criminal himself, to escape punishment for his crime.

Sometimes, of course, this is the crudest sort of pretense and is speedily exposed. Frequently, however, very ordinary criminals make excellent crazy people. In 1937 John Edgar Hoover's G-men turned up a small-time burglar and bank robber named Edward McMean Snow, who had escaped from the hands of St. Louis authorities after feigning insanity so ingeniously that the prison doctors were completely deceived.

Unfortunately for Snow, Hoover and his men were already on his trail, and although they missed him at St. Louis, they caught up with him at Houston, Texas. When questioned by the G-men, he boasted that he had read a number of standard works on insanity, and had thus familiarized himself with the symptoms and reactions associated with various types.

When the alleged insane man is wealthy enough to supply his own doctors and experts, the problem is even more baffling. Old-time reporters and court attendants still talk of the "Big Parade" of experts and alienists propelled through the courtroom of the State of New York by the wealthy Thaw family to save Harry, the Pittsburgh playboy, from the hot seat at Sing Sing. Since that *cause célèbre* of thirty years ago, many a wealthy prisoner has escaped the gallows or the chair by pleading insanity as a defense in court.

Less publicized, but quite as reprehensible, are the often successful efforts of rich culprits who avoid even being brought to trial by specious claims of being physically ill and mentally incompetent.

Depositors in New York's defunct Harriman National Bank will not soon forget the bizarre idiosyncrasies suddenly developed by Joseph W. Harriman, who escaped trial for many months. Yet it was conceivable that old Mr. Harriman was really mentally ill. Honest or dishonest, he had gone through enough during the months preceding the closing of his bank to make a far stronger man lose his grip.

Harriman's affairs received nationwide publicity. Far more important, however, in the annals of the Federal Bureau of Investigation was the case of Georgia's Joe Harriman, W. D. Manley, president of Atlanta's Bankers Trust Company.

The Atlanta bank was not so large as the New York one, but down the line its depositors were probably far less able to weather the desolation which followed its wrecking. Moreover, the sinking of the Bankers Trust sucked into its whirlpool of destruction eighty-six smaller banks scattered throughout Georgia and Florida. The havoc wrought by the closing of these small institutions was unparalleled in the history of Southern banking. At the subsequent trial of the officials of the parent company, the sentencing judge stated from the bench that he knew of his own knowledge six persons who had committed suicide by reason of the manipulations of the Manley outfit.

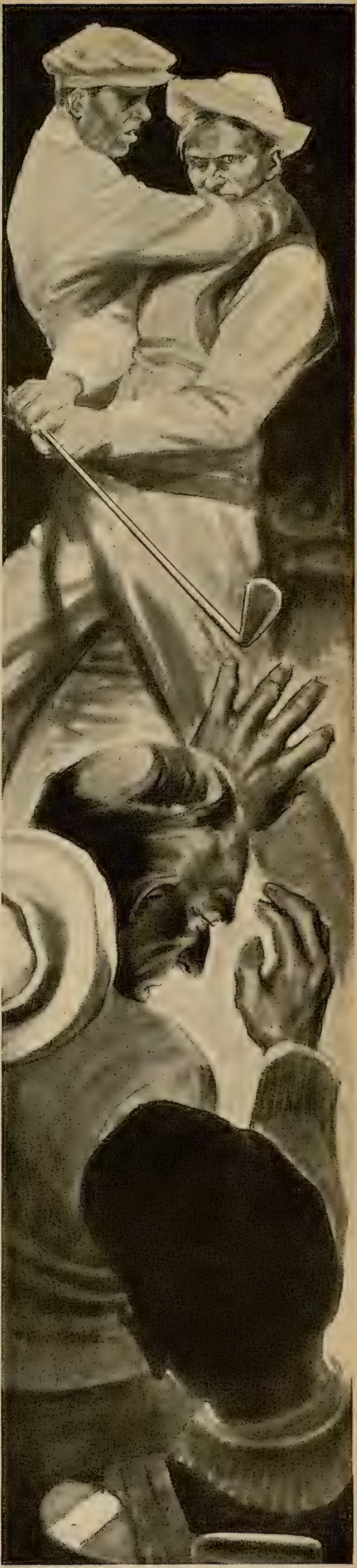
With public indignation at the boiling point, the State of Georgia moved swiftly, but not so swiftly that Manley's lawyers were unable to enter the first of his many pleas of insanity.

Now, Wesley D. Manley didn't look insane; he didn't look ill. He was the lithe, active, athletic type. He had lived much in the open. He rode horseback, hunted, fished, golfed. When he couldn't play outdoors, he worked indoors with hammers and saws and, appropriately, chisels. He loved to dance, and did so indefatigably.

His mind was as active as his body. His intellectual interests were varied. He read prodigiously, knew much about music, had an expert's knowledge of scientific developments, especially in the fields of aviation and agriculture. He was fond of children and dogs, and they of him. He was, in short, an apparently normal man.

But judges are notoriously lenient in these situations. It is human nature to wish to be kind to people in distress. Also, in many cases of this sort, the accused does go through a period of temporary mental instabil-

The story of a strange masquerade for justice—A new, true G-man adventure



Manley had just had a "spell" in which he publicly beat up an innocent bystander with a niblick.

ity while trying to readjust himself. So a man of previous high standing has a very good chance of having his case postponed perhaps indefinitely.

Unhappily for Manley, however, it was not a judge but a jury that was called upon this time to pass on his plea of insanity. Those twelve did not. They decided that he must stand trial, and when he did, they convicted him of fraudulent insolvency. Whereupon the presiding judge sentenced him to serve from nine to ten years in the state penitentiary.

But Manley appealed, and while the appeal was pending he retired, in his role of crazy man, to Dr. Allen's Sanitarium, a mental institution at Milledgeville, Georgia. There he remained until Providence, in the guise of the United States Supreme Court, came indirectly to his rescue by declaring the Georgia law under which he was convicted unconstitutional.

SO far as the State of Georgia was concerned, he was now a free man. But he and his advisers, both legal and clinical, had failed to include in their calculations the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice.

Director John Edgar Hoover and his G-men seldom get a chance to show their mettle against the type of bank robber who bores from within. The bank robbers with whom Hoover generally is called upon to deal rob other people's banks, not their own, and use loaded revolvers instead of padded account books. If, however, the offending banker has been so careless as to use the United States mail in the forwarding of his fraudulent schemes, the inspectors of the United States Post Office come automatically into the case, and bring with them, like as not, the special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. And it was by this roundabout route that Director Hoover got his chance to prove that his G-men can find out the truth about even the richest man who elects to use physical illness and mental incompetency as reasons—or excuses—for keeping outside the law's clutches.

The first job, however, was to prepare the case for trial, a process which proved exceptionally difficult by reason of the loose, unbusinesslike manner in which the Bankers Trust Company had kept its books. It was necessary to go behind them and analyze practically every financial transaction of the bank over a period of twenty years.

The story of the Manley Banks, as they were known throughout the South, really went back to the late '90s and the arrival in Atlanta of one W. S. Witham, who created a chain of country banks which he called the Witham System. Witham himself operated in Atlanta as a sort of fiscal agent for these banks, especially in securing for them special financial accommodations from big Northern banks during the crop-moving seasons. For this service he charged each of his banks a fixed yearly fee.

Witham, who seems to have been an able and honest man, prospered with the years. In 1905 he incorporated the Bankers Financing Company, which took over his individual contracts with the country banks. Six years later this organization was superseded by the Bankers Trust Company, which also opened its own doors in Atlanta for general banking business.

It was at this point, in 1911, that young Mr. Manley, a native Georgian, came into the picture. He had started in the banking business in his early youth. Knowing general banking as he did and having a considerable personal following among local business men, he was a logical choice for president of the new Trust Company.

By the time of the sudden closing of the doors of the Bankers Trust on July 13, 1926, he had built his string of Manley Banks to a total of 185, each one of which contributed to the parent institution a yearly service fee of from $750 to $1,250. But he wasn't content to sell only service to his banks; he sold them cats and dogs. When the crash came they were carrying on their balance sheets some $18,000,000 in stocks, bonds, notes, and other commercial paper which he and his confederates had shoved off on them. Approximately half of these paper assets were obligations of the Bankers Trust Company and subsidiary organizations, all practically worthless. In liquidation, the largest amount realized on any of the Trust Company's assets was 3¼ per cent of its face value!

WE are inclined to forget that many of the G-men are scientists and a great many are accountants. In this case, the manner in which the Bureau's special agents analyzed years of the bank's business and presented the evidence in court was a revelation to judge, jury, and, most of all, opposing counsel.

After a trial lasting six weeks, four of the high ranking officials of the defunct bank were convicted and sentenced to penitentiary terms of from two to five years. But as to putting the chief offender, Manley, behind the bars or even bringing him into court, all of this painstaking preparation was in vain.

His lawyers offered what amounted to an airtight defense. He was not only sick; he was not only out of his head; he was in a coma so complete that he couldn't even feed himself. To lug him into a courtroom, his attorneys contended, would not only endanger his life but would serve no useful purpose—and the judge agreed with them.

The state's case against Manley came to trial in November, 1926; the federal government's case against the other defendants, in February, 1927. And for two and a half years thereafter repeated attempts to bring Manley to trial were balked by pleas that his condition would not permit his standing the ordeal.

Between these attempts, Manley, who was free on bail, would seem to improve and go about his business in a normal way, but when danger threatened he would commit some act of apparent violence which served as a pretext or a valid reason—no outsider knew which—for his family's again "putting him away."

Rumors of how Wesley Manley was "putting it over on the law" circulated freely throughout Georgia. So, in June of 1929, the United States Attorney at Atlanta requested the Federal Bureau of Investigation to try to find out the true state of this man's physical and mental health.

Was Big Banker Manley crazy?

Or was he just playing crazy?

Hoover did not know. But he knew how to find out.

Manley, who may or may not have gotten wind of the government's new move, had just had one of his "spells" (in which he publicly beat up an innocent bystander with a niblick) and was "resting" in his old quarters at Dr. Allen's Milledgeville Sanitarium.

Now, private institutions for the insane maintain a rigorous two-way defense. It is as difficult for a visitor to get in as for an inmate to get out. People who can afford to lodge their deranged relatives in private institutions have a right to expect privacy for them. The fact that a situation is thus created which sometimes forms a shield for evildoers is not necessarily the fault of the operators of these retreats; but it is often an almost insuperable obstacle to the administration of justice.

The sanitarium at Milledgeville was beautifully located in woodsy country, abounding in good hunting and fishing. The house itself was as comfortable a residence as a man, even a rich man, could wish. But so far as contact with or *from* the outside world was concerned, Wesley Manley could not have been more completely protected if he had hidden behind the Great Wall of China.

THE problem of establishing an effective surveillance over a person confined in such an institution was, therefore, a baffling one. But Hoover solved it. He picked out two of his most versatile agents and set them to studying the gentle art of going nuts.

As actors, they proved to be quick studies; were soon letter-perfect in their parts. One of them thereupon made arrangements for a personal interview with Dr. Allen. He had been advised, he truthfully explained, to enter the institution "for observation." Dr. Allen readily consented to undertake the study of his case and, after an examination, assigned him to a room.

Under the name of R. S. Larrimore this special agent stayed at the sanitarium for a week, during which time he struck up an acquaintance with a fellow patient (whose only form of insanity had been alcoholism) and through this man learned a good deal about Manley's position and conduct in the sanitarium. The agent also met Manley himself. His main assignment, however, was to get the lay of the land so that the second agent would know in advance the routine of the institution, the location of Manley's room, and so on.

Before Special Agent No. 1 had become a G-man he had been an engineer. So, at the end of a week, when he bowed himself out, he carried with him complete scale drawings of the entire establishment.

Special Agent No. 2, who used the name Charles Seymour, had also been selected by Director Hoover with an eye to his special fitness for the role he was to play, that of a retired business man of Knoxville, Tennessee. Seymour looked the part. A Southerner, a graduate of the University of Virginia, he and Manley spoke the same language with the same accent.

SEYMOUR had practiced law before joining the Bureau, and before admission to the bar had served as a court stenographer. So, by making casual and apparently meaningless shorthand pencil marks on the margins of books and newspapers he was reading, he was able to make a complete stenographic record of Manley's words and actions, which he transferred at night into a running diary that could be produced in court.

The "observation" pretext was considered inadequate to ensure Seymour the longer stay which he needed for his part of the work; so it was arranged that another agent and his wife should bring their beloved "brother" to be treated for melancholia. The receiving official was fully convinced, after examining the "brother," that he actually was suffering from melancholia. The visiting relatives were naturally solicitous as to brother Charles' room, and selected one on the ground floor, close by Manley's. Then, with due tenderness, they took their departure.

During the first week the new melancholia patient kept to his room. Then, clad in his pajamas, he ventured occasionally into the hall. His strolls enabled him to pass and repass the open door to Manley's room.

Sometimes the banker would be quietly reading or writing; sometimes he would be listening to the radio or the phonograph; more often he would be working with his mechanic's tools or laughing and joking with the two Allen children. Once he was eating with great gusto—this man who was supposed not to be able to feed himself—a luncheon set out on a silver service quite unlike the trays used for ordinary patients.

One thing was certain: Big Banker Manley was in no coma!

Seymour tells the story of those first days in his diary:

August 23—Subject in his room, who played the record "Two Black Crows." This record mentions the word purgatory and one of the children asked what is purgatory and Manley replied "Hell." The two children, Edward and Betty, were in the room at this time and Sub-

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ject told them if they would pull the nose of the old man back in the annex that he would grunt. Betty ran out of the door calling the head attendant, so that she could get the key to the room to pull the old man's nose. The Agent who carried me to the hospital called today and advised me to make contact with subject Manley and I informed him that at this time it was exceedingly dangerous for me to call on Mr. Manley. . . .

August 25—Subject reading and figuring. At 5:00 o'clock Subject dressed and went out. Agent did not follow him and about 12:00 o'clock Subject was reading a letter in bed. He tore it up into small bits and came out of his room past my door and threw the scraps in a waste basket at my door. I hurriedly got a piece of newspaper and waited until 5:00 o'clock before I could secure it. I took the pieces of this letter and put them in a Prince Albert tobacco can and threw it in the weeds down at the spring and when the other Agent next came to see me I gave him the scraps. I did not know that this letter was from Mrs. Manley to Mr. Manley until I was so informed by the other Agent on his next visit to me.

August 26—Subject got on top of the wood pile and selected the lumber that he wanted and he and Edward returned to Subject's room and Subject made a toy aeroplane complete for this child. I saw Subject hammering and shaping the wood but I did not see him use a saw, although I heard a saw going. At the time that Mr. Manley was on top of the wood pile making his selection of the lumber that he wished to make the aeroplane out of, he raised up and saw me. He turned very quickly. I continued my walk of about thirty yards and retraced my steps and kept walking in this limited space during the entire time he was on the lumber pile. If I had aroused his suspicion I succeeded in putting him at ease. . . .

August 30—Subject made a "lallapaloosa" for Edward. Subject went for a walk at 5:00 P. M. He was alone. The Agent of the Atlanta Office was on a visit to me at this time and he saw Subject walking alone. . . .

September 6—Subject in his room reading. Subject went for a walk alone. On this occasion the Agent who brought me to the hospital and his wife were present and saw Subject walking through the pecan orchard and playing with some very young puppies. The Agent's wife smiled and bowed to Mr. Manley.

The following day the event occurred on which Seymour had been counting:

September 7—Subject Manley came in my room at 12:00 o'clock and presented me with a copy of the Country Gentleman dated September, 1929, and a copy of the Scientific American, dated September, 1929, and a book entitled The Seven Black Chessmen, by Huntington. Mr. Manley told me that I could keep the two magazines and when I got through with them to pass them on but that he would want the book, The Seven Black Chessmen, returned to him, but I could keep this book for a month. The occasion of his visit was caused by the fact that the floor of his room was being scrubbed and they had moved a chair from Mr. Manley's room into my room. I was looking at the chair, which had been repaired and reinforced by wire struts, which had been very cleverly done and which required a good deal of mechanical ability.

On this occasion Mr. Manley asked me if I liked detective stories and I told him that I did. I told him that the best detective story that I had ever read was the Chinese Parrot and I offered to procure a copy of the Chinese Parrot for him. He stated that he did not think he would read it; that his life had been stranger than fiction. I made no remarks and asked no questions at all.

"No, they're not twins—they just patronize the same beauty parlor!"

Later on in the afternoon Dr. Edward Allen engaged me in conversation about several of the patients and he asked me about a Mr. ——, a bedridden patient but perfectly sane. He then spoke of Mr. Manley and he said that Mr. Manley at one time was worth from fifteen to twenty million dollars but had had some trouble and had received a sentence in the penitentiary but was now at the sanitarium and he added that Mr. Manley was all to pieces. I told Dr. Allen that I felt sorry for anybody that was having any kind of trouble.

Following this first social encounter, the two men met frequently and discussed many topics. Manley's mind was at all times acute. His remarks on his financial affairs were especially enlightening in view of the fact that he had recently taken a pauper's oath, presumably in an attempt to forestall efforts to have him refund any of the losses he had caused. On one occasion he invited Seymour to make a trip to California in a four-seated Ryan monoplane he had just ordered. On another occasion—well, let the G-man tell it:

September 19—Subject went on the front porch and read with the paper in front of him, dressed in white sweater jacket and flannel trousers, with a walking stick. He worked in his room with the door closed, hammer and saw going. At 11:30 A. M., he placed on the lawn a weather-vane with an air propeller. He picked pecans and walked about without cane. He then came and sat down with me under the scuppernong vine and said to me that he was bothered, and I said, "For the Lord's sake, what is bothering you?" Mr. Manley said: A lot of land—26 acres, with the house alone costing $85,000 and another tract adjoining contained 33 acres and that he had an offer of $150,000 for the house and one-half of the 26 acres—and also had an offer from the same party of $250,000 for the house and the two tracts of land on Paces Ferry Road. He also said that they had paid $8,000 for three acres to erect a school on near his place and that he had an offer from them to put in a paved road forty feet wide through his property, which would not cost him a cent. I told Mr. Manley, if he wanted expert advice, not to sell.

Seymour looked in vain for any sign of either mental or physical weakness. The supposedly sick man worked vigorously with his tools, hunted and fished. He was obviously thoroughly oriented as to time and place; his sense of direction was perfect; there was no ataxia to his gait, no tremor of the hands, no staring into vacancy, no slurring of speech, none of the stigmata of the insane. On the mental side, he had complete command of his faculties.

Moreover, the institution authorities allowed him the use of sharp tools as well as a shotgun, and permitted their own children to be with him alone while he was in possession of these weapons.

After a few days a most remarkable change evidently came over the spirit of patient Manley's dreams:

September 24—Subject in his room all the morning. At 11:00 A. M., Subject came to the door of the New Building with a telegram and asked for his attendant. Somebody said that Harold was in the building and in a few minutes he came out with the telegram and went to the General Office. Shortly thereafter Dr. Dawson Allen came to Subject's room with a paper in his hand, which I think was the identical telegram. At 3:30 P. M., Mrs. Manley and her daughter arrived at the hospital in a red Buick car. They remained until about 5:00 P. M. On this visit, Harold, with Miss Manley, took from this car a great long overcoat, a yellow sweater, boots, and an enormous suitcase, and put them in Mr. Manley's room. . . .

September 26—Subject with Betty and Edward in his room. Did not see Subject leave the room. He was up and about in his room. I saw Subject reading the Macon Telegraph about 10:30 A. M. This paper carried an article setting the date of Manley's forthcoming trial. I also had a paper and had read the notice.

Thereafter, until October 9, Manley never left his room, but was visited from time to time by members of his family and outside doctors.

On October 10, in accordance with his nightly custom, Seymour was transcribing his shorthand notes into his diary when an attendant passing his door demanded to see what he was writing. Seymour recognized immediately that without his diary his testimony in court would be shorn of most of its value. This obviously faking crook would retain his freedom.

The story of another Hoover-F. B. I. victory over crime will be found in an early issue.

He thought fast. If he tried to explain that he, the supposed melancholia patient, was really a special agent of the F. B. I., the hard-boiled attendant would probably laugh at him.

So he took the only course that was open to him: he became violently "insane." A big man, he advanced on his visitor as if to destroy him.

Wisely, the attendant departed in search of reinforcements, and while he was gone Seymour secreted the notes he had been writing and substituted for them meaningless scribblings. Having thus saved his precious diary, he allowed himself to be subdued and held for several minutes under a cold shower.

The next morning he sent his dear brother William an affectionate telegram—the agreed-upon signal that he was ready to go. That afternoon his release was so tactfully accomplished that the sanitarium authorities knew nothing of his real identity until, some days later, he appeared in court—diary in hand.

Naturally, the doctors were greatly surprised.

So was Manley, who got seven years.

The only person who wasn't surprised at all was John Edgar Hoover!

THE END

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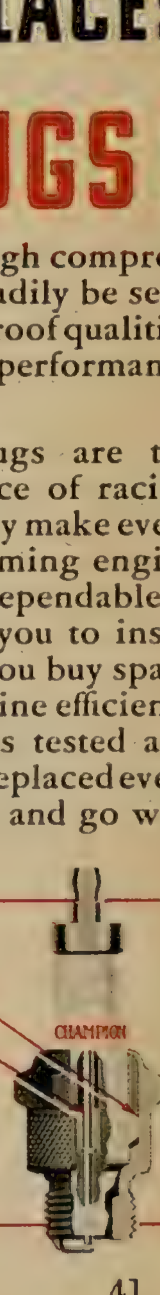


THE Girl NEXT DOOR

BY ERIC HATCH

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

BRADLEY NORTON, young sportsman, loses his money and accepts a job from William, the butler of his friends the Carltons, who own the place next door to his on Long Island. He agrees to drive a midget racing car William has just bought from George Sykes, a mechanic. While they are getting the car ready to race, Bradley works as a grease-monkey for Bob McCail, a garageman, to earn money to live on. The rent he gets from his house must go to make up the thousand dollars a month he pays his wife, Florence, under a separation agreement.

Cynthia, the Carltons' daughter, hates Florence and is in love with Bradley; but she knows that as long as Florence gets her money she will not agree to a divorce, and that Bradley, with his old-fashioned idea of chivalry, will not divorce Florence even though he may have grounds.

On the night Bradley accepts the job from William, Florence is hurt in an automobile accident and taken to the hospital. Later she asks to see Bradley. Fearing that he may have discovered evidence of her infidelity, she works on him to take her back, so that he cannot get a divorce. Bradley leaves, haunted by the fear that, in spite of his love for Cynthia, Florence will somehow manage to get her way.

Cynthia has the same fear and, to remove Bradley from Florence's influence, persuades William to enter his car in the races at Mountview Track. Bradley, Bob McCail, and George Sykes drive to Lake Champlain.

When Bradley goes to his room at the little hotel, he finds Cynthia waiting for him. Their happy meeting is interrupted by the hotel clerk, who announces that Cynthia's mother is downstairs.

PART FOUR—
VICTORY . . AND DEFEAT

THINGS were not awful for Cynthia. They weren't even awful for Bradley. Because Isabelle Carlton had never really grown up, her mind was as fresh and pure as a mountain spring. She saw in things what she wanted to see; and as she much preferred seeing beauty to sordidness, she didn't go around twisting and turning and torturing herself trying to find ugliness in things that on the surface looked perfectly nice. Children and dogs and drunks worshiped her. She had the same sort of gauzed-over golden hazy thoughts they knew themselves. Right now, as she came into the cheap hotel room, her thoughts were softened by a double layer of gauzy golden haze because Cynthia was her daughter and Bradley was her friend.

Before she had left home, Fred Carlton had been very stern with her. He had wanted to come himself, armed with six-shooter and horsewhip, until Isabelle had told him if he did she'd pack up and go home to her mother and never speak to him again. In spite of the fact that her mother had been dead for twenty years, Fred had caught on. Even so, for an hour he had lectured her on the uncompromising attitude she must take. She was to bring Cynthia home instanter, and was to give Bradley Norton such a tongue-lashing that he wouldn't dare show his face on Long Island again. The lecture had ended when Isabelle said, "But, Fred, he has such a *nice* face," and he had smiled and mumbled something about Fountain of Youth and kissed her good-by.

Isabelle realized, the minute she saw the strained poses Cynthia and Bradley had struck, that she was face to face with drama. He was standing very straight and looking brave and kind and worried. Cynthia was looking love up at him. His suitcase stood on the floor by the big iron bed. The scene had about it the trite or corny quality that Isabelle loved to find in the books she read. She thought it was all very romantic and lovely and she promptly forgot all the terrible things Fred had wanted her to say. Instead she entirely ruined the drama of the situation by saying, "Bradley, you *have* got a nice face, even if Fred doesn't want it on Long Island." She paused; then, smiling warmly, "Here we all are in Vermont, when every one we know is in Bar Harbor!"

Cynthia looked at Bradley and shrugged her shoulders. She was sore. Her adventure was spoiled. If her father had come stomping and storming, and if he and Brad had maybe had a fight— But now . . .

Bradley was feeling the same letdown sensation she was. Protecting Cynthia from Isabelle Carlton was like protecting the sun from a drifting summer cloud. He couldn't even have the satisfaction of denying guilt, since no criticism of his conduct had been made. With Isabelle you played her way or you didn't play at all. He wondered, for a fleeting second, whether Isabelle was the dumbest or the smartest woman he had ever met. Then he played her way.

He shook hands with her as though there was nothing odd about their meeting, laughed, and said, "But they don't have midgets in Bar Harbor."

"I keep forgetting," said Isabelle. She went to the window, sat on the sill, and looked out.

"Oh!" she said. "A lake! Cynnie, tell the man about my bags."

Cynthia left in quest of her mother's luggage. Bradley stood waiting for the storm to break.

Presently Isabelle sighed. "Isn't it a shame you're married!" she said. "This would be such a perfect spot for a honeymoon."

"Yes," said Bradley.

"And of course it won't be the same at all with me here." She smiled at him brightly. "I suppose you love Cynthia very much?"

He nodded.

"So do I," said Isabelle. Bradley understood perfectly that this was just her nice way of saying there'd be no shenanigans going on while she was around. "Since we both love her, we've got to do what's best for her, don't we?"

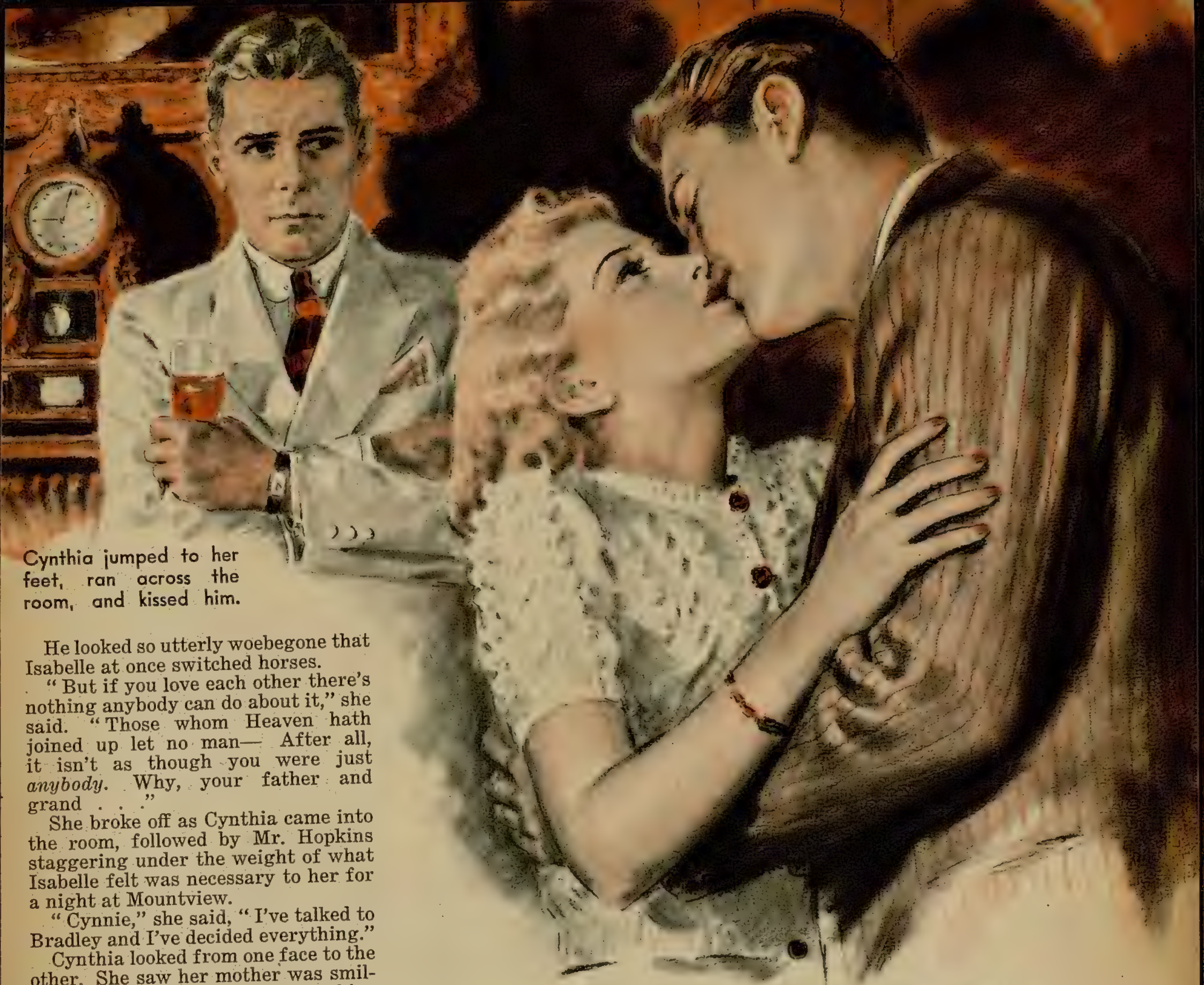
Bradley began to have the odd feeling that he was wearing his first long trousers and that a subdeb's mother was very sweetly telling him she didn't want him shooting Scotch into her daughter at the Stork Club for at least another year.

"Yes, Mrs. Carlton," he said. "I suppose you mean you don't want Cynthia and me to see each other. I want to marry her, if she'll wait for me."

"It's asking a lot of a young girl." Isabelle was being as serious as she knew how. She felt she owed it to Bradley. "I mean, there's Tommy Baker. He'll be home from that trip soon now, and there's lots of young men she'll meet."

Since Cynthia had come to him in the garden Bradley had forgotten about Tommy Baker, who for years had thought he was going to marry Cynthia. He'd forgotten about her other beaux. He'd forgotten about everything except her and himself and the racing car. Cynthia seemed to have forgotten about them too. He wondered now, for the first time, if she would begin to remember them again when the first excitement of an impossible love affair had worn thin. The thought made him feel sick.

"Maybe I better not see her any more, at that," he said.



Cynthia jumped to her feet, ran across the room, and kissed him.

Catastrophe . . a threat to romance! New drama enters a buoyant, captivating novel

He looked so utterly woebegone that Isabelle at once switched horses.

“ But if you love each other there's nothing anybody can do about it,” she said. “ Those whom Heaven hath joined up let no man— After all, it isn't as though you were just *anybody*. Why, your father and grand . . .”

She broke off as Cynthia came into the room, followed by Mr. Hopkins staggering under the weight of what Isabelle felt was necessary to her for a night at Mountview.

“ Cynnie,” she said, “ I've talked to Bradley and I've decided everything.”

Cynthia looked from one face to the other. She saw her mother was smiling, and so she smiled. Mr. Hopkins saw Cynthia was smiling, and so he smiled.

“ Mummy,” she said, “ you're a dear sweet mummy.” This esoteric remark was tossed off so that, whatever her mother said, she'd be in the clear either to agree or disagree. “ Are you going to beat me? ”

Isabelle beamed.

“ No, darling. I've thought it all over, and we'll have a nice holiday here and then we'll go home, and you and Bradley can be secretly engaged.”

Mr. Hopkins beamed. This seemed to him a very happy way out of something that had looked pretty grim. But Cynthia's face fell and tears of disappointment welled up in her eyes.

“ But, mummy, we can't be engaged while Bradley's married to Florence! ”

Bradley felt like a damn fool.

“ I really don't see why you can't,” said Isabelle. “ Bradley can buy you a ring, and you can wear it around your neck on a ribbon—a silk ribbon.”

“ After all,” said Mr. Hopkins, oiling the waters, “ what's a year or two? ”

“ A year or two! ” Cynthia wailed.

“ And then,” said Mr. Hopkins, “ if you still love each other you can have a lovely wedding and away you go to spend your honeymoon.”

“ At the Alamac,” said Bradley.

“ Why not? ” asked Mr. Hopkins. “ It's not expensive.”

Bradley had very nearly reached the breaking point. He grabbed Mr. Hopkins by the arm.

“ I'll tell you why not,” he said wildly. “ Because we'd be pinched, that's why! Because I'm married and the awful female I'm married to won't give me a divorce and that's why two years or three years or ten years from now *we can't go on a honeymoon at your beastly Alamac* and now will you please get out of here so I can cut my throat! ”

Mr. Hopkins turned white and edged toward the door.

“ Love-crazed! ” he cried, and did a bolt.

Bradley slammed the door after him. Then he turned to face his ladies. Isabelle hadn't moved from the window. Cynthia was beside her. Her mouth was twitching.

“ Bradley,” she said, “ tell us—are you really love-crazed? ”

Then she burst out laughing. For a second Bradley wanted to strangle her, but Cynthia's laughter was catching. Without quite realizing it, he found himself laughing with her—a little hysterically, the way people laugh when they're very tight or strung very tense. Isabelle, who always laughed when any one else did, joined in.

“ The Alamac! ” said Bradley.

“ It's not expensive! ” screamed Cynthia.

Presently Isabelle, quieting, said, “ I think he's a sweetie-pants.” She meant sweetie-pie. “ I do hope we haven't hurt his feelings.”

“ I'll apologize to him,” said Bradley. “ Mrs. Carlton, did you really mean for me to give Cynnie a ring to wear around her neck? ”

He laughed a little. To his complete

surprise, Cynthia came to him and took his hands.

"That isn't funny, Brad," she said. "I'd like it. It would make me feel—a little engaged."

He melted. All the self-consciousness dropped away.

"It'll have to be a very little one," he said.

"I'll get a very little ribbon," said Cynthia.

FLOODLIGHTS, a crowd sitting in the rickety wooden grandstands, the smell of burnt castor oil and singed rubber turned the inside of the Mountview football stadium into a motordrome. There was, of course, a race track, a strip of macadam laid around the edges of the football field, and there were men in white overalls with things written on their backs, and men in gray and dirty overalls working on battle-scarred racing cars. But to any one who had expected to find here a Belmont Park or Santa Anita devoted to motorcar racing, the Mountview stadium was a bad blow. It would have broken William's heart; it did almost break Cynthia's. Her mother merely held a lacy handkerchief over her nose.

The stadium was no blow to Bradley. In fact, with the lights on and full of people, it looked fine to him; for he had spent the better part of that day driving to nowhere around the bumpy and then deserted strip of macadam, until he knew each of the bumps by name.

When George Sykes and Bob McCail had finished pulling the engine of the De Luxe van apart and putting it together again, they had coached him. At George's insistence, he had made deliberate mistakes so the tiny car would go into spins and he could learn from desperate experience what to do if he got in a spin during the races. He didn't like the spins. Strapped in his seat like a stunting aviator, he felt trapped. But George told him the ones who died were the ones who were thrown out when the cars flipped over — to stick with the car whatever happened, unless it caught fire. He said they didn't often catch fire—just when they were crashed into extra hard, like in a jam at the start of a turn.

Bradley was thinking now of all the things George had told him as once more he sat strapped in the driving seat. George, standing beside the car, was thinking about the last time it had raced and the driver *had* been thrown out in a flip. He felt uncomfortable and nervous. George leaned over the cockpit.

"Feel O. K.?"

"Sure," said Bradley.

"There's nothin' to it," said George. "We got the best car. There's only one other Offenhauser on the track."

He was glad Bradley'd managed to turn in the fastest qualifying lap and so was in the front row of starters. At least, he couldn't get in trouble for a couple of turns.

The starter gave the word to get going. George and Bob got behind the midget and pushed. Bradley put it in gear, and after about ten feet of rolling it coughed, then roared into life and began its slow circling of the track. Bradley settled himself the way a man settles himself in the saddle after his horse first starts moving.

He looked over his shoulder at the car next to him, an old harridan of a car with splotchy white paint. It was called Miss Better Days, and it looked as though it would fall apart; but its engine sang a sweet tune. It was driven by what, in his other world, Bradley would have called a grimy urchin; a thin gray-faced youth in a dirty windbreaker and even dirtier crash hat. The boy's face was expressionless. This was all in the day's work to him. He probably drove five or six nights a week. Bradley wondered if he'd get to look like that after a while.

He stepped on the throttle to keep even with the other car, which was gaining pace now for the start. As they moved around the last turn and he saw the starter with his green flag, a thrill of excitement shot through him. His foot moved down to the floor. The car jolted forward, climbed to its speed, the white car still beside it. The green flag dropped, and they were off!

Bradley was first into the turn. He stayed first, and so for the rest of the heat he just kept on doing what he'd done all afternoon: foot down on the straightaway, foot off, front wheels hard right as he hit the curves, foot down, wheels gradually straight as he came out of them. He kept on doing the same things for ten laps; and then he had won the heat, had become eligible for the final, and had made fifteen dollars in addition to the sixteen he'd already won for the fastest qualifying time. He drove through the gate at the end of the grandstand into the roped-off space used as the pits, and stopped.

THE youth from the white car stopped beside him.

"You're a good shofer," he said, "but you're new at this game, yes?"

"Damn new," said Bradley.

"I thought so," said the boy. "Maybe you forgot we start the final at this track in reverse order to our finish. Me, *I* finished last. I'd rather be sure of the hundred and twenty big prize than have to knock my way through the bunch like you're gonna have to. Some guys would rather have the fifteen fish."

Bradley took off his crash hat. George should have told him that now he'd have to start last. That wasn't so good. He had the speed, all right, but he didn't think he drove well enough to fight his way by nine cars in thirty laps on that narrow track. He climbed out as George and Bob came up.

"You did good," said Bob. "I thought you would."

"Thanks," said Bradley.

"Now you better go up in the stands and watch and get all the dope you can before the final," said George. "You'll need it. You were dumb. You should have run slow, so's you could get a good starting position."

"I got fifteen dollars," said Bradley.

He was annoyed. He wasn't supposed to know the tricks of the trade. George was supposed to know them. Now George was putting blame on him for something he'd forgotten. "Look," he went on. "You take care of the car. I'll take care of the driving."

George Sykes shrugged. Bob said, "Take it easy, Brad. George forgot to tip you off, and he's sore at himself. Don't *you* get sore at him too."

Bradley held out his hand.

"I'm sorry, George," he said.

George Sykes grinned.

"I thought I'd get away with that," he said. "But you caught me. Skip it. It's a lousy game, anyway."

Bradley walked off through the crowd of people who were gaping at the cars as they were being worked on. A little girl nudged him and held out a notebook and asked him for his autograph. He gave it, and then six of her friends held out their notebooks, bumping against him and breathing garlic and spearmint at him as he leaned over to write. He couldn't imagine why they wanted it. They'd none of them ever heard of him. When he'd finished, they all moved over to Miss Better Days and Bradley made his way to the stands.

HE found Cynthia and Isabelle with no trouble at all. In that crowd of shirt-sleeved, besweatered natives, Isabelle stood out like Nantucket Lightship done in phosphorescent paint. He climbed over a long line of people and dropped onto the seat between her and Cynthia, who promptly grabbed his hand and held on to it.

"Well," he said, "we got the heat."

Isabelle fanned herself with the handkerchief that she'd been using for a gas mask.

"Isn't it!" she said. "I had no idea it could be so warm in the mountains."

"I don't like your doing this, Brad," said Cynthia. "It—it's just awful."

"Oh, go on," he said. "It isn't that bad."

"Yes, it is," she said intensely. "I almost die when the tires and things begin to screech and you go sideways." She lowered her voice. "The people—it's all so cheap and messy. It'd be an awful way to get hurt."

"You mean if I got smashed up steeplechasing it would be all right because everybody's very nicely dressed and the grass is green and"—he smiled at her—"and it would be a really high-class way of dying."

She clung tighter to his hand.

"You know I didn't mean that."

He laughed. "Nobody ever paid me to ride steeplechase," he said. "I've made thirty-one bucks so far tonight. That's a lot for a guy to earn for a few minutes' work."

Cynthia was looking at the track. The cars were lined up for another heat. The drivers, who mostly looked like brothers of the boy who drove Miss Better Days, were waiting for the starter to finish making a batch of corn-fed jokes into the microphone.

"That's what I mean," said Cynthia. "It's—I dunno; so pathetic, sort of—these men taking such risks, driving their hearts out, to make thirty dollars."

"The big race is worth a hundred and twenty," said Bradley. "That ain't hay."

"You used to spend that in an evening," she said.

"That was a couple of other guys," said Bradley. "One of the Long Island Nortons. I'm one of the Rockinghamshire Nortons. We work for a living. I thought you knew."

"You know I know." Her voice was warm. "But, Brad, it isn't good enough. It doesn't lead anywhere."

"Neither does being a professional dog walker," he said.

"But you don't have to do this. You've got a job working for Bob at the garage."

He put his other hand over hers.

"Cynnie," he said, "hasn't it occurred to you that Bob doesn't really need me in that garage? A boy would do as well. He's just been helping me out till I could get on my own." His muscles tightened. "If I win this next race, I'm on my own. It means a lot to me."

Cynthia could see where it would mean a lot to him. To her, it meant that he'd go on and on driving races, staring at death night after night so he could make a hundred dollars every now and then if he had good luck. She thought she really loved him now, and maybe it was because he was on his own that she did. Before, she'd been in love with the things he was. If, when his crash came, he'd got a job training and racing some rich man's horses, and living in luxury at the rich man's house while he did it, she thought she might have stopped being in love with him; because then he would have stood for all the things she despised.

The race started then, and they watched. Bradley studied the technique of the men who had to come up from behind. He began to see how, if you had the speed, it could be done with relative safety. It seemed to depend on getting into a threatening position as you came out of the curves, so you could nail your man in the early part of the next straightaway. When the race was over, he and Isabelle and Cynthia chatted about nothing at all.

"I'm practically under an anesthesia," gasped Isabelle. "Do they *have* to use that awful smelly stuff? Does your car smell like that?"

"Worse," said Bradley. "But we have to use it because ordinary oil gets so thin when it gets hot."

"I know!" said Isabelle. "I'll pretend I'm going through a soap factory." She leaned across him. "Cynthia, pretend you're going through a soap factory."

Cynthia gave her mother one of the baffled looks that Isabelle was used to receiving.

"Why, mummy?" she asked.

"Because they smell awful—all the old animals and whales and things they make soap out of, and you know it smells so good when they're finished that if you just think about *that*, instead of what it smells like *then*, maybe you don't mind it."

This idea left Cynthia cold. She said so. But Isabelle's mind, leaping chamoislike from crag to crag, was way ahead.

"I just happened to think," she said. "If you really were in a soap factory, it wouldn't do any good to just pretend you were there."

"You could always pretend you were here," said Bradley.

"I'll ask Fred when I get home," said Isabelle. "He'll know. Or William. William knows everything."

Having disposed of her immediate problems by mentally passing the buck to William, a thing she'd been doing for some fifteen years, Isabelle retired behind her handkerchief.

Bradley looked at his watch. Then he stood up, looked down at Cynthia and patted her shoulder. Their eyes met, spoke, and parted, and he started the long climb over the line of people to the aisle.

Cynthia, watching him, bit her lip. Her mother, shifting her hold on her handkerchief, took Cynthia's hand and pressed it.

"You know, Cynnie," she said, "I can't tell you how glad I was when

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Fred got so heavy he couldn't ride in the point-to-point any more. Oh, look at the man in the green flag. He's going to talk again. He *is* so dull."

There was a little silence.

"Mummy, I feel awful."

Isabelle looked at her daughter.

"Spirits of ammonia," she said.

"I said I feel awful," said Cynthia.

"And I said 'spirits of ammonia,'" said Isabelle. "I've some in my bag." She rooted around among her powder and keys and lipstick. "For years I always carried a little brandy for times like this. Then prohibition came and Fred advised against it. He said people would misunderstand." She pulled out a familiar flat bottle. Cynthia smiled. She knew perfectly well the bottle would say "spirits of ammonia" and would contain brandy.

ONCE more Bradley sat strapped into the driving seat, slowly circling the track, waiting for the funny man with the green flag to send them off. The man with the green flag had played a dirty trick. Before this race, instead of making jokes he'd gone sentimental, lined up all the drivers to have their picture taken for the Mountview Blade and the Burlington Post, and then had made them stand, hats off, and had made the crowd stand with them in silence, while he read a mushy eulogy to a little sung knight of the roaring road who, as he put it, had been given the checkered flag for the last time in a hospital on Staten Island. It was a speech calculated to make everything just dandy for a guy who was starting last in a field of ten on a track grown slippery with spilled oil. It had made Cynthia cry. It had made George Sykes blow his nose hard. And it had made Bob McCall go up to him and, showing a big fist, say, "Quit showin' off and start this race!"

Once more the green flag dropped and Bradley's foot pressed to the floor as it fell. But it came up again fast, because he found himself climbing onto the tail of the car ahead of him. Then they were in the turn, and he had to check his skid halfway around because of the car at his side. As they straightened he could see the grimy urchin sizzling down the backstretch with a clear track ahead. That was where he should have been. He jerked his wheel, stepped on the accelerator, and passed his first car on the outside just as they reached the end of the straightaway. His rear wheels scraped the concrete retaining wall and struck a shower of sparks from it as he straightened again. His heart jumped in his chest, but he held his foot down and got by two more cars as they roared past the grandstand.

The crowd loved it. They knew it was bad driving and if he kept on the outside he'd crack up. They hoped he'd keep on the outside. He did on the next curve; but he hit the wall harder this time, and his front wheels swung in so that for a second the car got out of control and started a spin. If they hit the wall, he'd flip. He put his chin down, so if it happened his neck wouldn't break; but they cleared and he was away. He moved back into the groove then. He knew he couldn't get by with that a third time. He'd have to pass as he'd planned—on the inside coming out of the turns. He settled into a steady pace behind the next car, waiting for it to skid just enough toward the center of the track so he could cut in.

He had a long wait. The people in the stand who had wanted to see him crack up got annoyed. A man in front of Cynthia yelled, "Balloon foot!" The man with him said, "He's yella." He didn't mean it; it was just the thing to say. The next second he was sorry. Cynthia, her eyes blazing, leaned forward and lit into him. She said things that seared.

Isabelle quieted her. People near by laughed. The man apologized and turned to his companion.

"Driver's wife," he said. "The boys tell me they get more nervous about their wives poppin' off like that than they do about drivin'. Cute piece, too. Most of 'em are. Cute pieces always go for slug-nutty guys."

MARRIAGE LICENCE BUREAU

"Hello, Mary! Want to take in a show tonight?"

Cynthia felt a little ashamed. She didn't like women who acted like wives even when they were wives. When they were not, she thought it was twice as bad. She turned her attention back to the race.

Twenty of the thirty laps had gone by. Bradley had passed five of the cars. Two others had dropped out—one in a spin that had smashed it against the wall and knocked the driver unconscious, one with a cracked cylinder block. The other Offenhauser, a brown car with a converted outboard motorboat engine, and Miss Better Days were still ahead of him. His nerves had quieted and he was driving well.

In the next five laps he caught the brown car and raced even with the Offenhauser. It swung wide on a turn in a half spin, and their wheels touched as he passed it, making both cars rock; but it was on the way out of the curve and traveling well under forty, so they were able to keep control. He knew then that he was going to win. Except for that white car ahead, he was doing again just what he'd been doing all day: foot to the floor, up, wheels right, straighten, foot down, each turn getting closer to the other car. When there were only two laps left, he pressed his luck again. The other man was too good; he held his groove as though his car were on rails. So Bradley, shutting his teeth, and wishing he could shut his eyes as well, swung to the outside.

All the people who wanted to see a smash were delighted. Cynthia held her mother's hand and looked away. Isabelle prayed. She was a little vague on how to pray in such a place, so she just thought prayers. Then, with a grinding louder even than the humming roar of the motors as he scraped the wall, Bradley was past. For a wild second he had a glimpse of the grimy boy's face. He was grinning. This too was part of the day's work. He actually took one hand off the wheel and saluted as Bradley went by. He wasn't cheap at all. He was just mixed up with a cheap racket. Bradley would look him up afterward—ask him if he needed that hundred and twenty bucks for eats or anything. Then it was over, and the people, thrilled but still a little disappointed, were filing out of the stadium, and Cynthia had run across the track and kissed him, and he and George and Bob and Isabelle were standing on the grass of the football field having their pictures taken for the Mountview Blade and the Burlington Post, and the car was standing on the track, forgotten by everybody except two drivers who were using the track to tune up cars which, if they could be made to percolate, would be racing somewhere the next night.

BRADLEY was very happy. For the moment all problems seemed solved. Cynthia was there, and she and Bob and George Sykes loved him, and he'd opened up a vista to a career, and Isabelle was having a fine time being photographed, because at Belmont people always took her picture and she had quite forgotten where she was.

But happiness and the state of having all problems solved are fleeting things, insecure as the dreams they're made of. This particular state of somnambulant happiness or golden aura of victory was even more fleeting than most. It lasted until the Blade and the Post had snapped three pictures of Bradley alone, and then, scenting that somehow or other the tall aristocratic lady with the lacy handkerchief and the peculiar conversation was news value, they were posing one of Isabelle enthusiastically congratulating him. Then it went. There was the sound of a crash and tearing metal from the track. They all turned. One of the cars tuning up was spinning onto the grass, its radiator stove in and steam spouting from it.

"A lead-foot," said George. "A lead-foot on a greasy track when he don't have to be. Am I laughing!" He laughed contemptuously. Suddenly his voice cracked and he pointed. "Cripes!" he said. "Look at us!"

He began to run, the others looked where he had pointed, and Bradley felt all the strain of the day and evening catch up with him. In the center of the track where the impact of the other car had knocked it, William's red race car lay on its side. From it and all around it flames leaped up into the night, crackling and hissing. Its metal was curling in the heat, twisting to shapelessness. It had, as the funny man would have put it, been given its last checked flag.

It made Bradley feel sick at his stomach. He had felt so when horses he'd ridden had fallen and stayed forever where they fell. He wondered he could feel that way about a piece of machinery—and then he knew why. It wasn't really the car that had been given the last flag; it was himself. He was right back where he'd started the night he'd sat in the moonlight with Lord Nelson's pistol. No; he wasn't even that. He'd at least been a romantic figure then, however ignoble. Now he was just a helper in a country garage. He turned away. He felt that right now he couldn't stand sympathy—from anybody.

A COUPLE of weeks after the violent end of the Rockinghamshire Racing Team, Bradley and the Carltons were sitting about the Carlton house in what had become the typical evening scene. They were in the living room. Isabelle was at the piano, strumming delicate lavender chords and gentle measures, happily ignoring the radio, which was at the same time playing a Beethoven symphony. The combined effect was that given by much of her better conversation.

In the big armchair Fred Carlton was reading the Sun. Beside him on the floor lay a new copy of the American Horse and Mule Association Bulletin and a Scotch-and-soda. He was hurrying through the paper, forcing himself to read it because it prolonged the pleasant anticipation of looking forward to the Horse and Mule Bulletin.

On the sofa sat Cynthia, knitting. Jane, the terrier bitch, lay at her side, curled in sleep, shivering and stretching from time to time as dreams alternately pleased and startled her. From time to time Cynthia yawned. She was bored as only the young can be bored by enforced domesticity. Since the return from Mountview, Cynthia had been getting a load of it.

On the floor, staring into the dark fireplace, sat Bradley. What he was staring at, really, was his own thoughts, and they were heavy with gloom. To Bob McCail and to George, who had gone to his uncle's at Mattituck, and to William even, the burning of the midget racer had been a disappointment. To Bradley it had been a turning point. A normal healthy garage helper dreams of being a big-time race driver or a Walter P. Chrysler. When he stops dreaming that, he is just about through. And Bradley Norton had stopped dreaming. He had begun to feel and to look like a twenty-five-dollar-a-week garage helper.

BUT what probably got him down most of all was the awful thing that Isabelle, in the kindness of her heart, had done to him and Cynthia—that business of making them be officially engaged. It had been so easy for them to love each other and be together and be happy and excited about it until they were officially told to be. After that they became just any nice girl engaged to any nice man. They became one of those couples who tear at your heartstrings because they have so little chance of ever realizing the hopes they once knew. They became, to others and to themselves, rather dull. In time even worrying about what Florence Norton might or might not do ceased to be interesting. It was so obvious that, if she handed Bradley a divorce on a silver platter, he couldn't possibly support a wife. It was pretty awful.

A French clock on the mantel struck nine. Cynthia yawned again. Jane opened an eye, glanced at the clock, slept. Bradley got up from the floor, mixed himself a drink, and sat down again. Fred Carlton put down the paper and reached for his Bulletin. Isabelle strummed on, winning at last over the radio, which had to give up Beethoven for a commercial plug.

"I think," said Bradley half aloud, "that I'm going to go nuts."

Nobody paid any attention to him. They were as accustomed to his being there as they were to the furniture.

"I don't mean I have to have excitement all the time," he went on; "but if something doesn't happen soon I'm going to go nuts."

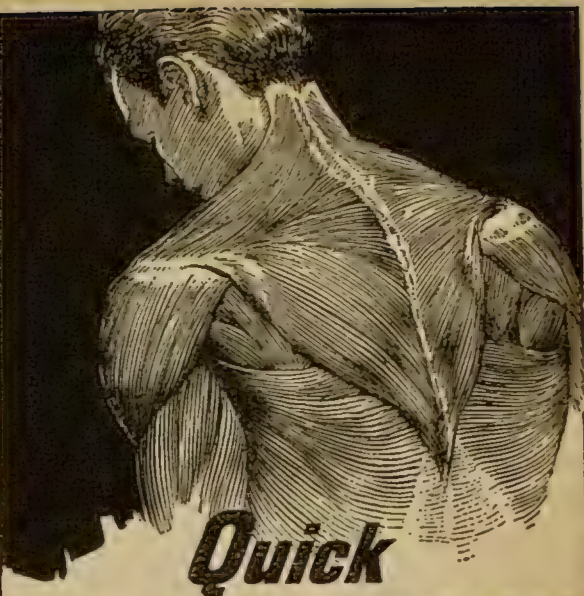
Cynthia looked at him, said, "Me too," and went back to her knitting.

"If I was only a *good* garageman," said Bradley.

"We'd still have to sit here," said Cynthia, "and be domestic. It's expected of us."

She gave her father a sharp look. It was lost on him. She lapsed into silence. Bradley went back to staring at the fireplace. It was into this scene, a moment later, that Tommy Baker entered. He came without knocking, stopped at the steps leading to the living room, and said, "Hi, white folks!" His entrance was like fresh air being let into a mummy case. Cynthia jumped to her feet, ran across the room, and kissed him.

Do Cynthia's boredom and Tommy's arrival spell bad luck for Bradley? How can a garage helper compete with a debonair playboy for the affections of a beautiful girl? In the next installment Fate plays a surprising trick and Bradley makes an unexpected friend.



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Mr. Hitchcock's Haunted Honeymoon

Britain's master of cinematic creeps gives you the eerie tale of Rebecca, the lady who never appears

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ REBECCA

THE PLAYERS: Laurence Olivier, Joan Fontaine, George Sanders, Judith Anderson, Nigel Bruce, C. Aubrey Smith, Reginald Denny, Gladys Cooper, Philip Winter, Edward Fielding, Florence Bates, Melville Cooper, Leo G. Carroll, Forrester Harvey, Lumsden Hare, Leonard Carey. Adapted by Robert E. Sherwood and Joan Harrison from the novel by Daphne du Maurier. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Produced by Selznick International-United Artists. Running time, 115 minutes.

THIS is the first American-made film of that master of cinematic creeps, Alfred Hitchcock. It is Daphne du Maurier's best seller, possibly the nearest recent fiction circulation runner-up to Gone with the Wind. And it was produced by the G. W. T. W. maker, David O. Selznick. All of which gives Rebecca high interest.

And the interest is justified. For here is an eerie and emotionally effective yarn. After the mysterious drowning of his wife, the distraught and lonely Maxim de Winter goes to the Riviera. There he meets a young and unsophisticated girl, the companion of a rich old woman. He suddenly marries the youngster, takes her back to his Tudor estate, Manderley, in Cornwall. At once the bride finds her life, as is everything in the dour, grim place, dominated by memories of the dead Rebecca. The loving, ingenuous girl is the antithesis of the brilliant, beautiful first Mrs. de Winter—and she cannot fight off the other's dominancy even in death.

I shall not tell you how the mystery of Rebecca's death flares up in a sinister climax, how the very existence of the tortured de Winter and his bride hovers in the balance. Director Hitchcock, who likes to sneak up on his punches through emotional back alleys, achieves a sustained feeling of black threat, hits a tremendously moving scene in a deserted boathouse when the little bride breaks through the reserve and the defenses of her harassed husband.

There is an amazingly good performance of the girl bride by a newcomer, Joan Fontaine. She brings a breathless freshness to the role. This young actress has high promise. Laurence Olivier doesn't seem to me quite as good as he was in Wuthering Heights, but his performance is intelligent. The cold, macabre Mrs. Danvers, the de Winter housekeeper resentful of a new mistress, is effective as done by Judith Anderson, if shaded a little heavily. And there is an excellent bit, by George Sanders, of the bounder, Jack Favell.

Actually the best performance is that of Rebecca, who never once appears. The dead mistress of Manderley lurks unseen in every foot of film. That's a tribute to the Hitchcock technique.

Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier play the de Winters in Rebecca.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Hays office, if you must know, shifted murder to accidental death. . . . That intensely dramatic scene in the boathouse took three days to film; lasts eight minutes on the screen. . . . Joan Fontaine was born in Tokyo, Japan, is a sister of Olivia de Havilland. A dusky blonde, she is now Mrs. Brian Aherne. . . . Laurence Olivier is that preacher's son who made good. Father's a rector of Dorking, in Surrey. Laurence's first stage appearance was made at the Shakespearean Festival Theater, Stratford on Avon, in 1922. Biggest celluloid hit to date: Heathcliff in Wuthering Heights. . . . Largest set was the Tudor estate known as Manderley. Built two stories high, 100 by 125 feet, was a complete home with the great drawing room, high-ceilinged book-lined library, foyer, two upper-story wings with the mysterious boudoir once occupied by the dead Rebecca. . . . Director Alfred Hitchcock denies he's a heavy eater. Just a legend. He is forty, son of an English poulterer. Educated at a Jesuit seminary, attended University of London. First job: assistant layout man in advertising department of a large London department store. Salary, fifteen shillings. Then turned to pictures. Hitchcock was the guest of Miss du Maurier, the author, before he came from England to direct Rebecca. . . . Judith Anderson would have been an opera singer if the family fortune hadn't collapsed. Born in Adelaide, Australia. Turned to dramatic acting in Sydney to help the home exchequer. Well known on the stage, this is her second motion-picture job. . . . C. Aubrey Smith, now seventy-six, once was a famous bowler. Was captain of the Cambridge team; led two others through Australia and South Africa. . . . Florence Bates, who does the monocled dowager, Edith Van Hopper, was the first woman to practice law in Texas. Admitted to bar in 1914. Practiced for five years. Signed for this role by David Selznick, who saw her at the Pasadena Playhouse.

★ ★ ★½ NORTHWEST PASSAGE

THE PLAYERS: Spencer Tracy, Robert Young, Walter Brennan, Ruth Hussey, Nat Pendleton, Louis Hector, Robert Barrat, Lumsden Hare, Donald McBride, Isabel Jewell, Douglas Walton, Addison Richards, Hugh Sothern, Regis Toomey, Montagu Love, Lester Matthews, Truman Bradley, Andrew Pena. Screen play by Laurence Stallings and Talbot Jennings, based on Kenneth Roberts' novel. Directed by King Vidor. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 127 minutes.

A STRIKING picture—yet a curiously disappointing one. King Vidor, who is one of the four or five best directors in Hollywood, has achieved a remarkable feeling of pioneer America in 1759. His action swings in superb color through virgin forests, his buckskinned, bewhiskered pioneers of Rogers' Rangers are hardy and real, his battles with Indian raiders are at once cruel and authentic. Yet only the early portion of Kenneth Roberts' historical novel comes to the screen. And there is a certain monotony to the bloody expedition of shaggy Robert Rogers and his ragged, hungry men up through the Lake Champlain country to wipe out the marauding Indians of St. Francis in what is now Quebec Province.

Maybe the sheer ruthlessness of the St. Francis massacre won't hit you as it hit me. There are any number of superb scenes, such as the human chain formed by Rogers' men to ford the St. Francis.

Spencer Tracy was never better than as the dauntless Indian hunter, Major Robert Rogers, with his dream of a northwest passage and his indomitable, ruthless will. Robert Young is more than adequate as the map-making Harvard youth trying to find himself in the wilds. Walter Brennan does a typical Brennan backwoodsman, and there's a nice bit of a white girl, stolen years before by the redskins, contributed by Isabel Jewell.

Here was a hard era of pioneering. King Vidor has pictured it well. But it remains a long single-track saga written in blood and violence.

VITAL STATISTICS: They first tried to find locations on the actual route of Rogers' Rangers into Quebec Province. No luck. Too many parks, towns, highways, summer resorts. So the search shifted to the Pacific Northwest, finally centered at Payette Lake, Idaho, near McCall. It has the right pioneer ruggedness. . . . The company drew on Pacific Northwest reservations for the 294 Indians who played the Abenakis, Stockbridges, and Mohawks. All sorts of hardships. Swamps of the lower Payette Lake full of tricky stump holes. Extras would disappear, have to be fished out. The 125 buildings of the Indian village of St. Francis were constructed in the virgin forest; 40,000 feet of underground copper tubing carried gasoline from two compressors, sprayed it behind windows and doors. This to make effective the fire that came when the Rangers tossed flaming torches against walls and roofs. . . . The scalps you see were made by M-G-M make-up chief Jack Dawn of human hair set in a rubber composition and stretched out onto a small circular frame. . . . Most exciting episode: when Robert Young, supposedly wounded, was dumped by accident from a canoe. . . . While the human chain was being photographed, professional lifeguards were hidden behind the next bend in the river, ready to dive in after any actor who might get caught in the dangerous eddies.

★ ★½ BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940

THE PLAYERS: Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, George Murphy, Frank Morgan, Ian Hunter, Florence Rice, Lynne Carver, Ann Morriss, Trixie Firschke, Douglas McPhail. Screen play by Leon Gordon and George Oppenheimer, based on a story by Jack McGowan and Dore Schary. Directed by Norman Taurog. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 103 minutes.

A PLEASANT enough dancing picture, yet it left me more than a little cold. The same old backstage yarn rears its dull decorative head, with Fred Astaire and George Murphy playing a team of small-time hoofers. By mistake, George is signed up by Broadway revue producers to dance opposite Eleanor Powell. They really want Fred. But Fred bears it all like a hero, helps the ungrateful George when success turns his head, invents new steps for him, even does a big dance for George in heavy make-up disguise when he goes alcoholic. But Eleanor understands—and falls in love with generous self-erasing Johnny Brett, otherwise Astaire.

The music is by Cole Porter but it isn't Porter at his best. There is an interesting study in terpsichorean technique when you watch Astaire and Miss Powell dance together. The honors go to Fred.

VITAL STATISTICS: George Murphy's work in this earned him a new M-G-M contract. . . . Fred and Eleanor broke or cracked thirty sections of mirror when they danced on 'em: 210 years of hard luck for them. . . . Speaking of mirrors, that background for the finale was sixty feet square, made in sections, hinged to swing and reflect changing action. Set cost $120,000, was bigger than the Pretty Girl number of The Great Ziegfeld. . . . The Broadway Melody series started back in 1929. Revived in 1935; again in '38. . . . Ann Morriss had to learn a ju-jitsu trick to toss a man over her head. For The Women she had to take a course as a gym instructor. She's gradually acquiring muscle. . . . The chorines wore toasted coiffures. Honest! Made from real hair, baked in an electrically heated oven until a glaze appeared. . . . Chorines had to be in the five-foot-six-inch zone. And had to have at least five years' dance training.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came.

★★★½—His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Eternally Yours, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy.

★★★—Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Destry Rides Again, Geronimo, Four Wives, Tower of London, That's Right, You're Wrong, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Espionage Agent, Thunder Afloat, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, Dust Be My Destiny, Nurse Edith Cavell, The Star Maker, The Under-Pup.

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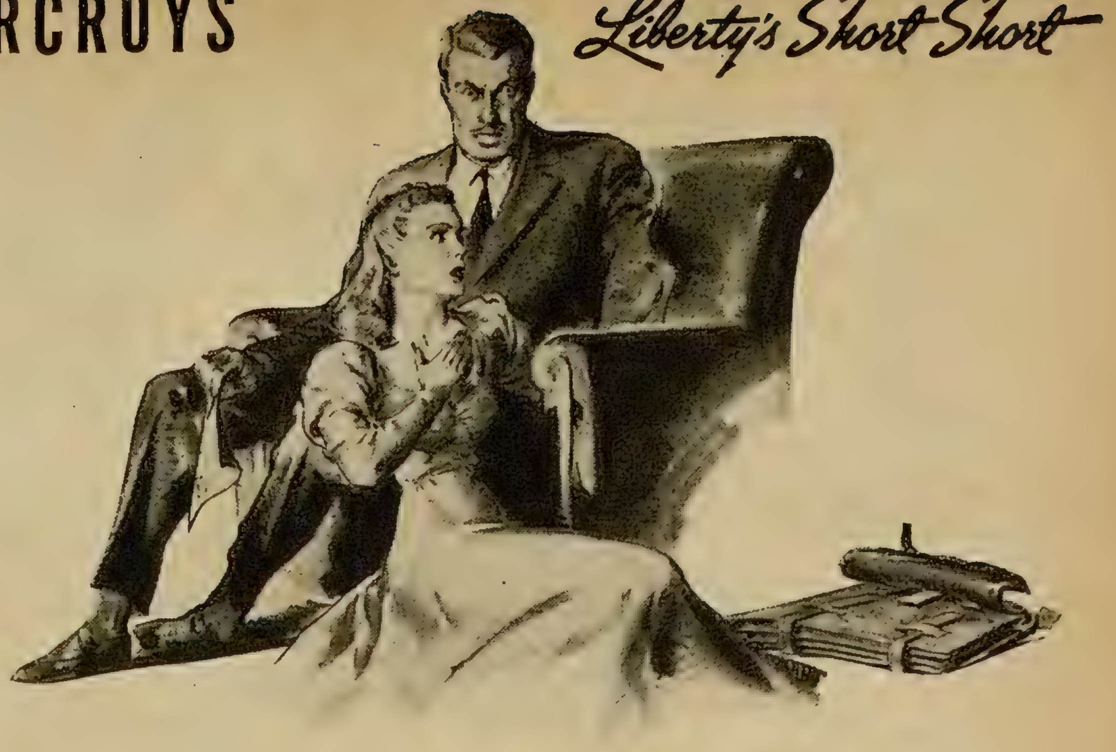


Liberty's Short Short

SOMETHING ORIGINAL

BY SUZANNE SILVERCRUYS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHEN Charles came in that night, Helen saw that he was suffering in his soul. Her arms encircled his neck instinctively to ease his hurt. Silently they walked into his study. He was so worn, so tired. It made her heart ache. But in spite of their haunted look his eyes still smiled his love at her.

"Glad you're home, my dear," she said.

"Glad to be with you, my wife," he answered.

In these short sentences they felt the solid strength of their love.

He slumped despairingly into a big chair.

Charles Harvey was Assistant District Attorney of the county. He was young, handsome, daring; admired by his associates and respected by the force. In six months he had won a reputation for playing straight and for untangling the most confused clues. That was why, two days ago, he had been summoned to the impressive office of the District Attorney.

His chief was nervously pacing the floor. After several throat clearings he said, "Harvey, I want you to take over the Widow Burns case." He added, with just the suggestion of a sneer, "I don't want to discourage you, but *this* will be a tough one."

The crime, committed two weeks before, was the most brutal murder in the town's history. And the murderer had not been found. "When will this mystery be solved?" the papers were demanding. "What are the police doing? Are any of us safe?"

One morning Helen had said, "Why don't they put you on the case? You would soon find him." Into her soft brown eyes had come a shining glow of worship.

No wonder, then, that as soon as he had left the District Attorney's office, the record of the case in his hand, he had gone to a telephone and called Helen.

"I'm glad, dear," she had whispered. "I'm proud of you."

He had worked on the data all that day and late into the night; had studied each detail, checked every possible clue, read and reread the coroner's statement.

A ghastly crime. The seventy-year-old woman's head had been beaten to a pulp with a hammer. The hammer had been found, yes. But there were no fingerprints on it. Its wielder had planned well. He had entered the house through an unlocked kitchen window on the night the housekeeper was away, showing that he knew the habits of the household. The widow was reputed to be wealthy and, distrusting banks, to keep her money in the house.

Charles had gone to the house. Once neat and clean, it looked now as if mischievous monkeys had ransacked it. Closets were emptied, bureau drawers strewn about, the desk broken apart, a small cashbox smashed open. And that great dark stain on the carpet—so sinister . . .

Hours of investigation. Yet no clue except the hammer, and that an almost useless one.

Late as it was when he unlocked his own front door, Helen was waiting up for him. Cheek against his, she had murmured, "Well, have you solved the mystery already?" He had kissed her gently and laughed, "Give me at least twenty-four hours, madame." But later he lay staring sleeplessly at the ceiling. He felt hopeless, beaten before he started. Then, remembering the faith in her brown eyes, he had renewed his determination to succeed.

And now, at the end of another day, he had come home crushed, filled with black despair.

After dinner Helen played the piano for him. Presently she stole over to sit at his feet, as she often did. It always helped him to talk of whatever burdened his mind. Tonight it was his heart that cried for relief.

"It was such a big hammer," he began. "So heavy, it took a strong man—a fiend—to swing it so savagely. I knew I must find him. Unapprehended, he would surely strike again. The community must be made safe. Don't you see, I had to find a way."

His voice begged for understanding, for sympathy, for love.

"Last night I planned, I struggled, I schemed. Nothing but that hammer with its strange marking, that half-moon indentation—made, perhaps, as you suggested, by a blacksmith on his anvil. I'd check every smithy in the county. And then I thought of an idea—a way, perhaps. Something original, something the others hadn't thought of."

His voice trailed off, infinitely sorrowful.

Helen caressed his cold hand with her cheek. Puzzled, she questioned gently, "You found it—and yet you are not happy?"

He did not seem to hear, though he resumed:

"This morning I bought a big box of candy and a shiny nickel detective's badge. I went to the Jay Street school. At assembly I spoke to the children. I told them the police needed their help; that if any child could give information he would be a real hero to the town. I showed them the box of candy, I showed the badge. And then I held up the hammer. I described the indentation. They strained to catch my every word. They were so intense . . . their eager faces . . ."

Helen waited silently, almost breathlessly. The voice struggled on as though in a confessional.

"To use such a hammer, I said, great strength was needed. It could belong only to a powerful man. And then . . . then I asked if any of them knew to whom such a hammer could belong. Oh, God—a lovely blue-eyed boy put up his hand. He said with pride, 'It's my daddy's.'"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

WHY Joe Louis WINS

HIS VICTIMS TELL HOW IT FELT

BY ALEX SULLIVAN

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

JOE LOUIS will enter the ring Friday night, March 29, against his Midwestern challenger, Johnny Paycheck, in the tenth defense of his title. No champion has ever risked his crown as often. No champion has ever rolled up as high a percentage of knockouts (seven out of nine!).

Liberty has obtained the opinions of the five ex-heavyweight champions who have met knockout defeats at Joe's hands, and also the opinion of Arturo Godoy, Louis' most recent opponent, who lost a disputed decision to the Detroit Destroyer.

Here is what they think of Joe Louis as a puncher, and, more important, as a fighting machine.

Arturo Godoy

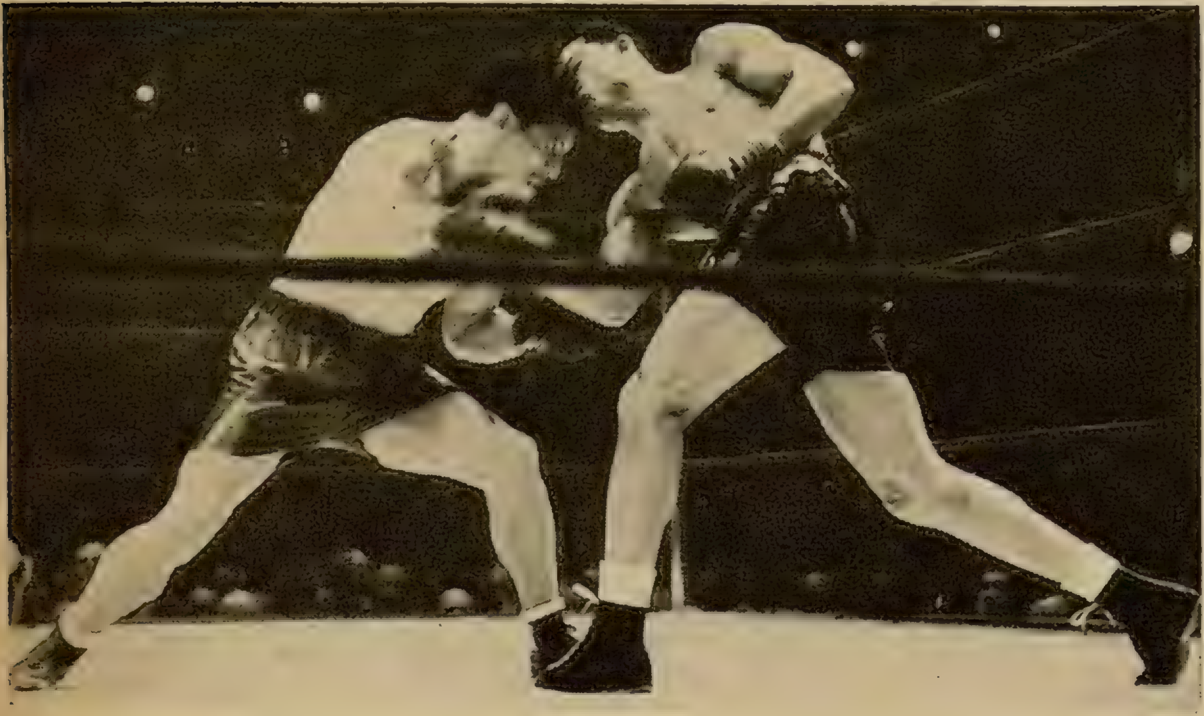
AL WEILL, my manager, can't get me another crack at Joe Louis too soon. Tomorrow would be all right with me. I am not saying here whether I think I won the last fight or not. The decision on that one went to Louis. Next time there won't be any room for doubt.

I would have won, and maybe stopped Louis, if I had had a warm-up bout under my belt. I had not been in action in seven months. Next time I will be ready. Make no mistake, this Louis is a great fighter. He can hit with both hands, and he can take a punch. I hit him with three real good ones, and he came back fighting. He's a good puncher, and he's game; but after our next fight, he'll be an ex-champion.

Jim Braddock (Champ, 1935-37)

HATS off to Joe Louis! He is by far the greatest puncher and champion of all time. I honestly believe that he could have knocked out—not

Here's expert testimony from six sadder but wiser men who know!



Godoy's knees buckle as Louis drives home his right.

BRADDOCK Champion 1935-37

BAER Champion 1934-35

CARNERA Champion 1933-34

SHARKEY Champion 1932-33

SCHMELING Champion 1930-32

outpointed, but knocked out, mind you—Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett, Jack Dempsey, or any other mauler that ever lived!

The thing that makes Louis so great is that he feels a great sense of responsibility toward the crown. Immediately after he knocked me out in Chicago, Bill Corum ran into his dressing room and expected to find a wildly roused kid. Instead, he found a serious youngster who said:

" Ah'm not the champeen yet—not until Ah knocks out Smellin' [Schmeling]. Then Ah'll be champeen."

I was so badly cut *by that one punch,* the knockout Joe gave me, that it took *twenty stitches* to close the wound. As I remember the finish, I threw a left hook and missed; then Joe uncorked that right that sent me out of the ring an ex-champion.

And don't let any half-baked sports writer tell you that Louis can't take it. Schmeling, to name just one fighter, hit him with enough really murderous right-hand punches to kill a cow, yet it took him twelve rounds to knock Joe down for keeps.

I'll tell you why he gets knocked down. He takes chances, hits from all angles. Naturally he is off balance sometimes. Even though he is the champion, he fights like a contender.

You can never appreciate what a great fighter Louis is until you have had the experience of meeting him inside the ropes. And that's too tough a price to pay for finding out!

Max Baer (Champ, 1934-35)

JOE LOUIS is a great fighter, but as a puncher he can't hold Max Schmeling's gloves. Or mine, either.

Joe stuns you; he doesn't knock you out. A fellow has to be in perfect shape to beat him. I don't think he's invincible. It's just that fighting Joe is like pitching against the New York Yankees—you can win, but if you make the slightest mistake you're a dead pigeon.

I still hope to get Joe Louis into a ring with me again. I'm as anxious as ever to make good the deathbed promise I made my dad—that I'd leave no stone unturned until I won back my crown. I know that Mike Jacobs hasn't anybody quite as good as me left to fight him. Talent is so scarce that they imported Godoy to meet him. I could knock out guys like Godoy before breakfast without working up a good sweat.

There's no use denying the fact that Joe Louis is a great fighter and a great champion, but I have enough " ham " in me to know that if we meet again, Louis will leave the ring feet first on a shutter. Louis has to hit you with a million punches to stop you. If I hit him right, I only have to do it once and then the man in gray can count to six hundred and ten.

Primo Carnera (Champ, 1933-34)

MAX BAER . . . Jack Sharkey . . . Tommy Loughran . . . I fought them all, either on the way up to the championship, or after I won it, but the best I ever met was Joe Louis. By far the very best. Anywhere he hits you, you think you're shot; and when he hits you right, you think you're dying—and you hope the end comes quickly, for the pain is horrible.

All the other opponents I ever had in the United States rolled into one don't equal Louis in ability. He is the kind of fighter I hoped to be when Leon See persuaded me to quit the circus. Though I became champion, I never saw the day when I was half the fighter this young colored boy is.

About the last round of our fight, I can tell you only what I read in the papers the next day. I was groggy when I went out after the bell, and Louis hit me on the chin with a right-hand punch that was the hardest punch I ever hope to take. I remember getting up at the count of four and seeing Joe come tearing at me.

The pictures show that he knocked me down twice more before Arthur Donovan stopped the fight. I wanted to go on, but I was wrong.

I know now that I never want to face anything in life as tough to beat as Joe Louis inside a ring. Here, in Italy, I am regarded as a wonderful fighter, for they saw pictures of all my big victories. But they never saw the pictures of the fight with Joe Louis.

Here, in Italy, I am regarded as a wonderful fighter.

Jack Sharkey (Champ, 1932-33)

JOE LOUIS is a great puncher, but if anybody tries to tell you that he is a greater puncher than Jack Dempsey, just laugh and walk away. When Dempsey landed with the full power of his left hook, he paralyzed you. Louis has to hit you a dozen solid punches before he knocks you out.

I was pretty well washed up when I met Joe, and yet he had trouble knocking me out. [EDITOR'S NOTE: If Joe Louis had any trouble that night, it must have been when he was walking down the aisle. Sharkey was game—but out of season.]

Of course saying that a fighter can't punch like Dempsey is like saying that the Atlantic Ocean isn't as big as the Pacific Ocean—still, you never heard any one say the Atlantic wasn't a lot of water, did you? It would not only be foolish but the stupidest thing in the world to deny that Louis is a great puncher and a great fighter. I thought I knew too much for Louis, as I see Baer, Braddock, and the others all thought. What we all found out was that experience runs for Sweeney when you get a good punch on the button.

As I said before, Dempsey—or Tunney, or Schmeling—could have stopped him, but they are not around today to dispute his superiority. I naturally am referring to the Dempsey, Tunney, and Schmeling at the height of their careers. Louis is by far the best in the world today, and with two good hands that do not sustain injury easily, the only guy who can beat him is Father Time.

Max Schmeling (Champ, 1930-32)

I OUGHT to know more about Joe Louis as a fighter than any other man alive. I fought Joe Louis twice. Or at least I fought him once, and he fought me twice. I had more of a spectator's view of the second fight.

I was paralyzed by that kidney punch. I could not straighten up. I could not think. The doctors said an injury such as I suffered could happen only once in a thousand times. That would seem to make it something of an accident, wouldn't it?

I never saw any one throw as many punches in such a short space of time as Louis did in those two minutes of the second fight. Things were so different from the first fight, I could hardly believe it was really taking place. I thought he was a sucker for a right in the first bout; but the second time, I knew I was the one who was the sucker. As I think things over, it must have been the fact that I was nine years older than Louis which contributed greatly to my defeat.

As soon as affairs in Europe permit me to return to the United States, I'd like to fight Joe again. After all, I beat him once, and he returned the loan, with compound interest. Why not fight the third, and deciding, battle?

I do not think—and here I am taking the doctor's word about the injury being an accident that almost certainly wouldn't happen again in a lifetime—that Louis can beat me. I do think I can beat him. I did it without the benefit of any accidental punch.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: According to many other experts, not former champions like the above quintet, the secret of Louis' success is not the weight or whiplike snap of his punch but its stunning recoil. There is something in the contraction of his muscular system and its sudden release that makes his hitting unique.

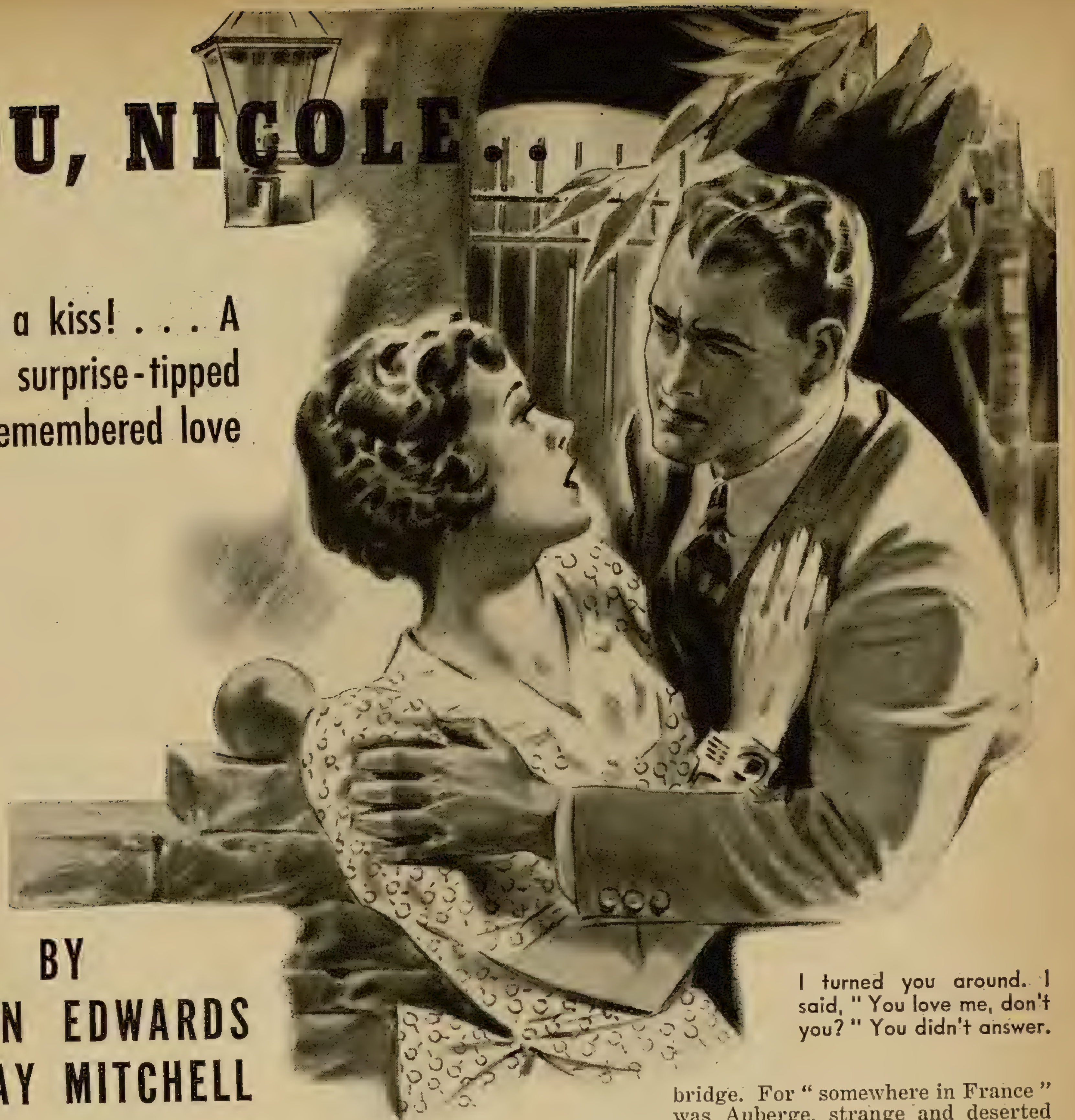
One of his former sparring partners says that his impression of Louis at the outset of a training bout was that he was plenty big but that he suddenly seemed to get smaller as he moved in and sort of exploded. He said that Joe contracted his body like a cat about to strike with its paw.

Both Schmeling and Baer, in the above symposium, find a way to explain their defeat at the hands of the Dark Destroyer. They remind us of the baseball player who strikes out four times in one game and then says: " Ah, the bum didn't have a thing. I shoulda hit four home runs." That is to keep up his own confidence. If he ever admits that any pitcher had too much stuff for him, he ceases to be a big-leaguer. Fighters can never explain away a defeat by simply saying that their opponent was too good. The promoter who matches Louis against either Baer or Schmeling should be booed out of town.]

THE END

YOU, NICOLE . . .

Ghost of a kiss! . . . A glowing, surprise-tipped tale of remembered love



I turned you around. I said, " You love me, don't you? " You didn't answer.

BY
EVELYN EDWARDS and FAY MITCHELL

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

I SAW you again today. I saw you as clearly as I did that day four years ago on the station platform. I could have reached out my hand and touched you. And yet you were somewhere in France and I was in a crowded movie house on Seventh Avenue in New York City.

It was the newsreel, and I was watching the faces around me. Except for the football pictures, they don't seem to like the newsreels much any more. Their faces looked sullen, as if they didn't want to see what was going on over there. We weren't in the war. Why did we have to look at it?

Maybe I felt that way, too. I don't know. I heard the newsreel voice say, " Somewhere in France! " The words rang through the restless movie house and it was suddenly still. There were some pictures of Irish troops marching through the mud, young fellows in spattered uniforms. They were singing. Then, abruptly, an English general was inspecting a line of French soldiers. It must have been a day full of that gray sunless brightness, for their faces all looked harsh in the picture.

" Somewhere in France," reminded the newsreel voice, and you remembered that this was censorship, and you felt a little excited, as if you were in on a great secret. There were tanks now, rumbling through a drab village street.

" These are the instruments of modern mechanized warfare," said the newsreel voice. Over on the right there was the figure of a woman, with a baby in her arms, watching the tanks roll by. I remember thinking . . . some photographer with an eye to composition.

And then the woman turned around. For a moment her face was on the screen. And I knew at once that soon the tanks would pass the old winery and the City Hall with the yellow roof, and turn down the road toward the bridge. For " somewhere in France " was Auberge, strange and deserted now. And the woman with the baby in her arms was you . . . you, Nicole. I was sitting in a hot dark movie house in New York and seeing you. . . .

IT was on a road, too, that you were standing the first time I saw you. I can still smell the warm churned-up dust of that road. The squeaking autobus brought us into the countryside of France from the big industrial city on the river. You were standing there, watching us all as we stepped down from the bus. There was the peasant woman, returning from the city after visiting her married daughter there. And the wine merchant, on his way to Belgium. There were the newlyweds who had gone into the city for a honeymoon.

You smiled at us all. Somehow I felt I wouldn't mind if you laughed at me when I asked you, in my halting French, if you could recommend a good place to stay in the village.

You smiled, and answered me immediately in English. And I was surprised. How did you know I was an

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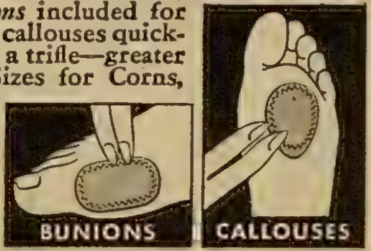

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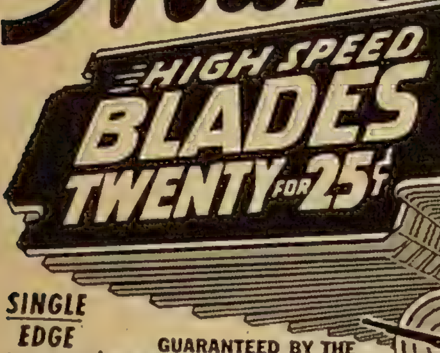
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American? You told me you had seen quite a number of Americans before, and that it was the cut of my coat, not the harshness of my accent, which told you.

There was little choice in the matter of lodging, you said. There was the inn, Le Cochon d'Or. You would show me the way there.

At the inn's door you held out your hand. "I am Nicole Duchard," you said. "I am schoolmistress here. If I can be of further help as a translator . . ."

My French should order me a room and a bed, I assured you. Then you asked if I was staying long, not as if you really cared but in that way French people have of being very polite for politeness' sake.

So I told you. I told you how I had signed up for an eight-week tour and come across the ocean with adventure and romance singing inside of me. It was me, Dave Blair from Illinois. And after all these years I was going to see Paris, France!

I wanted to sit on park benches and watch the people go by. I wanted to listen to the old men who sold books in those little stalls along the river. I wanted to take a long ride in one of those Paris taxis.

But the people who arrange tours don't care about things like that. They want you to see Notre Dame at nine thirty, and Fontainebleau at eleven. They want you to get through with Paris by noon so that you can take in the Riviera and the Alps in the afternoon. So I was having my eight weeks in France all by myself. I was staying some places two nights and some places a week, if I felt like it.

You might have looked at me with that what-is-this-crazy-American-talking-about look. But you didn't. You made me feel as if there was nothing strange in my having harangued you for five minutes because you asked me a polite question. You said, "That is the way I would like to see America some day, if I could." Then you went away.

I LIKED that inn. My room was cool and dim and the bed was the biggest thing in it, piled high with feather quilts. I slept well at night. I ate well, too. I guess I spent my days in a kind of slow laziness. I found out for myself where the City Hall was, and the post office, the church, the schoolhouse. The schoolhouse. . . . That was your domain.

I saw you through the window one day, and you were making marks on the blackboard. There was a smudge of chalk on your nose, so I went in to tell you. I stood in the back of the classroom, looking at you over all the small raised heads. You saw me and you smiled. You were asking a small boy in the first row about Napoleon.

"Napoléon, où est-il né?" you said.

He stuttered a little because he didn't know. And then, with a twinkle in your eye, you looked at me.

"Monsieur Blair," you said, "*vous peut-être? Napoléon, où est-il né?*"

All the small heads turned around and regarded me wonderingly. I was so amazed that you remembered my name that I forgot to answer. Then I recovered, and stuttering as badly as the little boy, I told you that Napoleon had been born in Corsica.

You regarded me gravely. "*C'est juste*, Monsieur Blair," you said.

I walked home with you that afternoon. You lived alone in a small house on a street near the river. Your family were in the city. Your father had a *pâtisserie*. I couldn't remember what the word meant, but I liked the sound of it. You told me it was a pastry shop. It was an inherited talent, you said. To prove it, you gave me coffee and small cakes. You laughed a lot, and your hair, moistened by the steam from your stove, curled softly around your face. I forgot for a minute that I was an American tourist talking with a French schoolmistress. I thought . . . How beautiful she is!

THE next time I saw you, you were with a young man. You were standing in front of the post office, and when I walked by, you hailed me.

"This is Charles Bernard," you said. Then you turned to him and said something rapidly in French. He smiled, and we shook hands. He was a pleasant-looking round-faced young man.

"Charles does not speak English," you said. "I told him you could talk to him in French."

"Why did you perjure yourself?" I asked you, and we laughed, while Charles stood by, looking from one to the other of us, politely puzzled. He was the postmaster of the village, I discovered. After a while we managed to talk along quite well. I got confident and a little expansive. Enough to ask you and Charles to be my guests at dinner that night.

Some unexplained festive feeling made me put on the dinner jacket I had brought along for dinner on the boat. You wore a long blue dress. Charles had on some sort of striped suit. The sleeves were too long. We had some wine with dinner, and we got very gay and lapsed into English. Charles sat by, looking lost but not angry. I felt a twinge of conscience and asked him about the countryside.

This was what he knew about, and he talked well. This was the district, he told me, that had been so ravaged by the last war. Now the fields were being reclaimed and farmed again. The shell holes had been leveled. As he talked, I felt a strange warmth toward Charles, and I looked over to tell you. But you were watching him too, and so I looked back at Charles.

I had not planned to stay at any one village so long, but I found myself lingering here. Daytimes I hired a small car and rode along the rutted roads to other villages. Evenings I spent mostly with you. With you I said things I had never said before, thought things I never knew were a part of me.

One day you had a holiday, and I

hired a car and took you into the city. We went to the *pâtisserie* and I met your father and mother. Your father and I talked quite well, though your mother had trouble in understanding me. But she thought I was very funny, and laughed at everything I said.

You took me around the city and showed me the places you had known when you were a small girl, the school you had gone to, the house where your first beau had lived. "It was my first kiss," you said . . . "in there." I looked down to see the gleam of coquetry in your eye. But there was none. I should have known.

"He was a very lucky fellow," I said.

We were very quiet on the way home. I took you to the door of the little house, and you thanked me for the day. Then I leaned down and kissed you on the lips. You did not say anything, and I went down the steps and on toward the inn.

The next morning there was a note in my mail from the officials of the tour. It had been forwarded with other letters from the American Express in Paris. It was a curt note, which showed quite plainly what the officials thought of people who deserted the tour for no apparent reason. The boat was sailing back to New York on the following Tuesday. Would I kindly join the others of the tour at the dock on that day?

I LOOKED at the calendar. It was Friday. Then I got up and went to the schoolhouse. I waited outside till you came out. I said to you, "I must leave tomorrow. My boat sails on Tuesday."

You did not say anything, and I said, "Nicole, I love you. I want you to be my wife. I want you to come back to New York with me."

I must have been so sure you would say yes. You had never told me you loved me, or tried to make me believe it. But I knew that your eyes were bright and your voice eager when you were with me. I knew your lips had been warm under mine. So when you said, "No, David," I did not believe it. I took you by the shoulders and turned you around to face me. I said, "You love me, don't you?"

You didn't answer. You looked up at me steadily and you said, "I'm going to marry Charles."

That stopped me completely. I kept looking at you, not believing. I couldn't say what I was feeling. You're going to marry Charles . . . pleasant, innocuous Charles? How could you love Charles?

I didn't give up, because I didn't believe it. I said, "Nicole, I want to take you to New York. I'm not rich, but I have enough to make you happy. You're not like the other girls in this village, Nicole. You've educated yourself. You deserve something better. You won't feel lost in America. . . ."

That's when you shook your head. "I did not educate myself to go to America," you said. "I educated myself for France. This is where I belong, where all of the young people of my country belong. Too many of them go away. I have my work here. It's a bigger work than teaching in a school. The war left France torn and poor. We, the ones who did not see that war, have to build our country again. Young people, like Charles . . . and me."

Charles. Charles could share the life you wanted. I couldn't. . . .

THE newsreel was over And the feature picture was about to start. All around, people were struggling into coats and hurrying up the aisle. But I sat still, seeing your face on that screen, seeing the baby in your arms, Nicole. Charles' baby . . . I knew that. Charles, with his round pleasant face. . . . Charles was off in a trench or riding on a troop train. And you were standing on a rutted road "somewhere in France," watching the tanks roll by.

I knew suddenly that you were not afraid, nor sorry that you had stayed in the France you had meant to rebuild. As surely as if you had looked down and spoken to me from that screen, I knew that you were not regretting the choice you had made.

There was a touch on my arm. "Shall we go, darling? It's beginning all over again."

I nodded. Then I took my wife's arm and we went up the aisle.

THE END

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He looked at death and came back alive!
An American's exciting, uncensored story

I SAW HELL in GERMANY and RUSSIA

BY KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

"WHY shoot me?" I protested frantically. "I'm an American correspondent."

The word he roared in answer sounded like, "Ja-pon-iamal!"—and that sounded like "Japanese." I now think he was saying the Russian word for "I understand." If he was, and if he meant he understood I was a spy, it was just as bad.

"Not Japanese!" I shouted. "American! *Amerikanischer!*" And, groping wildly, I hit the right word: "*Amerikansky! Amerikansky correspondent!*"

The corporal hesitated—just an instant—and I made the most of it. The only other word they seemed to understand was *Grenze.* Drawing a line with my toe, I pointed to it and said, "*Grenze.*" Then I backed up and tried to make an actor out of myself, desperately imitating a man walking blissfully along in ignorance that the frontier was ahead. When I crossed the line in the dirt, I jumped, clapped my hand to my forehead to indicate a boneheaded play, grunted, "Oh! The *Grenze!*"

Maybe they got it and maybe they only thought I was crazy. But the corporal waved the firing squad aside and went back in the house.

This time I stood for a solid hour. I was rapidly getting soaked through. I didn't know whether I wanted to see that door open or not. Even if they believed I was an American correspondent, I had no right to be here, and their fear of what a correspondent would tell might be signing my death warrant.

Then the door opened. A voice bellowed something, my guards yelled something else, and I marched again, this time inside.

At a desk in an otherwise bare room sat an officer. I know now that he was a second lieutenant. He nodded to the corporal, and the corporal searched me again, piling all my effects on the desk. When he finished, I had nothing except my clothes; he wouldn't even let me keep my cigarettes. Then he made me take off my ring and wrist watch; and after that I didn't even know what time it was, and didn't think it mattered.

From the way that officer was thumbing my passport—looking for a Russian visa which he didn't find—I would soon be pushing up daisies.

Then a sentry roared a command, and I was sure of it. Out of the door we went and around the house. We skirted outbuildings, turned into a narrow doorway. There was a steep ladder leading to a gloomy cellar.

All I could think of was what had happened to the Czar of All the Russias, and that they had stripped me so that no one could identify my body.

I should have known better. No one would ever find the body of a man killed by these people; I had startling evidence of that later on. But meanwhile I shinnied down the ladder, bumped my head on the low rafters, saw that there were a number of other prisoners, and—

Wondered if this was a mass execution.

But it wasn't—not yet, anyway. Two guards stood at the top of the ladder and the rest stamped away. I was almost physically sick with fear, yet I instinctively took stock of my surroundings.

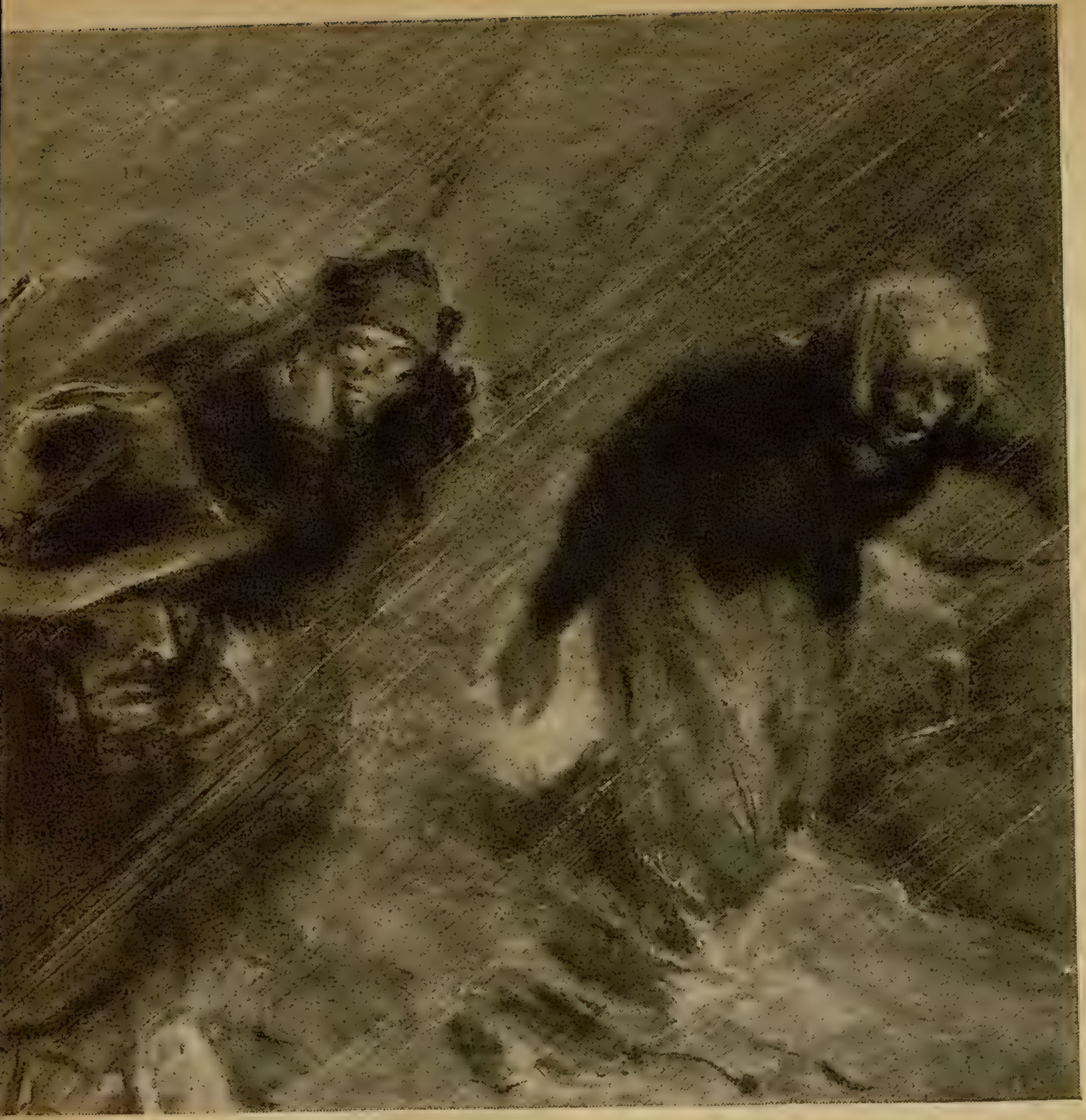
The room was concrete-walled, perhaps eight by twelve, with one high window. The window was not barred, and that was a sure indication that if you wanted to run for it you could—and the Russians hoped you did. The other occupants were nine dejected peasants—one of them a shawled farm woman, all Poles, I think—and a toad with a broken leg. Then somebody set his heel on the toad and he was out of his misery.

The rest of us weren't. There was a wooden bench big enough for four, and it was already occupied. But although I couldn't understand a word that any one was saying, in prison people make friends fast. One poor devil sensed that I was weary and offered me his seat. I didn't have the heart to accept. I walked the floor until I was tired of banging my head on the beams, then went over in the corner and curled up on the floor and nearly froze to death.

How many hours I stayed in that basement I don't know. It was long enough for me to notice that when some one got thirsty he yelled up the ladder and the Russians passed down a tin cup, which was so dirty I didn't dare drink out of it—and after a while I drank out of it just the same. I had nothing to smoke; I had nothing to eat. The latrine, outside, was—as I discovered under Russian escort, when I had to—a gigantic lime pit! I guess I was green when I returned from it to the basement—to be accosted by a well meaning fellow prisoner. Apparently all of them had been comparing notes, had decided I was a spy, and were sorry for me.

"Here!" said the spokesman, and he offered me his belt. Looping the strap, he pointed to my neck, then to a spike in the rafters. His meaning was just as clear as though he had spoken English: he was suggesting that I had better hang myself.

All the rest of that day was equally horrible. Along toward dusk there was a clatter of hobnailed boots overhead, and a lot of loud orders were shouted down the ladder. Upstairs all



"The thought which kept me going was, if that woman could make it, so could I."

of us went outdoors, to stand in the rain some more. For the dozenth time I thought it was the end, and it wasn't, and the fact that I couldn't understand anything added to my agony.

I still didn't understand when the corporal rushed out, shouting orders. He assigned four sentries, and they divided the nine prisoners into three rows of three each, wtih me in the middle of the rear rank, directly behind the one woman. Then they hung packs on three of the prisoners, gave one of them a loaf of bread to divide among the rest, and off we started for somewhere, under guard and between bayonets.

I never will know exactly how far I marched that night. The maps give it as something between fifteen and twenty miles. But the little towns concerned are not clearly marked, and the only thing I can be sure of is that every inch of it was through ankle-deep mud and driving rain. Darkness fell and we tripped over things, stumbling into pools, held onto each other to keep from falling down. The thought which kept me going was that if that woman could make it, so could I.

We both did. Hours later we reached a town called Raegrod and were met by a captain. I was so tired that I could have slept on my feet, but I knew I had to put up a front. "See here," I said to the captain, straightening my bedraggled tie and stepping out in front of the others. "I am an *Amerikansky* correspondent."

That captain was the first Russian I had seen smile. I can't be sure what his words were, but from the way he kicked the floor I think he was saying, "I'll be damned! What am I going to do with you?"

What happened to the other prisoners, I never found out. The captain took me into his office and let me sit by the stove. Before dawn he dug out a Pole who had once lived in Detroit and spoke maybe twenty words of English and as many more of German.

Then the cross-examination began—in four languages, a lot of gestures, and violent grunts. When the Pole couldn't understand Nebraska, where I was born, I drew a crude sketch of North America. Putting in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, I pointed to a spot half way between the last two and said, "Here!"

They put me down as having been born in "Here, U. S. A." Then an orderly came in with one of the dripping-wet packs. Out of it tumbled my passport, my money, all the rest of my belongings, including the brandy bottle! The captain grabbed that and hastily conferred with the Pole.

"Vas you zigzag?" The Pole got up and staggered around the room violently to indicate what he meant.

I thought fast and decided the simplest way out was to admit the untruth, or part of it. "Yes," I said, "I was a *little* zigzag," and I staggered around the room too, but less violently.

"Vor vhy vas you zigzag?"

On the wall hung a calendar. Yesterday—the day I crossed the frontier—had been Thursday, November 30.

"Beeg Americansky holiday," I said. "Thanksgiving. Ever hear of Thanksgiving?"

"A-ah!" The Pole flapped his arms like wings and smacked his lips. "Tu-tu-tu—"

"Yes," I said. "Tu-tu-turkeys."

After that the captain handed me back my cigarettes—and that was something! Then he furnished me a clean cot in the dispensary. Instead of a surly private with a bayonet to guard me, I had a polite corporal with a pistol. In the corner was a big porcelain stove. From all outward appearance, my troubles were over.

I was already in bed when the captain and the Pole appeared in the doorway.

"Vhere you vant go?" asked the Pole.

That was it! Where did I want to go? In Prostken the Gestapo was undoubtedly ransacking my handbags. In Berlin the Propaganda Ministry was probably investigating my activities in Bromberg and Warsaw. Returning to Germany would be sui-

Filipow 24 km
Bakalarzewo 20 km

Mr. Collings, his worst troubles over, in Suwalki as a guest of the Gestapo.

cidal, yet admitting my fears would be worse. The Russians would surely consult Berlin—and Berlin's easiest way of getting rid of me would be to ask the Russians to do it for them.

"I—I want to go back to Prostken," I said, and hoped I sounded sleepy and not scared.

I was too worried to sleep soundly or for long. When I suddenly woke up it was midmorning of another murky, rainy day, and the captain stood beside my cot.

"Prostken!" he barked, and this time his manner was less friendly. But before he stamped out of the room he wiggled his hands on the steering wheel of an imaginary automobile to indicate that he was sending me back by car. So perhaps his bad humor was due only to lack of sleep.

And perhaps it wasn't! As the day wore on—and he didn't come near me again—another angle of the problem worried me. The days up here were short. If we didn't get started by three o'clock we could never reach Prostken before four. On a rainy day that was pitch dark. If the Russians turned me loose to walk up that road after that, the Germans would surely shoot me—and—

Was that exactly what the Russians intended?

Had the captain been told to pass the buck back to the Germans?

Was there going to be one of those "regrettable incidents," after which everybody could prove that they meant well—but the victim was none the less dead?

There was nothing I could do about it except wait and worry—and try to eat my breakfast of soup, black bread, and tea. Then the Russian captain-doctor came in and started office hours, and that snapped me back on the job again: Right here, laid in my lap, was an unequaled opportunity to see the inner workings of the Red army.

THE patients were few, which indicated that the army was pretty healthy. All but two wanted nothing more than pills for the usual army complaint. One of the two had a sprained ankle, the other a wrenched shoulder, and the putting-on of the dressings enabled me to see what those Russian soldiers wore from the skin out.

Contrary to all reports, they had good woolen underwear and serviceable socks. They had substantial boots and heavy storm hoods, and their outer uniforms and overcoats compared favorably in quality with those of the Germans or the French or British. The Russians' bodies appeared well nourished; and as far as morale was concerned—

Well, the medical proceedings didn't concern my corporal, so he ignored them. With eight or nine people in the room, he knew I could not escape. He sat in a corner calmly studying a noncommissioned officers' manual, pausing to make laborious notes on the margin of a Russian newspaper. Then he spied a picture of Stalin, tore it out, held it at arm's length admiringly, used it for a bookmark, went back to his studying.

What did Red army purges have to do with him? You could purge generals until the cows came home, and the only thing that corporals would be interested in would be in getting promoted to sergeant. Unless the new generals killed too many sergeants, that is, and even then it would be a long time until the rank and file blamed its own commanders and not the enemy.

Nothing more happened until after dark. Then somebody stuck his head in the door and summoned the corporal, who went out—and never returned. Instead, a pair of privates stamped in, their bayonets ready, and started to scream at me. I reached for my overcoat and marched again, not knowing where, hoping I arrived somewhere alive and doubting it!

OUT in front was an automobile with a canvas hood like a covered wagon. The only thing I was sure of was that it was not pointed toward Prostken. That should have been a relief but wasn't. Away from Germany was into Russia, and those Russian guards were treating me as less than the dust again. They prodded me into a sitting position in the back of the truck, jammed themselves in on each side of me, and off we started.

For about an hour we bumped along. I couldn't see a thing. Then we turned into a driveway and pulled up in front of a big building which looked like a school. It was the former Polish Touring Club near the town of Augustow. But all I knew at the time was that they herded me out of the automobile, in through a side door—

And down into another basement!

But that sort of thing went on for two more days, and it still makes my heart beat fast to talk about it, so why not skip some of it?

They hauled me upstairs for questioning at three in the morning, shoved me back into the basement, took me up again at five, finally gave me a decent place to sleep.

Next morning they let me take a hot bath, loaned me a razor, then socked me back in the basement, and as quickly brought me up again. What it was all about I didn't know; but by this time I was half crazy. I concocted a little deck of solitaire cards from the margin of a Russian newspaper; and then felt too sick to play because they suddenly started to feed me like a prince, seven times in one day, and the meals even included candy, and all I could think of was the traditional condemned man's last meal.

But I did the Russians an injustice. All they were trying to do was make up for the harsh treatment I had received. I found that out on the morning of the third day, when a colonel and an interpreter who could speak German walked into my room.

The first thing they did was to dump all my confiscated possessions on the table, together with a long receipt and inventory. And when I say *all* my things, I mean every dime, every scrap of paper, the bottle of brandy—with as much in it as when I started—*and even three wooden toothpicks.* Then they took me downstairs to a waiting car, and added to my happiness by explaining that instead of returning me to German territory at Prostken, they were taking me to a frontier post called Tzebra, because it was closer. Everything was rosy until we got there; and then—

The Germans wouldn't let me in.

"Impossible!" said the German *Grenze* captain. "This frontier is strictly closed. Herr Collings has only a one-entrance German visa. This is Sunday."

The Russians were equally insistent about not wanting me. The German finally agreed to telephone Berlin. When I heard that, my heart sank to my shoe tops!

It might better have leaped for joy. Although I didn't know it yet, my troubles were now over. As to the reason for what followed, I am still uncertain. All I can do is piece together the fragments—and here they are:

The telephoning took three weary hours. Perhaps that indicated nothing more than that it was Sunday and the Berlin offices were working with skeleton staffs. And, in all fairness, the results may have betokened nothing more sinister than that some underling was afraid to say either no or yes, and had compromised by passing the buck. But the ruling could also have been a coldly calculated first step toward Nazi vengeance—and no one will ever find out because, whatever the scheme was, the Russians nipped it in the bud!

WHEN the German came back to the frontier he carried a paper. "I am authorized to readmit Herr Collings to the Reich," he said, "on condition that he agrees to spend twenty-four hours in the Geheime Staatspolizei prison in Suwalki."

"I am authorized to surrender him," replied the Russian interpreter, "on condition that you sign this receipt for his person." The implication was: alive and in good health.

Suwalki—Gestapo prison—receipt for my person. I could have turned handsprings! The Russian receipt meant that the Germans would not dare lay a hand on me, not on this trip. And Suwalki, lying in the triangle between East Prussia and Lithuania which had first been seized by the Russians and then given to the Germans, was now the German forbidden of forbiddens. It was one of the sources of rumors about black Berlin sight-seeing buses and strong-arm squads and Gestapo atrocities. And no reporter had been able to get near the place to verify them; and now they were going to *compel* me to verify them—from the inside!

"Gimme that paper," I said.

I signed; the German signed;

everybody shook hands; everybody said how sorry they were to be so much trouble to everybody else. I piled into an automobile with a Gestapo driver and started for Suwalki. My last glimpse of the Russian side of the frontier showed the Red officers retreating slowly and a group of workmen putting the finishing touches on a pair of *Grenzen* posts numbered 113 and 114. Both bore bronze plaques emblazoned with the crossed hammer and sickle. And don't let anybody fool you—

That portion of what was Poland is now just as Russian as Moscow!

Suwalki was about ten miles away. It consisted of a long cobbled main street, a big square, and rows of two-story brick buildings. Gestapo headquarters occupied one of them—and no one needed to tell me which one. Three blocks before we got there I made out, parked at the curb, a Berlin sight-seeing bus painted black!

But again I want to be entirely fair. The whole time I was in town, the bus never moved. It merely sat there, ready and waiting. Nor did I see any one use the blackjack or the wicked-looking combination club and whip which hung on the wall above a bunk the first time I passed through the squad room—but had mysteriously disappeared when I returned five minutes later.

Then the Gestapo commandant was either too polite to keep me in jail or did not consider it good policy. But when he told me to live at the hotel, reporting to the Gestapo three times a day, I was still puzzled. The net result of the reporting was that I spent hours in the squad room; and in between I had ample opportunity to learn all there was to know about Suwalki.

IT had been a town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Four thousand of them had been Jews. But on hearing that the Germans were coming, two thousand of the Jews had fled into Russia. They had been able to do so because the Russians were then in possession and there was no frontier behind them. The other two thousand had preferred to take their chance with the Germans—or couldn't have helped themselves—and now, of course, preparations were being made to deport them to Congress Poland.

In the Gestapo squad room I saw prisoners and observed what happened to their confiscated belongings. Money seemed to be well taken care of, but watches, knives, and knickknacks went hodgepodge into a box in the desk drawer. The prisoners were accused of drunkenness, transporting liquor, assault, the usual run of police charges. But nothing so far justified that black bus out in front, and eventually I got up nerve enough to say so.

"You want to know what we are up against in this territory?" said a burly black shirt. "Look here."

He went over to the corner and removed a cloth cover thrown over a three-foot pile of confiscated Polish property. Every bit of it was Red literature, Red arm bands and banners, Red pamphlets.

Then I went back to my hotel—where once again I was the first paying guest since hostilities began—to be met by the little old lady who ran the place.

"Are you quite comfortable?" she asked. "Is your room warm enough? Just put your shoes outside your door and I will shine them."

I had heard similar pathetic attempts to get back to normal before. And all I could think about, as I lay in bed that night, was that they went a long way toward explaining Polish collapse: that these poor people had had so many masters that one more didn't make much difference; that the ignorant masses were less interested in who ran the country than in having the soldiers and the fighting move somewhere else and give them a chance to raise a crop—or shine a pair of shoes.

AND that is the end of the reporting, and almost the end of the story. When I went back to Prostken for my luggage, I found that my fears were justified: The local Gestapo had the bags; they had searched them; and lying on the lieutenant's desk was that red-and-yellow spy warning. But instead of answering questions I showed them a travel itinerary—which I myself had prepared — and told them it originated in Berlin.

"If you keep me standing here I'll miss my train," I said. "Then I won't arrive in Berlin on time, and then there will be hell to pay!" They solemnly wrote my fictitious travel itinerary into the police blotter, and let me go.

And in Berlin nothing happened. Twenty-four hours went by, and still nothing happened. So I called at the Propaganda Ministry and made a clean breast of—of half of it.

Keeping quiet about my expedition to Bromberg and Warsaw, I blamed my long absence on my Russian adventure and later Gestapo detainment, tried to make a joke of both of them, was purposely vague about dates.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed the bureau chief. "I'll call the Gestapo and square it for you."

Nor was that the end of the surprises. Gestapo headquarters had never heard of the incident—or at least they saw fit to say they hadn't. But what they might say in a day or so I didn't know, and meanwhile the Propaganda Ministry was willing to obtain my exit visa; so I got out while the going was good.

Then, when I was safe in Denmark, I paused to consider that both the Germans and the Russians say the only thing they demand of a reporter is that he tell the complete truth, the neutral truth.

So I have told it. And now—

I wonder whether I have guts enough to go back and find out if they mean what they say!

THE END

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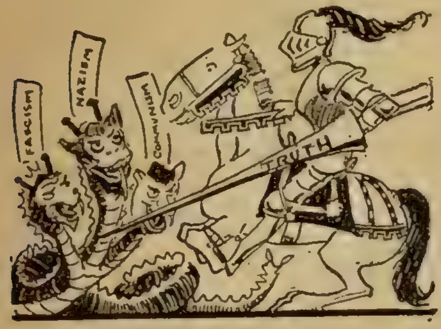
TUMULT AND SHOUTING DIES

New York, N. Y.—In his first article Congressman Dies (January 13 Liberty) won the gratitude of every American when he differentiated between a true liberal and a so-called liberal.

Those so-called liberals who, under the sham excuse of the changing times, have attacked our fundamentals have no claim to true liberalism; they are traveling the road leading away from our Constitution, and that road leads straight toward some form of dictatorship. And, after all, what difference does it make whether the so-called liberals are masquerading under the title of Communist, Nazi, Student Union, C. I. O., fellow traveler, or what have you?—*W. L. Murphy.*



St. Louis, Mo.—More Snakes than I Can Kill reminds us that there were more "mosquitoes" in the Panama Canal Zone than even General Goethals could swat. So he didn't swat—he used prevention and stopped their breeding. And there's a tip for Dies. Why not try anti-Red sanitation? Why not treat the cause of unemployment and poverty? Attorney General R. H. Jackson can do more to kill "snakes" than a hundred Dies Committees. The fight against un-American monopoly, special privileges, and "teachers' pets" is the true Americanism fight. Dies knits at the fringe of things.—*N. D. Alper, Legionnaire.*

Berwick, Pa.—I enjoy Martin Dies' articles very much. Maybe if Mr. Dies and his Committee had worn green shirts with a yellow streak down the back they would have a larger following. It takes a plain-clothes man with a clean shirt to stand up under the abuse Dies and his Committee have to take, from the highest government officials down, to go on uncovering for a lot of fatheads.

But then, maybe I don't know. I'm just an ordinary housewife with three kids. I'd better grab a Liberty and rock the baby to sleep while I read Vox Pop.—*Mrs. A. B. Barr.*

Elkhart, Ind.—With all of the pretense of a master economist and the superintelligence of a Moses, Mr. Dies attempts to define Communism by saying, "Nazism, Fascism, and Communism are the offshoots of Marxism." Any one making a statement of this nature proves either of two things: first, he has never read Marx; or, secondly, if he has, he is a falsifier.

Within the framework of our Constitution we may find our way out of existing difficulties, but surely not by following the dictation of men like Martin Dies.—*W. R. Spangle.*

Washington, D. C.—Let Arthur E. Scott (February 10 Vox Pop) read the article by Congressman Martin Dies, and he will realize we have a "Gordon" who is filled with the "power of the Spirit of God" and is not afraid to let the world know it.

I heard him in Hollywood Bowl speak to an audience of 35,000 of many creeds, and he told them that this nation could only be saved through a return to the God of our fathers.—*Ethel S. Nock.*

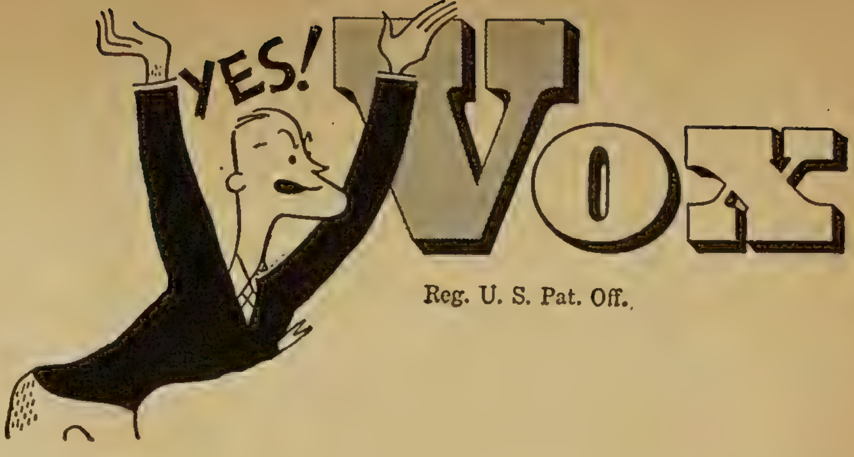
Bay City, Mich.—More Snakes than I Can Kill ironically and fittingly ties up with delirium tremens: Communists to the right of us, Communists to the left of us, Communists under every chair.

Such a stream of bile is a pain in the neck.

Face the stark mathematical fact that in the last Presidential election all the Communists mustered in the secret of the ballot box was eighty thousand votes. This is a nation of one hundred and thirty million people.

So to Hades with the screeching headline grabber. —*George E. Waugh.*

Monette, Ark.—Thanks to Liberty for publishing the revealing series of articles by the Hon. Martin Dies. More power to him! He has dared to put liberalism, in its modern form, in its proper category along with Marxism, Communism, and Fascism. I feel sure that every red-blooded American who loves this country and is loyal to its flag will want to send in his name for Liberty's Gold Medal Award.—*O. B. Howard.*



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ADOPT THAT BABY!

Lancaster, Pa.—Go Ahead and Adopt That Baby! (February 10 Liberty) renews faith in the goodness and kindness of human nature.

It warms the heart at a time when most of the news of the world sickens it. It is good to just sit back and think that there exist still millions of men and women whose strongest hope is to love and shelter a child and that in our fast-stepping civilization there is a lovely gentle lady like Mother Grannis.—*T. McConomy.*

¶ "Why not tax a machine to pay for the number of men it replaces?" inquires E. A. Swanson of Kansas City, Missouri.

THE FINNS' OWN SLOGAN

Birmingham, Ala.—Mr. C. J. Bagby offers the Finns a slogan in February 10 Vox Pop. But I desire to inform Mr. Bagby that the Finns had a slogan forty years ago when I was a resident of Helsinki, to wit:

Suomalainen sotamies on parempi kun ryssäläinen upseeri!

Translated, A Finnish soldier is superior to a Russian officer.—*P. M. Laul.*

¶ "Liberty thinks Colonel House coined the phrase 'the haves and the have-nots,'" E. H. of Portland, Oregon, informs us. "Wrong! Look up the first of Rudyard Kipling's Epitaphs of the War."

CARVER'S PEANUT OIL

Hollywood, Fla.—Could you find out where to purchase the peanut oil Dr. George Washington Carver was telling about some time ago?

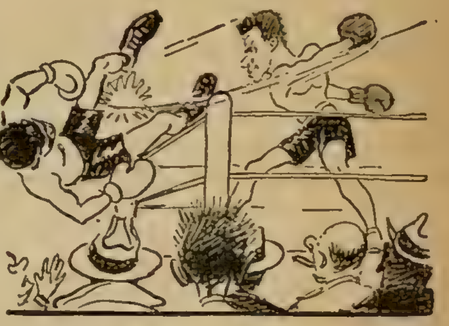
Please find out and please print it, so every victim of infantile paralysis can at least try it. As he said so many found it very helpful, I'm asking in favor of a friend whose son would like to try it.—*H. Deurody.*

¶ We believe that the Peanut Products Company of Tuskegee, Alabama, manufactures the peanut oil from Dr. Carver's formula. It is called Peano Oil.—Vox Pop Editor.

WHERE DEMPSEY TOOK A SEAT

Los Angeles, Calif.—I quote a few lines from Jack Dempsey's article in February 3 Liberty: "That was Luis Angel Firpo, the 'Wild Bull of the Pampas' . . . except that to me he was the 'Wild Bull of the Polo Grounds'!"

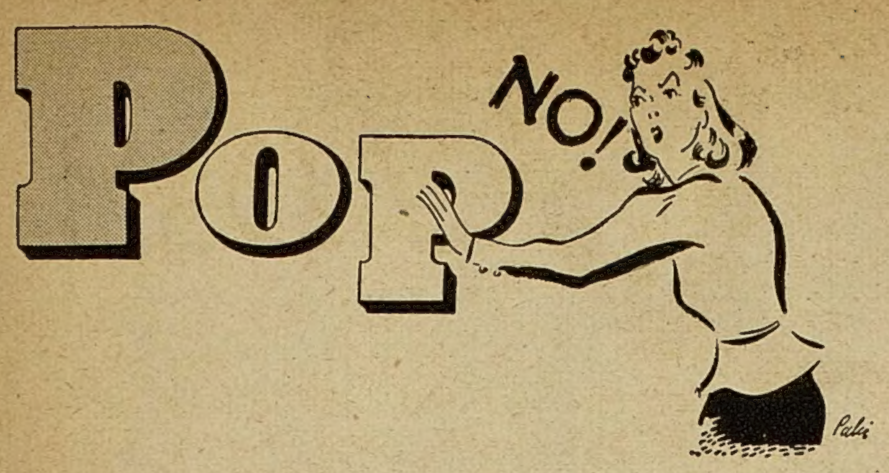
That must have really been a bad night for Jack. He's still out on his feet. It wasn't the Polo Grounds, but Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey, where he took a seat with the sports writers. Do you remember, Jack?—*Jack R. Berne.*



RED CAVIAR? BAH!

Terrell, Tex.—Red caviar on toast? (February 10 To the Ladies.) Bah! Who does Princess Kropotkin appeal to? Not one American in one million—the million I know, anyway. Why doesn't she get down to earth? I would like a recipe for corned beef and cabbage.—*A. C. J.*

¶ "There is a sign in a Western city which is well worth reading," remarks Martin H. Herlick of Phoenix, Arizona. "It says: '167 persons died here last year from gas—11 inhaled it, 9 put a lighted match to it, and 147 stepped on it.'"



EDITORIAL INTO ESPERANTO

DUQUESNE, PA.—I have just read with keen interest Additional Discoveries that Official Medicine Should Make (January 20 Editorial).

A waterless fast is not at all new to me, for I practice it whenever I feel out of sorts —twenty-four to forty-eight hours—and always recover. I learned it from my dog some thirty years ago. Animals understand laws of nature better than we do.

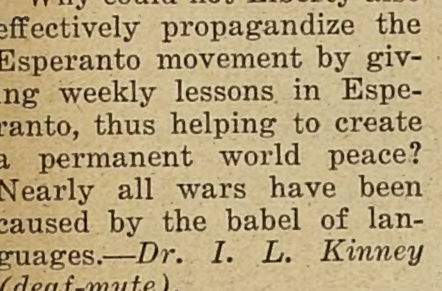
I am now translating this editorial of Mr. Macfadden's into Esperanto for my fellow Esperantists in France, Italy, and Japan.

Why could not Liberty also effectively propagandize the Esperanto movement by giving weekly lessons in Esperanto, thus helping to create a permanent world peace? Nearly all wars have been caused by the babel of languages.—*Dr. I. L. Kinney (deaf-mute).*

℄ " Why not have Mr. Macfadden devote an editorial to the cure of the common cold? " asks Lerrad Rehserp of Sacramento, California. " With his knowledge of health diets, I am sure he has a remedy that is fast and sure."

GIRLS, DON'T PROPOSE!

ROCKFORD, ILL.—On this leap-year proposal question I am telling the girls who ask me (and they certainly seem anxious to know) that the average man hasn't a chance against the clever girl who is out to get him.



Get the stage all set for him to pop the question, mention how heavenly June weddings are if you like, girls, but *don't propose.* Let him think he has captured a coveted prize, that at last he has the whole world by the tail, and not that possibly you have him by the neck.

Go after whomever you choose, but for goodness' sake be subtle about it!

Subtle, fascinating Cleopatra wrapped her delectable self in a rug to ensnare a bored Caesar. The modern girl need only wrap herself in a little cleverness, a bit of sophistication, a lot of old-fashioned sweetness, charm, and mystery, to get her man! —*Ann Louise Justice.*

MR. KENT ON A SOAPBOX

MOBILE, ALA.—I read Mr. Oursler's deft knifing of Mr. Rockwell Kent in February 3 Liberty. Of course we are all entitled to our opinions, but, to my knowledge, there are many people, including myself, who feel that any time Mr. Kent wishes to " soapbox " it is to our benefit to be in the gallery.

It is refreshing to hear frank discussion of the old masters sans mush, and Mr. Kent has been such a spokesman in the World-Famous Paintings. I feel I can speak for Mr. Kent in saying that he in no way intended to offend by any of his remarks in this book.—*Dane Parker.*

℄ "Thees national debts, she
make me guess
W'at happen soon some day.
We change hees name from
old U. S.
To I. O. U. S. A."
—sings Tony of Helena, Montana.

WHAT WATER IS

NORFOLK, VA.—No. 16 in February 17 Twenty Questions asks: " What element expands in both heat and cold? " Your answer is, " Water."

Would like to ask you a question: Isn't water a compound instead of an element? It was when I went to school, I am sure. Would appreciate an answer very much. I enjoy reading Liberty very much and find it very interesting. —*R. F. White.*

℄ To Mr. White and many other puzzled Vox Poppers we'd like to say that the word element was used here more in what we might call a "dictionary" sense than in a chemical sense. It is perhaps unfortunate that it was used in this particular question, as we can see where some readers might be confused.—Vox Pop Editor.

AIREDALES

LA JOLLA, CALIF.—
They lie together on a hill,
those two,
Remembered fondly! And
though neither knew
The other, nor his place with-
in our hearts,
I think that when their happy
hunting starts
They'll bark a joyous welcome
at first sight,
Then race together up some
rainbow height
To seek us! For one common
faith they share—
It cannot be their heaven un-
less we're there!
—*Evelyn Estabrooks.*

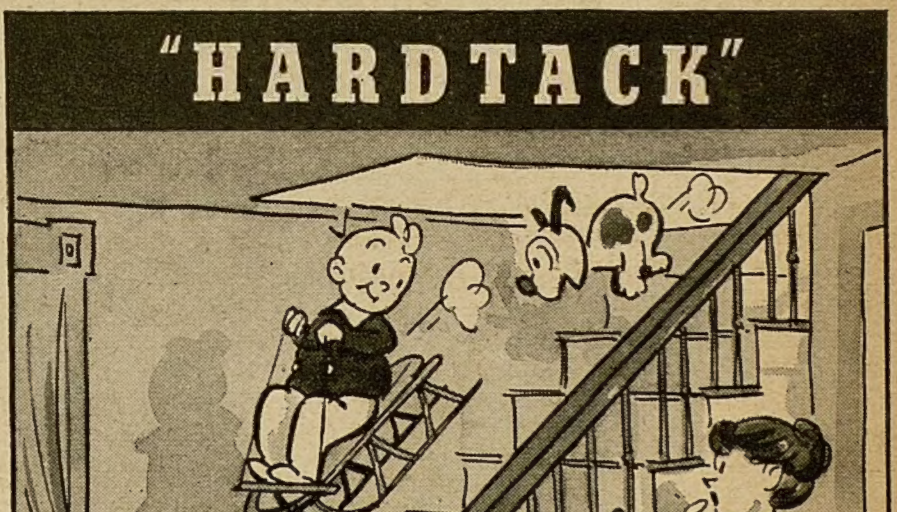
FULL OF PRUNES

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—I don't know any one to nominate for Liberty's Gold Medal Award, but I'll look around.

Here in St. Joe we don't allow corruption to accumulate. All of us kind of clean up as we go along. That way, things don't get so unbearable they stir an individual here or there to heroic cleansing attempts. So consequently no one person stands far away from the crowd, even if he is virtuous. In other words, I'm trying to tell you most of our 80,000 are honest-to-goodness citizens, and if you think that don't make St. Joe a swell place to live in, you're full of prunes.—*Bill Burton.*

ST. JOE
THE HOME OF THE
SC E DEAL

℄ " If that 'economy of scarcity' ever gets into the New Dealers' votes," inquires E. W. C. of Chicago, Illinois, " won't this be a 'limited emergency' without limit? Oh, tell me, Vox Poppers! "



" Don't worry, mom! I won't hurt the stairs—I put a lot of butter on them! "

Another Taft in the White House?

FULTON OURSLER

Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

PRECONVENTION strength of candidates for the Presidential nomination in both parties begins to develop as the time of choice draws closer. In the Republican Party the selection has begun to narrow, with three candidates leading—Dewey, Vandenberg, and Taft. Of the three, Dewey started off strongly; Vandenberg has shown a recent sudden increase in popularity; while Senator Taft has steadily and consistently gone his way, a middle-of-the-road man, gathering strength from both sides. What sort of President would Senator Taft make?

HIS FRIENDS SAY THAT HE is the type of man to save the country in the present confused state of affairs. They see in him a real statesman, greater than his illustrious father, thoroughly acquainted with the tangled strings of our present predicament, and with the courage to unloose the Gordian knot by decisive American common sense. The country has become more and more aware, in recent weeks, of the Taft candidacy. Not a spectacular campaign, it has been steady, insistent, powerful, and with a governed enthusiasm which is convincing for its lack of bombast. Unmistakably, Mr. Taft is forging further to the front as time goes on. What sort of man is he? What is the history of his career? Not only his public career but also his private life? What part has been played by his very charming wife in his record in public office? These questions are answered in a most revealing article to be published in Liberty next week under the title, What Kind of President Would Senator Taft Make?

NOW IS THE TIME WHEN Republicans and Democrats, the rank and file, have a chance to make up their minds. Pretty soon matters will be out of their hands and left to the Convention delegates. These are the days when they can size up the candidates, come to their own conclusions, and let their opinions be known in the places where most good can be done. No Republican can decide upon the candidate he would like to see leading his party in 1940 without full consideration of the qualifications of Senator Taft. That is why we think that every Republican, whether he has made up his mind or not, should read Frederick Collins' frank portrayal of Taft, the man, in next week's Liberty.

BUT THAT IS NOT the only reason why we think you should read next week's Liberty. We are perfectly sure you will want to know about the time when Hermann Goering was in a madhouse. That is a strange chapter in the past of a man on whose Gargantuan shoulders soon may repose the peace of the world. This same Hermann Goering is the Number Two Nazi, the Crown Prince of the National Socialist Party, so nominated by Herr Hitler at the outbreak of the war. If Hitler should die, Goering would take over. If Hitler should fall, would Goering meet the conditions of the Allies that Hitlerism must go? Would Goeringism take its place? If so, what is Goeringism? What is Goering like? What is his background? There have been some excellent miniature biographies of Goering published in the United States. They have all left out one important chapter. There is a gap in the Goering story—the time, after the *Putsch* that failed, when, according to his official biographers, Goering was in Italy. Not so, says Mr. Leonard Clairmont. In an article which he contributes to next week's Liberty, under the title, When Goering Was in a Madhouse, he tells a strange but documented story. After the unsuccessful Munich *Putsch* Goering and his wife sought refuge with her relatives in Sweden. Carin had been married before, and when this marriage was dissolved the husband was granted custody of their son. After her marriage to Goering, Carin sought to regain her boy, but her former husband opposed the action in the Swedish courts on the ground that Goering was not a fit person to bring up his child. So the whole story came out, and you will have it in next week's Liberty, and then you can wonder whether you would care to have the custody of the peace of the world placed in the hands of Hermann Goering. That is a story we are sure you will wish to read.

BUT THERE ARE MANY OTHER stories in next week's issue that we are sure you will want to read. There is, for example, the breaking of a great silence. For years sports lovers in the country have debated about the Dempsey-Tunney fight and what was called the "long count." Recently Mr. Tunney gave his version of this subject, but Jack Dempsey has maintained silence for many years. Now, at last, that silence is broken, and Jack Dempsey, answering Gene Tunney, tells what he remembers. Here is something for every sports lover to ponder. The Youth Congress, too, comes in for frank criticism next week. Fulton Lewis, Jr., one of the best known of the Washington correspondents, tells what he saw at that historic meeting. The insults offered to President Roosevelt, who tried to give the young delegates some advice, the insults offered also to Mrs. Roosevelt, who had been their champion in the face of grave criticism—all of the blatant misbehavior, bad manners, poor taste displayed at this meeting—are set forth in the calm appraisal of afterthought by a trained newspaperman who sets down simply what he has observed.

AND SPEAKING OF the Roosevelts, what is Jimmy Roosevelt doing in Hollywood these days? One reads of an impending divorce, of slot-machine movies, of this and that. Kirtley Baskette will tell you all about it in his article, What Jimmy Roosevelt Is Doing in Hollywood. There is another great true detective story by Frederick Lewis, Aristocrats of the Criminal World, and a fine piece by George Sokolsky; thrilling short stories, including Something in the Air, by Phyllis Duganne, and The Face Is Familiar, by Herbert Dalmas; together with full installments of I Was a Hitler Agent in the U. S. A., by Joachim F. Paffrath; Calcutta Adventure, by Edison Marshall; and The Girl Next Door, by Eric Hatch. Doesn't that sound like an issue of Liberty no one would wish to miss?

GLEANINGS: Some one sent us the other day a prison magazine, the Hawkeye, from Anamosa, Iowa. It has some excellent features, including good cartoons and a well drawn cover. On the masthead appears the following statement: "Unless otherwise indicated, articles appearing in the 'Hawkeye' are the ideas, views and expressions of the inmates. We are not responsible for plagiarism."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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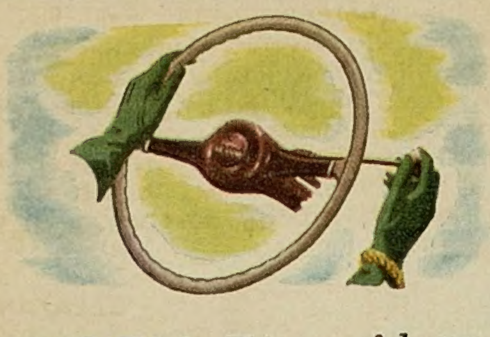
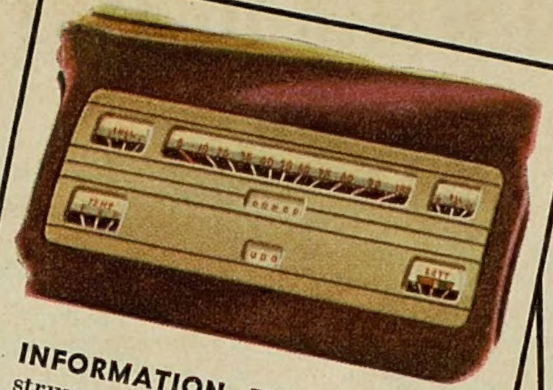
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

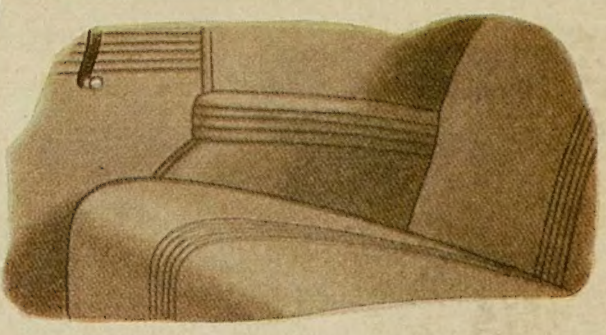
COVER BY H. R. McBRIDE



INVITATION. This graceful, two-spoke steering wheel carries its own invitation to get in and *go.* Smooth Finger-Tip Gearshift just under it.



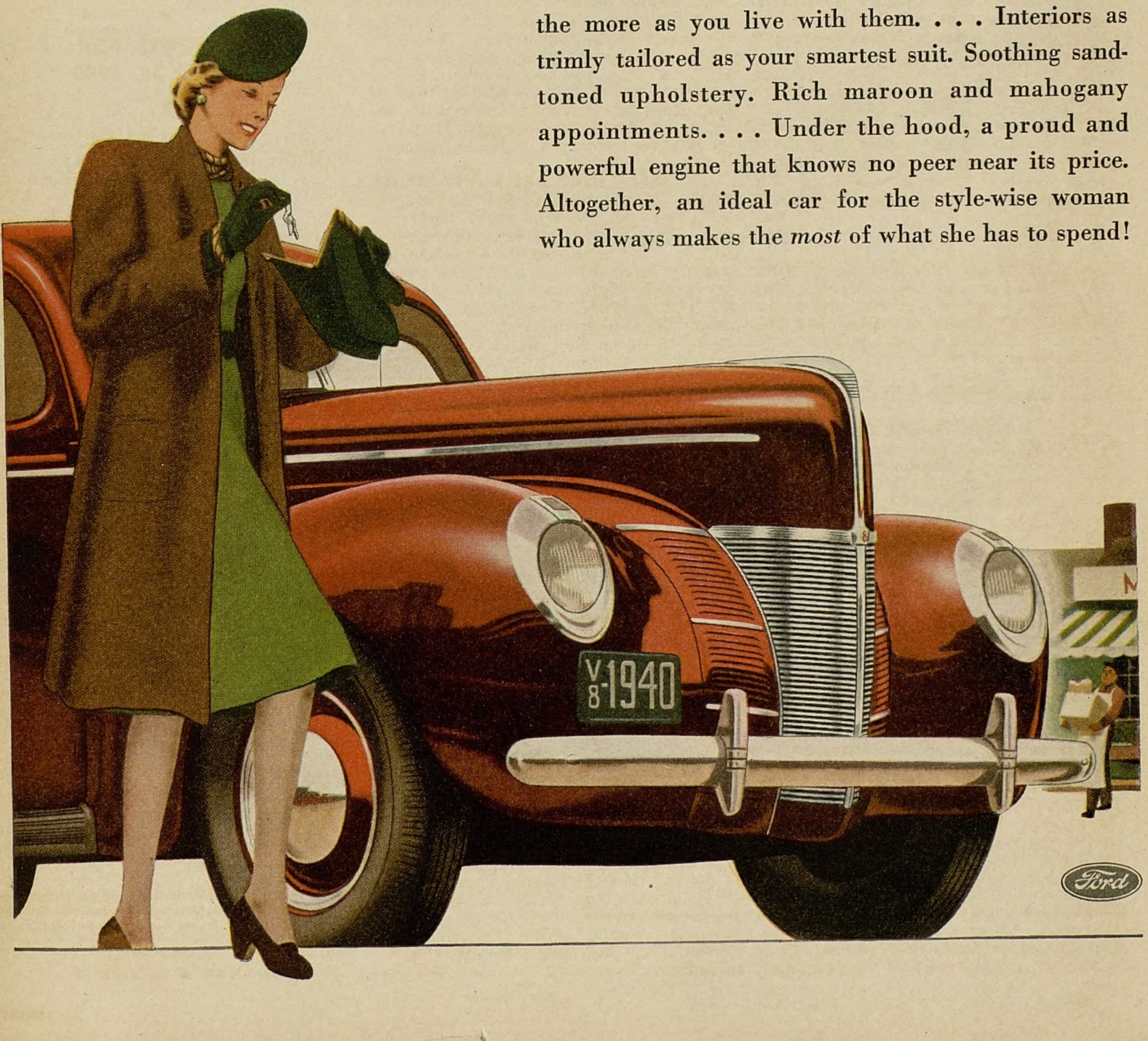
INFORMATION. The modern instrument panel groups all gages so you can see them at a glance. *Two* ash trays, lighter, clock, etc.



RELAXATION. Deep, wide seats with a soft "floating-edge." Just-right arm rests. Generous parcel shelf. You'll settle down and stretch out with a sigh of satisfaction.

Style: YOU'LL FIND IT IN A FORD!

Clean lines and pleasant colors that you'll like all the more as you live with them. . . . Interiors as trimly tailored as your smartest suit. Soothing sand-toned upholstery. Rich maroon and mahogany appointments. . . . Under the hood, a proud and powerful engine that knows no peer near its price. Altogether, an ideal car for the style-wise woman who always makes the *most* of what she has to spend!



"Uncle Sam sure did help—

make tobacco better than ever

. . . and Luckies always buy the finer grades,' says H. H. Scott, 12 years an independent buyer

Actual color photographs. Before the harvest—inspection of a crop of better-than-ever tobacco grown at Willow Springs, N. C., by U. S. Government methods. (*Below*) H. H. Scott looks over some fine leaf after it's been cured.

Here's why we ask: "Have you tried a Lucky lately?"

1. The world has never known finer tobacco than American farmers have grown in recent years with the scientific help of Uncle Sam.

2. Among independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Experts like H. H. Scott point out that Luckies have bought the choicer grades of these better-than-ever tobaccos. So *Luckies* are better than ever!

3. These finer tobaccos have been aged from 2 to 4 years, and have been *further* mellowed by the "Toasting" process, which takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco.

We believe that no smoker who has *not* tried Luckies lately can know how fine a modern cigarette can be. So try them for a week. Then you'll know why . . . WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 to 1

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LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20
Have you tried a Lucky lately?